

# Ancient Mountains

[John Williamson](#)

by John Williamson  
Where ancient mountains are whittled down  
Millions of years to a little mound  
Where giant feet are fossil found  
I see spinifex surfing on a dune,  
The rock is redder in the afternoon  
Tourists clicking madly soon  
Where spring will come with any rain  
A chance to flower and seed again  
Forever garden risin' plain  
The dangers of the wild remain  
And away up there where the wind is blown  
Never before felt so alone  
More aware of skin and bone  
I watch the parade of human folk  
Strips of rubber, cans of Coke  
Making dust and blowing smoke  
Where the awe-inspiring power of time  
Leave some fearful, some sublime  
White man finds his progress prime  
Black man feels no urge to climb  
Now I believe we all are one  
Features and creatures in the sun  
Breathing the air we all belong  
I have a dream I can't explain  
Wattle soldiers, making claim  
And paradise returns again

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