Loss

High above the plunging falls and deep ravines
among the boulders laced with whispers
I sense their Dream-time presence

theythat once read every stone and twig
andwove each tweak of nature
intosacred tribal lore

now driftdark inwhite man's towns
likeDreamtime birds lost in flight
trappedinside the white man's nets

I pass them huddled on the grass
bleeding for their severed past
clinging still to filaments of Dreaming

I see them
andcannot meet their shuttered eyes.

– Lilian Cohen*

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