

Coolungar thieves

by Graeme Dixon

Nigh! Listen! Can you hear
 the anguished cry of a mother's tears
 Streaming down a face, contorted with fear

Shooh! Hear her now plead
 to hard men in black suits
 Who invaded her womb to steal her precious fruit

Be quiet! And you will hear
 a breeze whispering through ghostly trees
 'Tis the whimper of stolen children
 who have vivid memories
 Of poor mummy and daddy
 falling to their knees
 Begging the Wajella's God
 to please — set our Coolungars free

Bellai, Manatji! Beware
 of their bold, cold stares
 Those icy, snake eyes
 are looking down where
 Little sister, and baby brother
 lay hidden, right there
 Don't move, don't breathe, be still
 the Devil is near

Mummy! Daddy! Here they come — run!
 scattered seeds in the breeze
 Head for Yonga creek
 where Great Uncle will be
 Great Uncle won't let the Wajellas take thee
 he'll fight to the last
 like he did at Gallipoli



But even uncle couldn't beat
this force mightier than we
Could ever imagine
in our wildest dreams
Thus with batons they sunk
proud unc' to his knees
Into the belly of the beast they flung
Brotherboy, sistergirl and me

Nyorn! My poor uncle laying sprawled
by the sacred waterhole
Blood dripping from a wound
that cut deep to his soul
He once fought for freedom
In another's country
Now laying broken in his heartland
denied justice and dignity

Shhh! Quiet now Coolungars
don't fret for mummy's song
The Briddea will hear you
and preach that 'tis wrong
to pine for lesser beings
with paganistic ways
He'll flog us, in the name of Jesus
then for our souls he will pray

Faraway, camp quiet, no children
like a midnight cemetery
Tears hard like gravel
too painful to set free
Vacant stunned faces
still unable to believe
The evil, cruel arrogance
of those demonic, Coolungar Thieves.