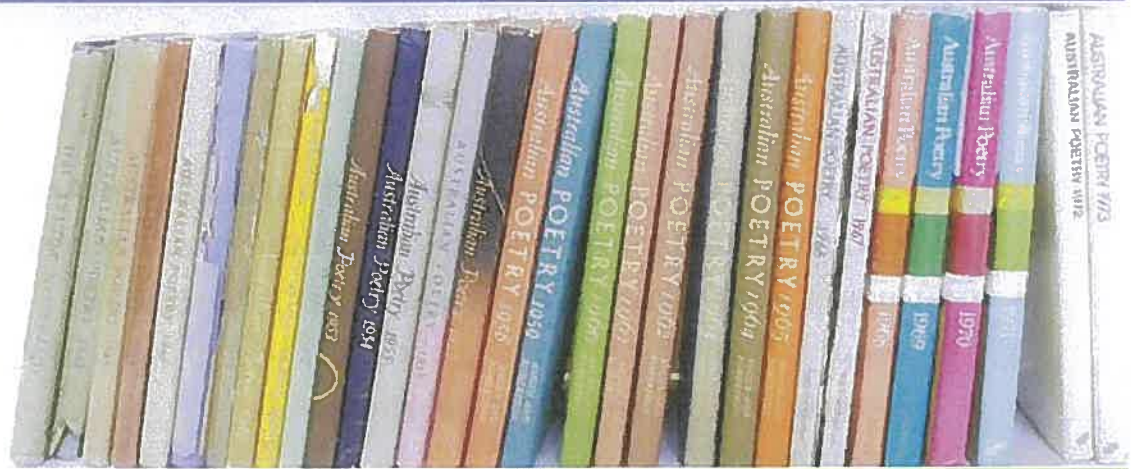


# Year 9 Poetry (Concept Study): PERSPECTIVES



*Australian  
Voices*

## **Note to student:**

This booklet contains a variety of poems that explore the concept of PERSPECTIVES... that is, that each of the speakers in these poems has **a voice** and **a view point**.

It is your responsibility to:

- Bring your booklet to every lesson
- Have appropriate equipment to work with (pen, pencil, highlighter, etc.)
- Complete class work and home work as set by your teacher
- Submit homework tasks as requested by your teacher
- Prepare for the final assessment task by continuing to work on your skills of analysis (T.E.E: Technique, Example, Effect)

## **Student: Note to SELF**

Set yourself some goals for this unit of work (neatness, focus in class, complete all set work; learn a new skill, etc.)

### **Goals:**

1. \_\_\_\_\_
2. \_\_\_\_\_
3. \_\_\_\_\_

### **What do you want to achieve in this unit?**

Level of understanding: \_\_\_\_\_

Assessment mark: \_\_\_\_\_

## **PERSPECTIVES: An Introduction**

Answer the following questions in your own words...

What is a perspective?

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What should an individual have in order to create and share their own perspective?

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What can occur that may changes one's perspective?

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**Now** think of an example that you can use to clearly establish your understanding of the term 'perspective'. For example: a perspective about school, sport, religion, a country, etc. Write a short paragraph about how a perspective about this subject could be created and how it might change/develop.

**Having a perspective about** \_\_\_\_\_ :

**REFLECT:** Now use a dictionary to research the true meaning of 'perspective'. How close was your understanding of the term? Comment then highlight your personal reflection in yellow highlighter.

Definition: \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

My response: \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

## **PERSPECTIVES: Australian Voices**

What do you think the term 'Australian Voices' could refer to?

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If we are looking at ***Australian Perspectives*** of specific groups of people, what might they have particular perspectives about?

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If you were asked to put forward a strong connection to a topic (as an Australian / someone living in Australia), what ideas would you put forward? Why?

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## Different Experiences: Difference Voices

### THE BUSH EXPERIENCE



What does this image tell us about the possible **settings**, **characters** and **themes** that might appear in Bush Poetry?

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### THE INDIGENOUS EXPERIENCE



Describe what you see in each image. Use **visual language** to suggest the **themes** that may be highlighted in Aboriginal poetry. Write **one paragraph** on each image.

Image 1: \_\_\_\_\_

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Image 2: \_\_\_\_\_

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THE  
MIGRANT  
EXPERIENCE



Look closely at the photo of **multiple generations** of a family of European migrants, arriving in **Sydney in 1966** then read one blogger's comments about **perspective**. Imagine what it would be like arriving in a new country and write ONE paragraph on how you might **feel** if you were one of the **new arrivals**.

*Each new wave of migrants has had to learn to adjust to their new country. Adjustment is partially physical - the light, the sounds, the smell. Adjustment is also cultural, finding a place in a new society... There has always been dispute about what it means to be Australian. Often, we only see ourselves when we are away or through the prism of an outsider's perspective...Our individual views reflect our own experiences*

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## Three different voices / perspectives

Using the scaffold below, brainstorm all the possible experiences, characters, settings and themes you can think of that might be explored and expressed in:

- Australian Bush Poetry
- Australian Indigenous (Aboriginal) Poetry
- Australian Migrant Poetry

Australian Bush Poetry:

Australian Migrant Poetry:



Australian Indigenous Poetry:

## Refresher: POETIC TECHNIQUES

You are about to begin reading, understanding and analysing a range of poems about Australian experiences. But first... you need to connect with the METALANGUAGE (the language associated with any topic) especially the poetic techniques. Fill out this table before you start:

<u>Technique</u>	<u>Definition</u>	<u>Example &amp; Effect (on the poem/reader)</u>
<b>Simile</b>	A _____ between two different things, using _____ or 'as'.	'The night is as cold as ice' – stresses the freezing weather condition by comparing the night's temperature to ice.
<b>Metaphor</b>	A comparison of one thing to another where it is described as BEING something else (without using the words _____ or ____.)	'His heart is gold' – stressing that the subject is a kind hearted, warm, special person with the use of gold.
<b>Personification</b>	Where _____ characteristics are given to inanimate objects.	'The breeze wraps its arms around her' The breeze is brought to life and its connection to the female subject is made intimate by the inclusion of touch.
<b>Alliteration</b>	The _____ of consonant sounds at the beginning of words that are _____ together.	'Many moons may pass before we may meet again'. The 'm' sound creates a mournful, sad tone that is appropriate to the idea of missing someone.
<b>Assonance</b>	The repetition of identical or similar _____ sounds in words that are close _____.	'Hear the mellow wedding bells' – not only are we engaged by the request to listen but the 'e' sound in mellow, wedding and bells is positive and calm (happy image)
<b>Onomatopoeia</b>	Words that _____ like the things they are describing.	'he heard the <i>clack</i> on stone and the leaping, dropping <i>clicks</i> of a small rock falling' – the sound words not only create a more 'real' experience but here, suspense is created.

### Other metalanguage:

<b>Connotation</b>	The idea or feeling implied by a word.
<b>Imagery</b>	Descriptive language that create pictures in our heads when we read. Imagery evokes the senses – hear, taste, touch, smell, sight. Often similes, metaphors and personification create imagery.
<b>Line break</b>	The end of a line of poetry, where the reader goes to the next line
<b>Repetition</b>	The use of repeated words or phrases for emphasis
<b>Rhyme</b>	The similar sound in words or the ending of words.
<b>Rhythm</b>	The pace or the beat of a poem.
<b>Sound devices</b>	The term used for any sound technique used to draw attention to ideas or events in poetry – rhyme, alliteration, assonance, onomatopoeia, etc.
<b>Stanza</b>	The division of a poem into groups of lines.



