

## 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!

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