

# The First Man

## Cormorant

Dream into being. Ancestors eternal,  
two giants fraternal,  
wielding stone knives.  
Upon shapeless bodies,  
the All-Fathers follies,  
they carve human lives. Sun Mother!

Wake unborn seeds  
to grow,  
snakes to bleed  
mighty rivers  
that quiver and  
flow. The light on the oils,  
a spectrum of coils:  
Rainbow Serpent.

The storm clouds empowered,  
crying orphans devoured,  
drowned in its current. Eaglehawk,  
your children slain  
by Crow,  
split your pain!

Through the brush you stalk,  
draped in quills of flame.  
Raven dyed in smoke,  
entombed birds reborn,  
locked in everlasting strife. Mourn the songs

of times past. Prisons  
engorged with  
risen  
savages,  
the first  
to forge myths.

Still, thirst  
ravages

all. Proud First People  
beneath the steeple  
of a white god.

Whole tribes accused,  
children abused.  
No spared rod. Terra

nullius,  
    bearer  
    of disease.  
    Slowly  
    breath in this  
        lowly  
        gasoline  
    death.Culture broken,  
        half-castes stolen,  
        a mothers shout.  
    The flaying of skin,  
        eugenic sin,  
black bred out.A swallowing torrent  
    once swept the abhorrent  
        beneath the foam.  
    May spirits of rain  
        rise up once again, to  
    shape the land we roam.Uluru,  
        battle of snakes,  
        the earth  
        roused awake  
        to tremble anew,  
    a howling mountainous birth.  
    Demons spawned of mud  
sculpt generations in their blood.

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