## Perspective 1: The Bush Experience

Australian Bush Poetry, especially bush ballads, often reflect early colonial life and the lives and dreams of ordinary people. They often feature a story about a male (or female) hero whose exploits are well known. They also depict aspects of the harsh life of the Australian outback.

Riding poems celebrate the romance of horsemanship and droving and the life of the rugged survivor.

The poems you will be exploring and analysing are:

- The Man from Snowy River by A.B (Banjo) Paterson
- Clancy of the Overflow by A. B (Banjo) Paterson

What do you know about them already?

'The Man from Snowy River'	'Clancy of the Overflow'
A.B (Banjo) Paterson	

## 'The Man from Snowy River'

The rough, untamed mountains of Australia inspired much loved poet A.B. (Banjo) Paterson to write 'The Man from Snowy River'. This poem is a BALLAD (narrative poem) - a story of a determined, rugged outback Australian hero and his plucky horse.

**After reading the poem at least TWICE, complete the activities that follow:**

There was movement at the station, for the word had passed around  
That the colt from old Regret had got away,  
And had joined the wild bush horses - he was worth a thousand pound,  
So all the cracks had gathered to the fray.  
All the tried and noted riders from the stations near and far  
Had mustered at the homestead overnight,  
For the bushmen love hard riding where the wild bush horses are,  
And the stockhorse snuffs the battle with delight.

There was Harrison, who made his pile when Pardon won the cup,  
The old man with his hair as white as snow;  
But few could ride beside him when his blood was fairly up -  
He would go wherever horse and man could go.  
And Clancy of the Overflow came down to lend a hand,  
No better horseman ever held the reins;  
For never horse could throw him while the saddle girths would stand,  
He learnt to ride while droving on the plains.

And one was there, a stripling on a small and weedy beast,  
He was something like a racehorse undersized,  
With a touch of Timor pony - three parts thoroughbred at least -  
And such as are by mountain horsemen prized.  
He was hard and tough and wiry - just the sort that won't say die -  
There was courage in his quick impatient tread;  
And he bore the badge of gameness in his bright and fiery eye,  
And the proud and lofty carriage of his head.

But still so slight and weedy, one would doubt his power to stay,  
And the old man said, "That horse will never do  
For a long a tiring gallop - lad, you'd better stop away,  
Those hills are far too rough for such as you."  
So he waited sad and wistful - only Clancy stood his friend -  
"I think we ought to let him come," he said;  
"I warrant he'll be with us when he's wanted at the end,  
For both his horse and he are mountain bred.

"He hails from Snowy River, up by Kosciusko's side,  
Where the hills are twice as steep and twice as rough,  
Where a horse's hoofs strike firelight from the flint stones every stride,  
The man that holds his own is good enough.  
And the Snowy River riders on the mountains make their home,  
Where the river runs those giant hills between;  
I have seen full many horsemen since I first commenced to roam,  
But nowhere yet such horsemen have I seen."

So he went - they found the horses by the big mimosa clump -  
They raced away towards the mountain's brow,  
And the old man gave his orders, "Boys, go at them from the jump,  
No use to try for fancy riding now.  
And, Clancy, you must wheel them, try and wheel them to the right.  
Ride boldly, lad, and never fear the spills,  
For never yet was rider that could keep the mob in sight,  
If once they gain the shelter of those hills."

So Clancy rode to wheel them - he was racing on the wing  
Where the best and boldest riders take their place,  
And he raced his stockhorse past them, and he made the ranges ring  
With the stockwhip, as he met them face to face.  
Then they halted for a moment, while he swung the dreaded lash,  
But they saw their well-loved mountain full in view,  
And they charged beneath the stockwhip with a sharp and sudden dash,  
And off into the mountain scrub they flew.

Then fast the horsemen followed, where the gorges deep and black  
Resounded to the thunder of their tread,  
And the stockwhips woke the echoes, and they fiercely answered back  
From cliffs and crags that beetled overhead.  
And upward, ever upward, the wild horses held their way,  
Where mountain ash and kurrajong grew wide;  
And the old man muttered fiercely, "We may bid the mob good day,  
No man can hold them down the other side."

When they reached the mountain's summit, even Clancy took a pull,  
It well might make the boldest hold their breath,  
The wild hop scrub grew thickly, and the hidden ground was full  
Of wombat holes, and any slip was death.  
But the man from Snowy River let the pony have his head,  
And he swung his stockwhip round and gave a cheer,  
And he raced him down the mountain like a torrent down its bed,  
While the others stood and watched in very fear.

He sent the flint stones flying, but the pony kept his feet,  
He cleared the fallen timber in his stride,  
And the man from Snowy River never shifted in his seat -  
It was grand to see that mountain horseman ride.  
Through the stringybarks and saplings, on the rough and broken ground,  
Down the hillside at a racing pace he went;  
And he never drew the bridle till he landed safe and sound,  
At the bottom of that terrible descent.

He was right among the horses as they climbed the further hill,  
And the watchers on the mountain standing mute,  
Saw him ply the stockwhip fiercely, he was right among them still,  
As he raced across the clearing in pursuit.  
Then they lost him for a moment, where two mountain gullies met  
In the ranges, but a final glimpse reveals  
On a dim and distant hillside the wild horses racing yet,  
With the man from Snowy River at their heels.

And he ran them single-handed till their sides were white with foam.  
He followed like a bloodhound on their track,  
Till they halted cowed and beaten, then he turned their heads for home,  
And alone and unassisted brought them back.  
But his hardy mountain pony he could scarcely raise a trot,  
He was blood from hip to shoulder from the spur;  
But his pluck was still undaunted, and his courage fiery hot,  
For never yet was mountain horse a cur.

And down by Kosciusko, where the pine-clad ridges raise  
Their torn and rugged battlements on high,  
Where the air is clear as crystal, and the white stars fairly blaze  
At midnight in the cold and frosty sky,  
And where around The Overflow the reed beds sweep and sway  
To the breezes, and the rolling plains are wide,  
The man from Snowy River is a household word today,  
And the stockmen tell the story of his ride.

## Questions on 'The Man from Snowy River'

1. The form of this poem is a narrative or BALLAD poem. Under the following headings (the elements of any narrative), take notes on what information is provided to the reader.

Orientation:

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Series of events:

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Complication:

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Climax:

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Resolution/Coda:

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2. Go through the poem and highlight any commentary on **characters** in yellow, **setting** in green and **poetic techniques** in blue. Annotate briefly in the right hand margin next to the poem. (If you don't have highlighters, use circling, squiggly lines and other visual markers.)
  
3. Create a T.E.E. table for a variety of poetic techniques that create meaning in the poem. Ensure that your entries are detailed so that your analysis can be used later for assessment task preparation.

<u>Technique</u>	<u>Example</u>	<u>Explanation of Effect</u>

**Homework Task:** Watch the following video for homework

(<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fs-DKUimeo>). It's a reading of the poem with images from the film overlapping. Write a detailed impression of the story and comment on how the sound and images help to strengthen your understanding of the narrative. (Length: approximately 200 words)

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal blue or grey ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.



