

The Aboriginal and I

Graham Nicholson

*The vast flat land
Brewing in the heat
Tiny ships flung on its shores
A continent seemingly asleep.*

*To those first brief encounters
Dirk Hartog, Houtman and Dampier
Like alien to alien
No affinity could lie here.*

*Then came a convict colony
A British transformation
Spreading over the land
To a pre-destined assignation.*

*From a culture predominant
Didactically intended
To suffuse the indigenous
Until culturally blended.*

*An inward retreat began
Introspectively flighted
Yet outwardly resigned
To a dominance blighted.*

*The only result could be
A cultural degeneration
A profound loss of dignity
Despite miscegenation.*

*To reciprocity now sought
Yet typically frustrated*

*By a policy still based
On assumptions out-dated.*

*Yet forty thousand years
Just a few generations
Is all too little time
To cause racial differentiations.*

*Homo sapiens' origins
Now genetically traced
Proves mankind began and still is
One human race.*

*So from alien to relative
A few times removed
We have now all arrived
At relations not yet soothed.*

*A situation now shared
By Aboriginal and other
Requiring effort by both
Until all be your brother.*