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GRAEME DIXON (b. 1955)	1265	LIONEL FOGARTY (b. 1958)	1313
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Treaty yeah treaty now treaty yeah treaty now

Nhina gayakaya nhe gaya' nhe
Nhe gaya' nhe martijini walangwalang nhe ya
Nhina djapa nhe walang
Gumut-djarark yawiriny'

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Nhe gaya' nhe martijini gaya' nhe martijini
Gayakaya nhe gaya' nhe martijini walangwalang
Nhina djapa nhe walang
Gumut-djarark nhe ya

Promises disappear—priceless land—destiny
Well I heard it on the radio
And I saw it on the television

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But promises can be broken
Just like writing in the sand

Treaty yeah treaty now treaty yeah treaty now
Treaty yeah treaty now treaty yeah treaty now
Treaty yeah treaty ma treaty yeah treaty ma
Treaty yeah treaty ma treaty yeah treaty ma

35

1991

JUDITH BEVERIDGE

b.1956

Judith Beveridge was born in London and migrated with her family to Australia in 1960. She attended the University of Technology, Sydney, and has held a number of part-time jobs, allowing her to concentrate on her poetry. Her three collections—*The Domesticity of Girdles* (1987), *Accidental Grace* (1996) and *Wolff Notes* (2003)—have received wide praise and numerous awards. She became poetry editor of *Meanjin* in 2005. Her poetry is marked by technical control, intense clarity and imagistic brilliance. Her sequence 'Between the Palace and the Bodhi Tree' (from *Wolff Notes*) powerfully recreates the time that Siddhartha spent wandering before achieving enlightenment and becoming the Buddha. *DM*

Yachts

They are the sound of teacups wheeled off,
of a woolly butt's littlest birds rattling
song-bottles in all its sun-tiered racks.

And if you can imagine brittle bells
fiddled with and shaken, if you can hear
a woman placing her earrings in a pearl

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shell, if you can hear the chime from
a lacquered box at the gateway to a Palace,
if you can hear the feet of a bird on tin

shingles in the depth of an agate sky,
then you'll know too the sound of a latch
dropping shut, and you'll know the little

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shovelfuls of laughter children scatter
on the grass. You'll know the call
of an oriole on a lakeside walk and how

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rain drips from branch to branch in bushes
that have broken out in buds. And you
might even know, some evening when

the weather's calm, the sky still blue,
how a child drops a soup-spoon in a dish.
Or you might hear the bird, the one that

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calls to whoever sits on the porch on
a summer's night and listens to the tripping
of bells from a bay, having already

struggled up a precipitous pass
and dared difficult, sultry questions
with their face open to the sea.

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Maybe you only hear yourself stumble
up a staircase and drop your keys. Maybe
you only hear the sharp strike-notes

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of bell-ringers announcing the passing
of another life, or hear your name on
the lips of sailors who sit with spray

on their fingers as they pull in the weights
and chip and chisel into the night.
Perhaps you hear your life winched in

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under a dying sun. Or perhaps you hear a child count stars in the water off a rickety pier—despite clouds moving in, despite

gulls in the wind just off the masts.

How to Love Bats

Begin in a cave.

Listen to the floor boil with rodents, insects.
Weep for the pups that have fallen. Later,
you'll fly the narrow passages of those bones,
but for now—

open your mouth, out will fly names like *Pipistrelle*, *Desmodus*, *Tadarida*.¹ Then, listen for a frequency lower than the seep of water, higher than an ice planet hibernating beyond a glacier of Time.

Visit op shops.² Hide in their closets. Breathe in the scales and dust of clothes left hanging. To the underwear and to the crumpled black silks—well, give them your imagination and plenty of line, also a night of gentle wind.

By now your fingers should have touched petals open. You should have been dreaming each night of anthers and of giving to their furred beauty your nectar-loving tongue. But also, your tongue should have been practising the cold of a slippery, frog-filled pond.

Go down on your elbows and knees.
You'll need a speleologist's desire for rebirth
and a miner's paranoia of gases—

1 Genera of bats.

2 From 'opportunity shop', a charity shop selling secondhand goods.

but try to find within yourself
the scent of a bat-loving flower.

Read books on pogroms. Never trust an owl.
 Its face is the biography of propaganda.
 Never trust a hawk. See its solutions
 in the fur and bones of regurgitated pellets.

And have you considered the smoke
yet from a moving train? You can start
half an hour before sunset,
but make sure the journey is long, uninterrupted
and that you never discover
the faces of those Trans-Siberian exiles.

Spend time in the folds of curtains.
Seek out boarding-school cloakrooms.
Practise the gymnastics of wet umbrellas.

Are you
floating yet, thought-light,
without a keel on your breastbone?
Then, meditate on your bones as piccolos,
on mastering the thermals
beyond the tremolo; reverberations
beyond the lexical.

Become adept
at describing the spectacles of the echo—
but don't watch dark clouds
passing across the moon. This may lead you
to feigns and cults that worship false gods
by lapping up bowls of blood from a tomb.

Practise echo-locating aerodromes, stamens. Send out rippling octaves into the fossils of dank caves—then edit these soundtracks with a metronome of dripping rocks, heartbeats and with a continuous, high-scaled wondering about the evolution of your own mind.

But look, I must tell you—these instructions
are no manual. Months of practice
may still only win you appreciation
of the acoustical moth,

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hated of the hawk and owl. You may need
to observe further the floating black host
through the hills.

1996

The Saffron Picker

*To produce one kilogram of saffron, it
is necessary to pick 150,000 crocuses*

Soon, she'll crouch again above each crocus,
feel how the scales set by fate, by misfortune
are an awesome tonnage: a weight opposing
time. Soon, the sun will transpose its shadows
onto the faces of her children. She knows
equations: how many stigmas balance each

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day with the next; how many days divvy up
the one meal; how many rounds of a lustrous
table the sun must go before enough yellow
makes a spoonful heavy. She spreads a cloth,
calls to the competing zeroes of her children's
mouths. An apronful becomes her standard—

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and those purple fields of unfair equivalence.
Always that weight in her apron: the indivisible
hunger that never has the levity of flowers.

15

2003

KERRY REED-GILBERT

b 1956

The daughter of Kevin Gilbert (qv), poet Kerry Reed-Gilbert is a Wiradjuri woman from central NSW. She has worked as a consultant on Indigenous culture, history and heritage, and as a human rights activist. Her photography has appeared in numerous exhibitions across Australia. Reed-Gilbert first performed her poetry in 1993 at the Black Women's Voices in the Park series at Harold Park, Sydney. She believes that through her writing she is a 'messenger', the symbolic meaning of the White Cockatoo, her totem.

She has edited a number of anthologies of Indigenous writing, including *The Strength of Us As Women: Black women speak* (2000). Her books include *Black Woman, Black Life* (1996) and *Talkin' About Country* (2002). *AH/PM*

Let's Get Physical

Let's get physical

The man cried, five in the morning.
They lined up side by side. Row by row.

Let's get physical

The boss man cried as he started them off,
on their walk for miles.
In between rows they did walk.
Backs bent, too tired to talk.

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Let's get physical

The white man cried as he watched them,
pick his cotton, make his money,
to put in his bank.

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Let's get physical

The white man cried.
He'll never know,
the Koori pride,
that makes that man,
bend his back between his rows.

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Koori pride is what it is,
that makes that Blackman bend his back,
to pick that cotton, to pay his rent,
to feed his kids.

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Welfare cheques not for him.

A honest day's work says he'll win.

Kids' belly full that's all that matters.

25

Let's get physical

The white man cried, he doesn't look
to see the pride in the Blackman's eyes.

2002