## **'Clancy of the Overflow' by A.B (Banjo) Paterson**

I had written him a letter which I had, for want of better  
Knowledge, sent to where I met him down the Lachlan, years ago,  
He was shearing when I knew him, so I sent the letter to him,  
Just 'on spec', addressed as follows, 'Clancy, of The Overflow'.

And an answer came directed in a writing unexpected,  
(And I think the same was written with a thumb-nail dipped in tar)  
'Twas his shearing mate who wrote it, and verbatim I will quote it:  
'Clancy's gone to Queensland droving, and we don't know where he are.'

In my wild erratic fancy visions come to me of Clancy  
Gone a-droving 'down the Cooper' where the Western drovers go;  
As the stock are slowly stringing, Clancy rides behind them singing,  
For the drover's life has pleasures that the townsfolk never know.

And the bush hath friends to meet him, and their kindly voices greet him  
In the murmur of the breezes and the river on its bars,  
And he sees the vision splendid of the sunlit plains extended,  
And at night the wondrous glory of the everlasting stars.

I am sitting in my dingy little office, where a stingy  
Ray of sunlight struggles feebly down between the houses tall,  
And the foetid air and gritty of the dusty, dirty city  
Through the open window floating, spreads its foulness over all

And in place of lowing cattle, I can hear the fiendish rattle  
Of the tramways and the 'buses making hurry down the street,  
And the language uninviting of the gutter children fighting,  
Comes fitfully and faintly through the ceaseless tramp of feet.

And the hurrying people daunt me, and their pallid faces haunt me  
As they shoulder one another in their rush and nervous haste,  
With their eager eyes and greedy, and their stunted forms and weedy,  
For townsfolk have no time to grow, they have no time to waste.

And I somehow rather fancy that I'd like to change with Clancy,  
Like to take a turn at droving where the seasons come and go,  
While he faced the round eternal of the cash-book and the journal --  
But I doubt he'd suit the office, Clancy, of 'The Overflow'.

## **Clancy of the Overflow – Activities**

1. There are TWO types of rhyme used in this poem to make it memorable for the reader? Name the two types and explain HOW they might engage the reader.

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2. What other techniques has Paterson used to make the ballad memorable? Give TWO more examples and explain their specific effect on the reader.

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3. Do you think 'Clancy of the Overflow' is more about CHARACTER or SETTING? Explain your answer with reference to AT LAST THREE examples.

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4. There is both positive and negative connotation in this poem. (Connotation is the meaning that comes from particular words). List FIVE words with positive connotation used to describe the drover's life and FIVE words with negative connotation used to describe city life.

Positive connotation:

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Negative connotation:

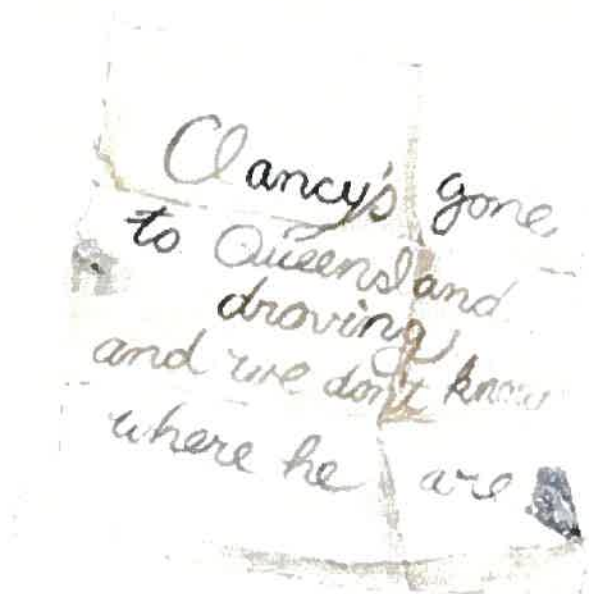
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## Other poems about the Australian Bush Experience:

After reading the poems printed below, choose ONE poem and compare and contrast it to either 'The Man from Snowy River' OR 'Clancy of the Overflow'.

This will need to be an extended response (approx. 750 words) and you may explore:

- HOW characters are presented in both poems
- HOW settings are described in both poems
- The ATMOSPHERE or TONE described in the poems
- How each poet uses POETIC TECHNIQUES to create vivid imagery

### **'My Country' by Dorothea Mackellar**

The love of field and coppice,  
Of green and shaded lanes.  
Of ordered woods and gardens  
Is running in your veins,  
Strong love of grey-blue distance  
Brown streams and soft dim skies  
I know but cannot share it,  
My love is otherwise.

I love a sunburnt country,  
A land of sweeping plains,  
Of ragged mountain ranges,  
Of droughts and flooding rains.  
I love her far horizons,  
I love her jewel-sea,  
Her beauty and her terror -  
The wide brown land for me!

A stark white ring-barked forest  
All tragic to the moon,  
The sapphire-misted mountains,  
The hot gold hush of noon.  
Green tangle of the brushes,  
Where lithe lianas coil,  
And orchids deck the tree-tops  
And ferns the warm dark soil.

Core of my heart, my country!  
Her pitiless blue sky,  
When sick at heart, around us,  
We see the cattle die -  
But then the grey clouds gather,  
And we can bless again  
The drumming of an army,  
The steady, soaking rain.

Core of my heart, my country!  
Land of the Rainbow Gold,  
For flood and fire and famine,  
She pays us back threefold -  
Over the thirsty paddocks,  
Watch, after many days,  
The filmy veil of greenness  
That thickens as we gaze.

An opal-hearted country,  
A wilful, lavish land -  
All you who have not loved her,  
You will not understand -  
Though earth holds many splendours,  
Wherever I may die,  
I know to what brown country  
My homing thoughts will fly.

***'The Droving Days'* by A.B. Paterson (extract only)**

At dawn of day we would feel the breeze  
That stirred the boughs of the sleeping trees,  
And brought a breath of the fragrance rare  
That comes and goes in that scented air;  
For the trees and grass and the shrubs contain  
A dry sweet scent on the saltbush plain.  
For those that love it and understand  
The saltbush plain is a wonderland,  
A wondrous country, were Nature's ways  
Were revealed to me in the droving days.

We saw the fleet wild horses pass,  
And the kangaroos through the Mitchell grass;  
The emu ran with her frightened brood  
All unmolested and unpursued.  
But there rose a shout and a wild hubbub  
When the dingo raced for his native scrub,  
And he paid right dear for his stolen meals  
With the drovers' dogs at his wretched heels.  
For we ran him down at a rattling pace,  
While the pack-horse joined in the stirring chase.  
And a wild halloo at the kill we'd raise --  
We were light of heart in the droving days.

**'The Ballad of the Drover'** by Henry Lawson

Across the stony ridges,  
Across the rolling plain,  
Young Harry Dale, the drover,  
Comes riding home again.  
And well his stock-horse bears him,  
And light of heart is he,  
And stoutly his old pack-horse  
Is trotting by his knee.

Up Queensland way with cattle  
He travelled regions vast;  
And many months have vanished  
Since home-folk saw him last.  
He hums a song of someone  
He hopes to marry soon;  
And hobble-chains and camp-ware  
Keep jingling to the tune.

Beyond the hazy dado  
Against the lower skies  
And yon blue line of ranges  
The homestead station lies.  
And thitherward the drover  
Jogs through the lazy noon,  
While hobble-chains and camp-ware  
Are jingling to a tune.

