

WHERE OUTBACK HEROES ROAM...

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Far from the city, under the scorching outback sun, in the dry, arid landscape, outback heroes roam...

Since the beginning, since the dreamtime outback heroes have always survived:
They have survived drought and destruction,
They have fought hunger and dehydration,
They have endured the wind and the rain,
They have outlived the dreaded wildfires.
They have persisted when lips were cracked, when bellies were empty and when throats were dry.

The flying doctors.
The planes fly high in the sky looking for a place to land, like birds circling prey,
As they glide through the air, their red and blue stripes line the sky,
When people in need see them coming their fears and anxieties wash away.

Giant red kangaroos leap through the bush, their tails thumping on the ground,
Camels run round and round,
A mob of emus rush past while kicking dust up behind them,
Close behind a pack of sandy-coloured dingos chase the powerful birds and yap like giant chihuahuas.

The farmers.
The sound of cow's hooves pounding like a drum echo round the farm,
Whips crack and the horse's race.
Silhouettes in the distance stand tall and strong,
To these heroic agriculturalists, the station is a special place.
When drought comes, the harvest feels like never,
The backbreaking labour is more intense than ever.

Plumes of red dust are whisked up in the wind.
The boiling heat is not helping my mood,
Birds screech high in the sky searching for food,
The sweltering and sizzling sun radiates off the dry, red earth,
The arid desert stretches into the horizon.

The teachers and elders.
Knowledge is power, passed down by these important folk,
Information will fuel our brains,
Awareness will trace our paths.
Now we will know what to do if it rains.

When the sun descends, the sky lights up amber like flickering flames,
My spine tingles and the hairs on my arms raise,
The air is icy cold now,
The warmth has disappeared.

The humble children.

After the scorching fires and devastating droughts many are left homeless,
Imagine one day coming home to ash and rubble, how heartbreaking that must be,
Every last toy that you had... gone,
You must think "Why did this happen to me?"
"What did I do wrong?"

I look into an ancient eucalyptus tree and a furry face stares back at me,
Beads of sweat run down my face,
The blinding, blazing sun is bright like a lamp sitting in the sky,
I undoubtedly prefer this land to the city's bustling marketplace.

The war heroes.

The old veteran lives in his tin shed,
He sleeps in a hard, uncomfortable, dirty bed.
This lost soul watches; he watches life go by.
He lives on his farm, he cares for his cows,
The drover's spirit still lies deep within him.
As life gets harder, he lets out a sigh.

The brown mucky water stretches through the land,
It runs through the rivers, through the outback's mud-covered wrinkles,
During floods it cleanses and dampens the arid, red dirt.
The powerful wind rushes through the hot air,
It takes the ochre-coloured dirt on an adventure through the sky.
These elements are strong, beware.

The story tellers.

Our land's history is intertwined with tales,
From the intricately woven web of stories, the dream time, passed down through generations.

My only wish is to keep this ancient land untouched,
To keep the muddy rivers flowing,
To keep the wild air blowing,
To keep the heroes and the wonders of the outback, here forever.