

THE AUSSIE SCRUB

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Have you ever climbed dirt castles in the bush made by the Ants?

Have you ever pulled a cactus from the rear end of your pants?

Have you ever eaten blowflies, like a blanket, on your face?

If not, you've never gone to see the **real** Australia, mates!

You may have held a chain while scaling up our Uluru

Got a prickle in ya' frilly socks or beach sand in ya' shoe,

But I tell ya' there's another land no visitor should snub

To shake you and awake you, and it's called the 'Aussie scrub'!

While trendies do the Tropics and the green and fertile lush,

You can walk down dried up gullies, crawl around the mulga brush,

Sip the sap out of a river gum, get down and dig for Gold,

Then you'll know this country's wonder, and upon it you'll be sold.

You'll imagine Aborigines weaving through the trees

With the cunning of a dingo, lurking, crawling on their knees.

Swooping from the shadows on Goannas with a club

Then feasting on him later in a clearing up the scrub.

Then by the stars a rhythm will come pounding at your call

That a culture has enjoyed for fifty thousand years or more

So declare it and go share it on the street or in the pub -

You will **never** know this country 'til you've met the Aussie scrub.