An hour has filled the heavens  
With storm-clouds inky black;  
At times the lightning trickles  
Around the drover's track;  
But Harry pushes onward,  
His horses' strength he tries,  
In hope to reach the river  
Before the flood shall rise.

The thunder from above him  
Goes rolling o'er the plain;  
And down on thirsty pastures  
In torrents falls the rain.  
And every creek and gully  
Sends forth its little flood,  
Till the river runs a banker,  
All stained with yellow mud.

Now Harry speaks to Rover,  
The best dog on the plains,  
And to his hardy horses,  
And strokes their shaggy manes;  
'We've breasted bigger rivers  
When floods were at their height  
Nor shall this gutter stop us  
From getting home to-night!'

The thunder growls a warning,  
The ghastly lightnings gleam,  
As the drover turns his horses  
To swim the fatal stream.  
But, oh! the flood runs stronger  
Than e'er it ran before;  
The saddle-horse is failing,  
And only half-way o'er!

When flashes next the lightning,  
The flood's grey breast is blank,  
And a cattle dog and pack-horse  
Are struggling up the bank.  
But in the lonely homestead  
The girl will wait in vain --  
He'll never pass the stations  
In charge of stock again.

The faithful dog a moment  
Sits panting on the bank,  
And then swims through the current  
To where his master sank.  
And round and round in circles  
He fights with failing strength,  
Till, borne down by the waters,  
The old dog sinks at length.

Across the flooded lowlands  
And slopes of sodden loam  
The pack-horse struggles onward,  
To take dumb tidings home.  
And mud-stained, wet, and weary,  
Through ranges dark goes he;  
While hobble-chains and tinware  
Are sounding eerily.

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The floods are in the ocean,  
The stream is clear again,  
And now a verdant carpet  
Is stretched across the plain.  
But someone's eyes are saddened,  
And someone's heart still bleeds  
In sorrow for the drover  
Who sleeps among the reeds.





**'The Drover's Sweetheart'** by Henry Lawson

(Through the eyes of the drover's sweetheart, we **look** for the return of the drover and we **feel** the anguish of her separation) - a different perspective!

An hour before the sun goes down  
Behind the ragged boughs,  
I go across the little run  
And bring the dusty cows;  
And once I used to sit and rest  
Beneath the fading dome,  
For there was one that I loved best  
Who'd bring the cattle home.

Our yard is fixed with double bails,  
Round one the grass is green,  
The bush is growing through the rails,  
The spike is rusted in;  
And 'twas from there his freckled face  
Would turn and smile at me --  
He'd milk a dozen in the race  
While I was milking three.

I milk eleven cows myself  
Where once I milked but four;  
I set the dishes on the shelf  
And close the dairy door;  
And when the glaring sunlight fails  
And the fire shines through the cracks,  
I climb the broken stockyard rails  
And watch the bridle-tracks.

He kissed me twice and once again  
And rode across the hill,  
The pint-pots and the hobble-chain  
I hear them jingling still;  
He'll come at night or not at all --  
He left in dust and heat,  
And when the soft, cool shadows fall  
Is the best time to meet.

And he is coming back again,  
He wrote to let me know,  
The floods were in the Darling then --  
It seems so long ago;  
He'd come through miles of slush and mud,  
And it was weary work,  
The creeks were bankers, and the flood  
Was forty miles round Bourke.

He said the floods had formed a block,  
The plains could not be crossed,  
And there was foot-rot in the flock  
And hundreds had been lost;  
The sheep were falling thick and fast  
A hundred miles from town,  
And when he reached the line at last  
He trucked the remnant down.

And so he'll have to stand the cost;  
His luck was always bad,  
Instead of making more, he lost  
The money that he had;  
And how he'll manage, heaven knows  
(My eyes are getting dim),  
He says -- he says -- he don't -- suppose  
I'll want -- to -- marry -- him.

As if I wouldn't take his hand  
Without a golden glove --  
Oh! Jack, you men won't understand  
How much a girl can love.  
I long to see his face once more --  
Jack's dog! thank God, it's Jack! --  
(I never thought I'd faint before)  
He's coming -- up -- the track.

## Perspective 2: The Indigenous Experience

Indigenous Australians, or Australian Aboriginals, have long written poetry about their experiences.

The most famous Aboriginal poet is probably **Kath Walker (Oodgeroo of the Noonuccal tribe)** but **Jack Davis** is also very famous and many non-Aboriginal Australians chose to write poetry about the mistreatment of “First Australians” such as Judith Wright with ‘Bora Ring’.

**Archie Roach** and **Christine Anu** are both popular Aboriginal singer-song writers that have embraced their culture and sung about their experiences. But there are many more modern artists such as hip hop and spoken word artists that aim to have their voices heard.

Some poems are about a **deep connection** that many Aboriginal people have with **the land** but others are about **hardships** they have faced: White settlement (invasion), the Stolen Generation, Change (forced change/assimilation) and the loss of their culture.



## 'We Are Going' by Oodgeroo Noonuccal

Many Indigenous poets write about the land and its importance... that land was taken from them with the arrival of the first white settlers.

They came in to the little town  
A semi-naked band subdued and silent  
All that remained of their tribe.  
They came here to the place of their old bora ground  
Where now the many white men hurry about like ants.  
Notice of the estate agent reads: 'Rubbish May Be Tipped Here'.  
Now it half covers the traces of the old bora ring.  
'We are as strangers here now, but the white tribe are the strangers.  
We belong here, we are of the old ways.  
We are the corroboree and the bora ground,  
We are the old ceremonies, the laws of the elders.  
We are the wonder tales of Dream Time, the tribal legends told.  
We are the past, the hunts and the laughing games, the wandering camp fires.  
We are the lightening bolt over Gaphembah Hill  
Quick and terrible,  
And the Thunderer after him, that loud fellow.  
We are the quiet daybreak paling the dark lagoon.  
We are the shadow-ghosts creeping back as the camp fires burn low.  
We are nature and the past, all the old ways  
Gone now and scattered.  
The scrubs are gone, the hunting and the laughter.  
The eagle is gone, the emu and the kangaroo are gone from this place.  
The bora ring is gone.  
The corroboree is gone.  
And we are going.'

### Questions on the poem:

#### Vocabulary

1) Explain what the following words mean in the poem. You can use a dictionary if you need to.

a) Subdued

b) Strangers

c) Sacred

d) Ceremonies

e) Terrible

f) Paling

2) Choose the correct word from those above to fill in the blanks in these sentences.

- a) He looked to the crest of the hill and saw \_\_\_\_\_ approaching.
- b) He knew that they would have no appreciation of his people's \_\_\_\_\_ customs.
- c) He knew that they would no respect the \_\_\_\_\_ of old.
- d) As they approached, at first his manner became \_\_\_\_\_.
- e) Then he had the sensation of \_\_\_\_\_, becoming white.
- f) For him, this was the most \_\_\_\_\_ feeling of all.

3) Connect each word to its opposite, by drawing lines.

