

TERRA NULLIUS

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Where is our land, that used to be?
 Not ravaged by careless hands, cutting down all the trees
 that help us to breath.
 Eroded soils and polluted rivers — “Oh! Mother Earth, I cry
 for you,
 I cry for the pain you must feel!”
 All our native flora and fauna, almost gone!
 even the little forest creatures too!
 Our (Boorbi) — Koala’s the proud symbol of our native lands.
 The cuddly, furry animals that tourists love to nurse
 and touch, will soon become extinct!
 Once my people lived in a virtual garden of Eden.
 We did not desecrate our Mother, the Earth.
 She was looked after, and cared for by our ancient
 tribal people, since time immemorial:
 until the invaders came in 1788. We welcomed them,
 thinking they were the spirits of our dead, returning to us.
 But they came in tall ships, to inflict their laws and rules upon
 us,
 and enslave us, they took everything from us,
 leaving us destitute and dispossessed in our own lands.
 Now, 205 years after they came, we are still suffering!
 — from curable diseases, and we are on the lowest rung
 of the social ladder in this country; even the people who
 migrated here
 are on a higher social level than us! The Governments
 have adopted multiculturalism, right over our heads,
 like we were never ever here! We have never been invited
 into their white social enclaves — ever! So it’s nothing new to
 us Kooris.
 They have excluded us all our lives, but they use our Koori
 images
 for their own gain, not ours, for big bucks!
 And never acknowledge us or our culture in any way.
 But our cries for justice will be heard one day.
 For the circle is turning, and what goes round
 comes round, and it’s “OUR TURN!”