A poem for a frightened friend

by quill Saturday, Apr 18 2009, 7:16am international / poetry / post

No milk or custard today!



Treasonous lackey cowards!

Who dares call them allies?

Have you heard the warble of an Aussie morning Have you tasted its sweet mountain air? Have you inhaled her wild blue ranges Or kissed her maidens fair? Have you stood on her ancient coastline And let the wind whip at your hair? Have you swum in her seas and oceans And heard their whispers in your ear? Have you trod her mighty deserts Have you spanned her azure skies? Have you walked her hidden gorges And felt her soft rain on your eyes? Have you dreamt her ancient dreaming Beneath her Southern Cross sky? Would you stand erect like a native soul Or bend your neck to another? Would you walk on your knees before Americans, Killers with bloodied eyes? Would you call a killer friend And pretend that black is white? Rather call it what it is A lawless criminal in flight! Never submit when slavery comes dressed in spangled chains Never succumb to liars or those who preach disdain Remember who you are if doubt haunts your sleepless mind You're a cringing bloody Aussie, mate Afraid of noises in the night!

$\underline{http://cleaves.zapto.org/news/story-1531.html}$

Underground Oz Poetry. http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-27.html