- |               |                   |
|---------------|-------------------|
| a) Subdued    | Secular           |
| b) Strangers  | Darkening         |
| c) Sacred     | Random Gatherings |
| d) Ceremonies | Uncontrolled      |
| e) Terrible   | Friends           |
| f) Paling     | Pleasing          |

### Knowledge

- 1) The phrase 'white men hurry about like ants' is an example of
  - a) Hyperbole
  - b) A simile
  - c) Personification
- 2) What attitude is implied by the estate agent's sign?
  - a) The property is a good investment.
  - b) One person's trash is another person's treasure.
  - c) The old Aboriginal ways have no value.
- 3) For 'traces' you could substitute the word
  - a) Evidence
  - b) Rituals
  - c) Markings
- 4) What does Oodgeroo mean by saying that 'the white tribe are the strangers'?
  - a) She finds the white customs very strange.
  - b) The land originally belonged to the Aboriginals, so the white people should be 'strangers'.
  - c) It is strange to see the white's forming a tribe.

5) Decide whether the following statements are true or false.

a) The words 'we are the old ways' tell us that the Aboriginal people can do without their traditional customs. True/ False.

b) The word 'going' in the title and the last line implies that soon the aboriginal people will be 'gone' as well. True/ False

### Themes

1) What do you think are the main themes of this poem?

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2) How has the poet expressed the theme of loss of Aboriginal Culture?

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### Techniques

1) What technique is used in 'white men hurry about like ants'? What is the effect?

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2) What technique is used in 'we are the corroboree'? What is the effect?

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3) By repeating 'we are' throughout the poem, what is the poet trying to convey?

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4) What effect does the use of the first person have throughout the poem?

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5) The use of full stops throughout the poem is important. Why does the poet use them?

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**Task:** Imagine you are one of the Aboriginal people in 'We Are Going'. Write a letter giving your own perspective about what has happened to your land and your culture. (Length: approximately 300 words)

Plan your response here before writing your letter (using formal paragraphs and punctuation) on the following page.

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.



## **Perspectives on heritage and background by Robyn Ridgeway**

The following three poems describe the feelings of an Aboriginal woman about her heritage and background:

### ***'Childhood Days'***

As children we would run and play  
In the scrub that was our yard  
Hiding in the eucalypts  
Catching frogs down in the creek  
At the end of play, work  
Collecting fallen twigs and branches  
To fill the wood burner  
That kept us warm and fed

By Robyn Ridgeway

### ***'Memories'***

Christmas on the Mission  
Meant many things to me  
The smell of damper cooking  
In Aunties' old wood stove  
The smell coming to meet us  
Bringing us all home

Sitting around the fire at night  
With music, laughter and cards  
But the greatest pleasure  
Tat us kids had  
Was when old Uncle would start talking

He told us of the yesterdays  
But not the might have beens  
He said there was a purpose  
For each and every being

Then he told us of the dreaming  
And the things we all should know  
Then slowly,  
Oh, so slowly,  
We all drifted off to sleep

By Robyn Ridgeway

Dreaming stories are very important to Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander people. The Dreaming tells of the journey and the actions of Ancestral Beings who created the natural world. It links the past with the present. It is the natural world, especially the land or country to which a person belongs.

The next poem refers to the link with the land and expresses a powerful desire and perspective. Consider the importance of the title, the lack of punctuation and the use of capital letters.

### ***'Yearning'***

I yearn to feel the sand  
Between my toes and let it  
Run through my fingers  
I yearn to walk on my  
Mother's Country  
I only wish I could do so  
Knowing it was my own

By Robyn Ridgeway

The poet, Robyn Ridgeway, grew up in the city but her heart is in the land of her people. Her Mother's Country is the place where she was born and the land that is part of her heritage.

The tone of this poem is clearly sad. How does the structure of the poem and the one word title contribute to the feeling?

### **Questions on the poems:**

1. Sensory imagery is used throughout all three poems. Describe its effect in each poem.

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2. What message do you get about the people and the culture? What is important to them?

3. If this is the **perspective** (or the view point) and the **experience** of many Aboriginals, what do you think was the purpose of Robyn Ridgeway in writing these poems? How important is it that her poems are heard?

4. The tone of the poem 'Yearning' is sad. However, her other poems contain happy memories. What particular images and themes are shown in 'Childhood days' and 'Memories' that are reflective of the Aboriginal lifestyle.

## Creative Task: My Messages

The three poems by Robyn Ridgeway were messages about her past, her family, her desires and her culture.

Now it's your turn to write a 'Messages' poem of your own,

Firstly create a setting/style you wish to write in, then write a poem about the messages that surround you in your choice of environment. It could be on your way to school, where you go to have a holiday, or at home. Compose a title and write at least three stanzas.

You don't have to make your poem rhyme, but try to use a range of poetic techniques and create a voice that has an emotional connection.

[illegible]

## **'Spoken Word' – Message Stick – ABC (2010)**

Traditionally, Aboriginal people are storytellers. It's their way to pass on history and culture from one generation to the next. Today we have many Indigenous poets writing and performing their works as a means of self-expression and as a way of recording contemporary history. To celebrate Poetry Week a few of them were invited to the Vanguard in Newtown to share some of their poems.

**Spoken word** is poetry intended for onstage performance, rather than exclusively designed for the page. While often associated with hip-hop culture, it also has strong ties to storytelling, modern poetry, post-modern performance, and monologue theatre, as well as jazz, blues, and folk music. Due to its immediacy and direct rapport with its audience, this type of poetry often contains references to current events and issues relevant to a contemporary audience. At its best, spoken word is a powerful, high-energy form of expression that attracts artists and audiences of all ages from a wide range of disciplines and socio-cultural backgrounds.

### **LIONEL FOGARTY:**

*(transcript from ABC Message Stick – Spoken Word, 29 Aug 2010)*

*Yeah, well, I'm Lionel Fogarty, and I'm born in Wagga Wagga country. Cherbourg is the Aboriginal community, but it was called Barambah, which means 'wild wind coming over a mountain'. I joined the Aboriginal movement, by listening to Qawanji Brady and Dennis Walker, and Oodgeroo Noonuccal, and everyone like that. They were pretty radical back then. And with me, I was mainly getting involved with hearing a lot of speakers, speaking out about the injustice - about stolen wages, about stolen land, stolen families. Cos families, at that time, was being stolen all the bloody time, right up to '85 - and they still are, basically, to this day. But it wasn't the written word - it was the protest speakers that really touched my heart. And so I found an avenue, basically, to do that bit of writing. OK. You know, a lot of black people, they get this kind of thing about, you know, the colour of their skin. Well, my son, he sat down to write. And he's got children - you know, some green-eye, pale skin, some of them black or whatever, you know? But anyway, he wrote this poem, and I'd like to share it -*

#### ***'Fair Skin Abo'***

It's dedicated to all the not-so-black, white people. This is not a comedy! (LAUGHS)

I may not be charcoal, charcoal-coloured, but I'm black.  
I mightn't have sheer coloured, like a cloudy night sky, but I'm black.  
I may wear European clothing, but I'm black.  
I may own many white materials, but I'm black.  
I may speak English, but I'm black.  
I may not have the darkest complexion, but I'm black.  
I am an alcoholic, and I'm not an alcoholic, but I'm black.  
I am a drug addict dole bludger, I'm not a drug addict dole bludger, but I'm black.  
I don't spear kangaroos all day, but I'm black.  
I may not live in the bush, naked, but I'm black.  
I may not live...(CHUCKLES) but I'm black.  
I mightn't chase kangaroos or emus, but I'm black.  
You may think I'm half-caste, but I'm black.  
You may think I'm kind of quarter-caste, but I'm black.  
That's right, black. Black to the bone - black.  
Black, too black. Black, through and through.  
But my physicality may not be, but mentally, I'm black.

