

# Outback Land

Gemma Bull

In the vast Outback, where legends roam,  
We stand on the shoulders of giants unknown.  
Their spirits guide us through the desert's place,  
Their wisdom and strength, we forever embrace.

Through red sands and spinifex plains,  
We honour the ancestors' enduring strains.  
Their footsteps echo in the ancient land,  
Their stories whispered by the Dreamtime's hand.

From Uluru's majesty to Kakadu's grace,  
We find solace in this timeless space.  
The giants before us, their legacy clear,  
Their resilience and courage forever held dear.

In the shimmering heat of the midday sun,  
We remember those whose journey's begun.  
Their resilience like the mighty boab tree,  
Teaching us to stand tall, forever free.

As the stars blanket the Outback's night sky,  
We feel the presence of those who once passed by.  
Their knowledge, like constellations above,  
Guiding us with wisdom, hope, and love.

From the song lines that traverse this ancient land,  
We learn to listen and truly understand.  
The giants' voices carried on the wind,  
Their stories and truths, forever chagrined.

In the ochre hues of a desert dawn,  
We pay homage to those who have gone.  
Their spirits dance in the fiery glow,  
Their legacy burning bright, forever aglow.

On the banks of billabongs, where life thrives,  
We witness the giants' eternal lives.  
Their resilience, like the river's ebb and flow,  
Teaching us to adapt, to learn, and to grow.

Through drought and flood, the Outback's test,  
We find strength in the giants' bequest.  
Their connection to country, unwavering and strong,  
Inspiring us to belong, to sing the land's song.

So, please, let us stand on the giants' shoulders high,  
With gratitude and reverence, reaching for the sky.  
In the Australian Outback, their legacy remains,  
Guiding us forward, forever in our veins.

