

Oz

by stane *Friday, Jan 3 2014, 9:56am*

international / poetry / post

this adopted land has
sustained me
throughout my life,
its ancient
enduring strength
i feel in my bones

i share the awe, deep respect
and connection with
the originals
who were always here
singing, dancing
moving in rhythm
with this magical place

this land sings and whispers
the entire history of the earth
and humankind

it is not the land of my birth
though those ties
have never been severed
-- something i discovered
after rustic America bombed Belgrade --
the city of my birth

two nations only
i vow to protect with my life
and blood of my blood;
the blueness of sky
and astonishing pure whiteness
of nimbic clouds over
the place of my birth
coexist with the mystical presence
of the red centre and its ineffable
desert beauty --
nothing is able to touch me
here

this secret land
has taught me
to be and not to be

in order to survive
and fight against
the star-spangled
pestilence
that infects and destabilises
a planet --

innocence defiled,
the blood of
unrecognised saints
flows like rivers
around the globe
and yet we endure,
and fight,
moving like blacks
in the forests of the night
we are the wind
and breeze,
the shadows before
the dawn

my original tongue
displaced by Sydney english,
my Balkan frame
and Mongol eyes
work in concert
to dumbfound,
taunt
and destroy the beast
which has no answer
for the opponent
it now faces