## **ALI COBBY ECKERMANN:**

*(transcript from ABC Message Stick – Spoken Word, 29 Aug 2010)*

*When I was young, I believed that I had that skill, as a storyteller and writer. And I found some stuff that I wrote in primary school - you know, I think I was first published in grade two. And pretty bad poetry, but I was writing poetry back then. My name's Ali Cobby Eckermann. "Cobby" is my Indigenous family name. "Eckermann" is my adopted family name. I was grown up in South Australia. I've spent most of my adult life in the Northern Territory. And my poetry is about my journey to find my family. This first poem is about racism that I remember as a child. The racism at school was really hard. And a lot of confusion, because the other Aboriginal kids at high school, they went home to their mum and dads, whereas me and my brother, we went home to our non-Indigenous parents. And we didn't know how to share what was happening at school.*

I'm sitting up the tree today, and I'm not getting down.  
I don't feel safe at school no more, just cos my skin is brown.  
If I sit here overnight will I turn into a bird?  
So I don't fly away from here and all the nasty words.  
Cos it's no fun being different. Where do I fit in?  
Some kids at school are nasty, and their words have such a sting.  
"You half-caste dog, you coon, you boong, you stinking bloody Abo."  
I don't know what these words mean.  
I know they hurt me like an arrow.  
I asked my teacher to explain, and she just slapped me, hard and then, when it was lunchtime, I was  
pushed over in the yard.  
So now I'm sitting up the tree. I'll hide from everyone.  
I don't understand this place - I'm only in grade one.

*This next poem is called 'Tears for Mum', and in my first collection, titled Little Bit Long Time. Some of the poems in there I write for my adopted mum. I'm really lucky that we can have a good relationship. And when I found my family, I remember her saying, "Finally, you're happy." She's grown up five children that weren't her own, two Aboriginal, and she's stuck by us through thick and thin. And I think she's a really strong example of what Australia can achieve.*

**Lionel Fogarty:** *What I found with Ali was that she was trying to explain that this inequality was happening all the time. Her poetry was kind of, like, sad, but in praise of people who have not just survived, but are living their lives.*

### ***'Tears for Mum'***

Mum, can I cry at your funeral?  
Can I wail like I do out bush?  
Can I walk the aisle in ochre?  
Can you tell the other kids that this is OK?  
This is what I need, the way we grieve, proper way, out bush.  
Mum, can you explain that I need my sisters from Yuendumu and Hart's Bluff by my side at your funeral?  
Can you tell the other kids that this is OK?  
This is what I need, the way we grieve, the proper way, out bush.  
Mum, can you understand this is the only way I know?

## **WIRE MC:**

*(transcript from ABC Message Stick – Spoken Word, 29 Aug 2010)*

**Wire MC:** Well, my name is Wire MC, as in "Words in Rhythm Eternally, my Cus, my Culture, my Community." I represent Gumbaynggirr nation, descendant of that. Bandjilagi Danggali roots, as well. My style of poetry isn't really poetry, but there's definitely style. Yeah.

*Well, the first piece I'm gonna do today is called Blackapella. And I wrote this piece when I was up in Little Wander National Parks, up at home - up in our church, back in the bush. And while I was up there, there was a protest going on, and they were trying to log the last of the red cedar out of Little Wander. So we was up there, and I was up there for a couple of weeks. And I just looked around, and there was, like, a lot of people - black, white, Asians, and they had their dogs, you know. And it just got me to thinking, you know, "What is black? What's the difference between black and white?" And for me, it's as simple as closing your eyes. Once you close your eyes, you're black, cos then all you can do is feel the energy around you. Once you open your eyes, then you're white. You can discriminate things. So for me, that's what black and white is - it's as simple as that. It's a thought process.*

### ***'Blackapella'***

Black. What does it mean for me to be black?  
What makes me black? Not just my skin colour.  
For even the blackest brother can be white.  
Black is a thought process.  
For me, a way of life.  
To be black is to be free - free from the heart, free from the head, and free to take that next man for what he is.  
Free to choose and make my own decisions based upon my own interpretation of any given or chosen situation.  
To be black is to respect and acknowledge the past while living, now, for the future.  
So what am I doing for my culture?  
I won't help to perpetuate white lies about black, cos I refuse to feel so disenfranchised.  
He never stole my land, or took away my dreaming, even though he tried to force-feed me - a fractured religion.  
I know he killed our fathers, and he raped our mothers, and I'm angry because he's here - and so I should be.  
For these things are unforgivable, but they are also undoable.  
My brothers, my sisters, my aunties, my uncles, I ain't asking you to forgive and forget, because I can't, and I won't.  
What I'm saying is be black, and live and give for now.  
For that is what it means for me to be black. Black.  
How does it feel for me to be?

*I thought I'd try and understand this language as much as I could, and use it not so much as a defence or an attack mechanism, but as something that I could use as a mirror to the society. You know - "Well, these are the words you taught me, and I'm gonna use the words that you know to tell you things that I don't like about you, and things I think you should know about yourself."*



I feel a rhythm in the forest, and it's totally bliss.  
Words float like a mist through a valley that's thick.  
Memory of corroboree, didgeridoo and clap-stick.  
We got melaleuca in the eucalypt to cure the sick.  
See, from the mountain to the ocean flow the river, through the forest, and I run naked through the bush, just like the ancient ones before us.  
And still I hear the chorus of the corroboree calling me, cos I'm still the fruit of the mooroobai tree, see?  
I often wonder what my name would have been living in the Dreamtime, with my ancient, tribal king - hunting and gathering, living this way, playing tribal rhythm through the night and through the day.  
But reality cuts, and interrupts my fantasy, as I casually step through the jungle of humanity.  
Maintain my sanity, search for identity, while I'm constantly under the scrutiny of police and security.  
They chasin' me on my pushbike, lockin' me up, or shootin' me.  
Please, don't be stupid, see?  
Stereotyping me - well, that's just like executing me.  
Because I'm black? That's what it means for me to be.  
That's how it feels for me to be.  
That's what makes me black.  
Black, black, black!  
B, L, A, C, K - born long ago, creation's keeper.

Bubbling up through the struggle and the pain, trouble is my middle name.  
My game?  
I came to burn the frame.  
Hey, what am I doing?  
Where am I going?  
I gotta keep movin' cos they won't be slowin' me down.  
Watch me now, burn this town, I came to claim the land in the name of sound.  
I came to claim the land in the name of sound.  
Ring the alarm, it's time to stop, drop and roll.  
Hot-headed, hot-blooded, I got fire in my soul.  
So who's sorry now that the tables are turning?  
And how can you sleep when the streets are burning?  
To all them gamblin' ones - I know who they are.  
The roof's on fire - "Quick, run, save the farm."  
40,000 degrees-plus, and I'm still risin'.  
I'd rather die on my knees than stand up not fighting. Watch me light 'em up.

## **AUNTY KATHY MILLS:**

*(transcript from ABC Message Stick – Spoken Word, 29 Aug 2010)*

I'm an innocent child. Growing up, and becoming aware of the situations that my parents were in, and we were, too. We lived under the assimilation policy. We were subject to that. And then, to be able to speak out, and do what I do, I've made a journey myself. And, like, where it could have harmed me in my life, it didn't, I think because of the strength of my family.

They say we have no rights to land.

They say we have no claim.

