

Katherine Wet Season

O my people, what have I done to you?

A man crawls on all fours in the mud and rain. He tries to stand but falls, mumbling incoherently.

My people what have I done to you?

A woman's face is swollen, bleeding, Her armed smashed. Raped.

Dislocation, dispersal, despair. Shouting and falling in the street.

Axings and stabbings in the night.

O my people what have I done to you

Hungry old people. A hurt people, hurting itself.

An expressionless child sits in diarrhoea. Hurt adults, hurting children.

When will the wheel stop turning?

We look away self righteously mumbling 'Tax payer's money!'

What have we sown? What now do we reap?

What was the 'mistake' at Mistake Creek?

Dispossessed and despairing, Sorry day after sorry day,

Dying young, no hope to cling to, Who will heal and bear away this sorrow?

How will the young men dream again?

Are they to spend their lives waiting at the grid for green cans?

What healing work will they do? Answer me!

Emasculated and trapped by 'welfare', Enmeshed in dependency

How will they show their prowess, their gifts?

We are all members, one of the other,

Turn away and you will not be whole.