

A Tribute to the Timeless Land

by John McHardy

John McHardy said he wrote his poem 'years ago after seeing Possum's paintings - what a revelation it was for me. I dedicate this poem to him and your efforts'.

This is
The blackfellas land
It always was,
The blackfellas dreaming
Has bought it here.
He will lend
This land to us
For a little while,
But we must
Give it back
We do not own it.

When we walk
This land,
The blackfellas
Will watch our footsteps
And make sure
We take care of it.

The blackfellas walk
The black mountains,
They watch
The shadows
On the desert,
They speak through
The rocks
And where they lay,
Through the grass
And the rain.

The blackfellas eyes
See the coming
Of the new day
And know why it comes.

When we leave
The sunburnt land,
It will still belong
To the blackfella.
His dreaming
Is powerful
And calls me back.

The land
Can use my sweat,
Use my body,
Use my love,
And the blackfella
Will look on and smile.

His dreaming place
Will now be safe,
And the old ones
Will lie in peace
To dream their world.

The spirit
Of the land,
Will rest.
The blackfella
And the whitefella
Will be brothers
In the timeless land -
And dream
In love together.....