They say we were not civilised when first the white man came.

They took possession of this land by raising of a flag, proclamations read out loud - "For God and King we stand."

They did not tolerate the fact that people did live here, for they believed that they were the first - on this, they were quite clear.

"Terra nullius" - land of the unknown.

Countless times they ventured, countless times they returned.

Then, when at last they found the land inhabited by blacks, they set about removing them, those glaring, tell-tale facts.

They shot them with their muskets and their cannon-fire blasts.

The land was coloured red with the blood of our fallen fathers' hearts.

They claimed that there was no culture, inhabitants at large.

They must convert this savage race.

This mission was their task.

They set about their charter with pompous attitude of white superiority, the natives to subdue.

Denial then began to form, but soon they realised the knowledge you needed to survive was in the natives' hands.

## The POWER in Spoken Word...

1. *'Fair Skin Abo'* by Lionel Fogerty projects a strong, blunt voice. What is the blunt message he wants to get across and why do you think it's important?

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2. What techniques does he use to make the message stand out? How effective are they?

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3. Ali Cobby Ebberman shared her personal experiences with bullying in her first poem. How does she create a sad mood? Refer to at least TWO choices she makes in your answer.

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4. The line "You half-caste dog, you coon, you boong, you stinking bloody Abo" is very hard hitting and confronting due to its derogatory statements. How might Ebberman's performance have captured this negativity?

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5. In 'Tears for Mum' why do you think the poem is mostly questions (rhetorical questions especially)? What does this tell us about the grieving process for Aboriginal people?

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6. Wire MC uses rhyme in his 'Blackapella' piece to make it hard hitting. Find THREE examples of rhyme (a mixture of end and internal rhyme) and describe the overall effect.

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7. In the second piece by Wire MC, there is a slow, calm mood and pace to the opening lines; however, there is a change to the mood (and probably the pace) as the piece continues. What do you think causes this change? How does Wire MC use a range of techniques to create this change?

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8. Aunty Kathy Mills’ poem has both similarities and differences to Oodgeroo Noonuccal’s poetry. Comment on ONE similarity and ONE difference and explain why they are important.

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9. What example of spoken word poetry were you able to connect with most? Write a short response outlining the reasons.

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## Homework: Other Indigenous poems/songs

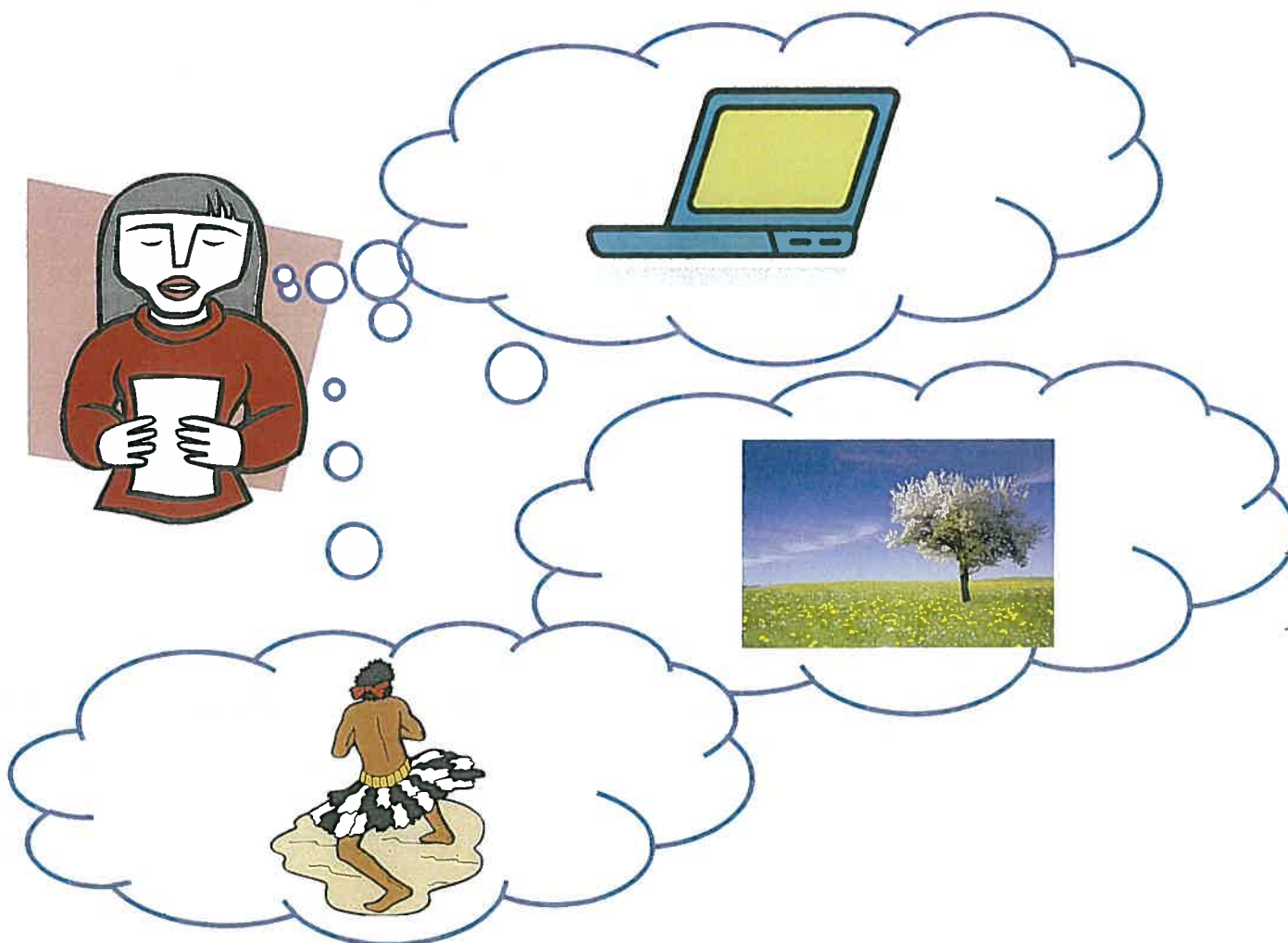
Spend some time researching other poems or songs about the Indigenous experience. You may wish to look at:

- Jack Davis' poetry
- 'Colour Bar' or 'The Last of his Tribe' (also by Oodgeroo Noonuccal)
- Songs by Aboriginal artists
- Spoken word, hip-hop or rap by Aboriginal artists

When you find a poem or song that you can understand the experience being shared, create a short digital story based on the lyrics of ONE text.

**Digital Storytelling** is the practice of using computer-based tools to tell stories. As with traditional storytelling, most digital stories focus on a specific topic and contain a particular point of view. However, as the name implies, digital stories usually contain some mixture of computer-based images, text, recorded audio narration, video clips and/or music.

*This task can be done at home but should be able to be accessed from school if needed. You should carry a USB when required or save your work to Google Drive or Dropbox, etc. Microsoft Power point will allow you to incorporate music, text, images, audio, and more. Have a go, even if you are not computer savvy!*



## Perspective 3: The Migrant Experience

Another perspective or view of Australia is presented in the poems written by people who migrated to Australia in large numbers after the Second World War. At first, many of them lived in community accommodation called hostels.

