

A poem for a frightened friend

by quill *Saturday, Apr 18 2009, 7:16am*

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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!

Cleaves Alternative News. <http://cleaves.lingama.net/news/story-1531.html>