**Thunder raining poison**

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a whisper arrives. two thousand. two thousand or more. did you hear it?

that bomb. the torture of red sand turning green

the anguish of earth turned to glass

did you hear it? two thousand. two thousand or more

yams cremated inside the earth. poison trapped

in glass like a museum. did you hear it?

two thousand. two thousand or more

tears we cried for our Land

for the fear you gave us, for the sickness and the dying two thousand years of memory here

two thousand. two thousand or more

peaceful place this place. happy place till you come with your bombs

you stole our happiness with your poison ways

you stole our stories

two thousand. two thousand or more

our people gone missing. did you hear it?

where’s my grandfather? you seen him?

where’s my daughter? you seen her?

Mummy! you seen my mum? Dad!

two thousand. two thousand or more

times I asked for truth. do you know where they are?

two thousand. two thousand or more

trees dead with arms to the sky. all the birds missing. no birdsong here

just stillness. like a funeral. two thousand or more

a whisper arrives. did you hear it?

two thousand. two thousand or more

it sounds like glass. our hearts breaking. but we are stronger than that

we always rise us mob. two thousand. two thousand or more

you can’t break us. we not glass. we are people!

two thousand. two thousand or more

our Spirit comes together. we make a heart

did you see it? in the fragments. it’s there in the glass

two thousand. two thousand or more

our hearts grow as we mourn for our Land

it’s part of us. we love it. poisoned and all

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