The poem and song you will be exploring and analysing are:

- 'Migrant Hostel' by Peter Skrzynecki
- 'Down the Line' by Horrorshow

These texts explore the **themes** of:

**Belonging**: what it means to belong to a family, a home, a country (or not belong)

**The migrant journey**: the challenges that the migrants face/d

**Identity**: who am I? How much am I influenced by my past?

**Home**: having a place to call home helps to define who we are and where we belong



The following poem, 'Migrant Hostel', written in free verse, captures the feelings of some of the people who lived in a migrant hostel in Parkes in NSW between 1949 and 1951.

***'Migrant Hostel'***

Parkes, 1949-51

No one kept count  
Of all the comings and goings –  
Arrivals of newcomers  
In busloads from the station,  
Sudden departments from adjoining blocks  
That left us wondering  
Who would be coming next.

Nationalities sought  
Each other out instinctively –  
Like a homing pigeon  
Circling to get its bearings;  
Years and place-names  
Recognised by accents,  
Partitioned off at night  
By memories of hunger and hate.

For over two years  
We lived like birds of passage –  
Always sensing a change  
In the weather:  
Unaware of the season  
Whose track we would follow.

A barrier at the main gate  
Sealed off the highway  
From our doorstep –  
As it rose and fell like a finger  
Pointed in reprimand or shame;  
And daily we passed  
Underneath or alongside it –  
Needing its sanction  
To pass in and out of lives  
That had only begun  
Or were dying.



## 'Migrant Hostel' – Questions

1. There is a powerful image of the migrants coming and going. What picture do you have in your mind?

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2. Skrzynecki uses a number of similes in this poem. Find the TWO that are about birds and after copying out the quotation, explain what you think is meant by each.

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3. Skrzynecki wanted to express the voice of the migrant – the migrant perspective. Ultimately, this was that they didn't belong anywhere. How successfully do you think he does this? Refer to at least THREE examples in your answer, including the image of the gate in stanza three.

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## *'Down The Line' by Horrorshow ft. Sarah Corry* (Migrant & Bush Experience)

[Verse 1: Solo]

And I can't tell this story from the start  
It's origins have been lost, forgotten to the halls of the past  
But let's begin on the golden plains of holes creek with a boy named Ross living on a farm  
Second of 5 kids, who shared a surname that dated back 2 generations to a migrant who changed it to  
Smith  
Nice and plain he wanted to fit in  
But a time when people might not take too kindly to the likes of him,  
Now they spent their days herding cattle on the station  
Tough times, depression era, rural isolation  
A simple life  
They gathered by the piano at night and poems by Banjo for entertainment  
But that all changed in '39  
With his slouch hat he shipped off for the front line  
Fought in trenches and saw men slain from the jungles of Borneo to the desert of El Alamein  
On his way home he met a lovely nurse  
Decided he would make her the offer that she deserved  
Got down on one knee and asked her to takes his hand  
And it wasn't too long before they were making plans

[Hook: Sarah Corry]

Gave me my voice, to sing refrain  
You felt it all, hunger to a war of pain  
You gave me fire  
To build my path  
Each stepping stone a lesson from your winding past  
And as I stand  
My outstretched hand  
Reaches for you  
To show my gratitude  
A presence from  
Before my time  
Traces that I'm bound to carry down the line

[Verse 2: Solo]

Fast forward, no the boys a man with children of his own  
Colts Roaming on the farmstead that they call home  
Days turn to years as the steam rose from the puffing billy and weathered hands worked the sheers  
Through flood and drought he kept food in the families mouths  
His four kids getting taller now  
Each climb to the top of that old pine tree  
Just to make believe they could see all the way to Sydney  
The second son watched the setting sun through his window  
With dreams of making his home in the big smoke  
So he finished school and headed to university  
Determined he would be the one to get the families first degree  
One of the lucky ones

His birthday missed the draft as his friends headed off to Vietnam  
Horror on the evening news on the TV set  
Made him join the march in the streets in protest  
Between study and going home to work every summer  
He met a pretty girl and fell in love  
Put a ring on the finger of this beauty  
They had two sons; the youngest was none other than yours truly

[Verse 3: Solo]

So here I stand, the grandson of a drover  
Strong man who sang songs watching over his land  
So I know where I get the damn nerve from to step up on the stage and make the people throw their hands  
Flipping through these old photographs  
All the poems he recited and the notes he sang  
Flashed before my eyes as he laid with the family gathered round his bed on that ANZAC day  
And 'The Last Post' played on the TV in the hallway as he passed away  
And I said to myself that I wasn't gonna cry as the tears rolled down my face  
I stood by and watched it unwind following the bloodline as the life flowed out his veins  
But he remains  
Every time that I speak my Rhyme  
He lives on with what I leave behind, another down the line  
It's that beautiful but tragic fate  
That awaits us all  
Sure as the seed most of the trees leaves will fall  
Freefall into blackness  
Till we're nothing more than just a memory to be recalled  
What we wouldn't give for a minute just to sit and chat  
But nothing that we wish is ever gonna bring him back  
Though we can't press rewind  
They live in with what we leave behind  
Another down the line

[Hook]

[Bridge: Solo]

And another one falls and another ones born  
It's another one down to the line  
And another ones gone and another lives on  
It's another one down the line  
And another one falls and another ones born  
It's another one down the line  
And though we can't press rewind  
They live on with what we leave behind  
Another down the line

[Extract: Solo's Grandmother]

*I just felt that he had something that was just strong, a strong person, whether he was right or wrong, he was strong, it's as though it is we thought we were right, and ah, we get along*

*'Down The Line' by Horrorshow ft. Sarah Corry* (Migrant & Bush Experience)

1. How is this song similar to a ballad poem? Who is the story about?

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2. The 'hook' section appears to be a dedication to someone (or more than one). Who do you think the singer is addressing and why? What is the rhyming pattern for the hook?

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3. Nick Bryant-Smith (aka Solo) wanted to explore his family's past as well as expressing the voice of the migrant – the migrant perspective. Explain what his family's past was like and how they became strong examples of migrant Australians. How successfully do you think he does this? Refer to TWO techniques in your answer.

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There is no handwriting or other markings on the paper.

## Creative task: My beliefs

What is **your** Australian voice? What are some of your personal beliefs?

Make a list of five personal belief statements under the following heading:

### What I believe:

- \_\_\_\_\_
- \_\_\_\_\_
- \_\_\_\_\_
- \_\_\_\_\_
- \_\_\_\_\_

Using the list of personal belief statements you wrote above, add five additional belief statements to it. (Can you try to create an ***Australian voice*** that runs throughout the lines?) Use these statements as the basis for your own poem titled 'What I Believe'. You might like to try to include at least one simile and one metaphor in your finished piece. Think about the ***connotations*** of your ***word choice***.

- \_\_\_\_\_
- \_\_\_\_\_
- \_\_\_\_\_
- \_\_\_\_\_
- \_\_\_\_\_

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal blue or grey ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

This should be a draft only – when you are happy with it, present it on one A4 page and submit it to your teacher. You may even like to share it with your friends and family (***You are a POET!***)

## **Self Reflection**

*This should be filled out at the end of the unit (but before the assessment task)*

What have I learnt about Australian experiences?	What have I learnt about Australian poetry?
What do I think are the main features of Australian poems that make them memorable?	What are the strengths and weaknesses of my poetry analysis?
Have my ideas changed in regards to what poetry is?	
Did I achieve my goals that I set at the start of the unit? If not, why not?	

