

Windswept Soul of Remembrance:

The ships of a stranger are here. Whom are these strangers? Why are they here.

Approaching from the sea. To my parents ancestral land. They are coming. They are coming. The fear in my body can be felt. My eyes well up. With tears. My neck and head pounding in a andrenalin rush. As fear and flight takes over my body. I hold my hands up over my face. I can not watch. What do they want?

As the wind appears before my eyes. In a clouded wind. Ancestors voices I hear them say. "Remain true." The clouded wind circles around my body. The voices in the wind. Gets ingrained in my mind.

"Remember this you are, true land owner. You are Aborigine." Do not let white man sweep. Upon my mind a white man path. Keep in my minds eye. My true mans path. Ancestral path. As wind sweeps past hear the voices. Hear the call. The winds of Remembrance,

As the feeling of my soul was been taken from me. I keep seen in my mind path. A white man path. And my black mans path. As I struggle to maintain my path. I do not want to lose my historically path. I want to maintain true to my beliefs. True to my heritage. I can feel it slipping, slipping away. Come back my mind says. This is my land. I am a proud different boy. You may depose me from my land. But you will not. Make me forget my black path. This is my land, This is my land, This is my land. I was crying out loud.

As the wind appears before my eyes. In a clouded wind. Ancestors voices I hear. Them say, "Remain true." The clouded wind circles around my body. The voices in the wind, gets ingrained in my mind. "Remember this. You are true land owner. You are aborigine." Do not let white man sweep. Upon my mind a white mans path. Keep in my minds eye. My true

ancestral path. As wind sweeps past, hear the voices. Hear the call. The winds of remembrance. I will try to defend it. With spear in hand.

You can not keep me down. I am angry. I am mad. As the red hot land and each night the sun sets. My land is melted in my heart and mind. You may lead me down the white mans path. But in my black mans path. This is my land. You take my land. But my ancestors are owners of this land. I do not understand this intrusion on my land. Who are this white looking people? What can I do? I shall fight. But they are a strange lot. Have strange weapons. What shall I do? They make a boom noise. These boom sticks. Hurt my people. Kill my people.

As the wind appears before my eyes. In a clouded wind. Ancestors voices I hear. Them say "remain true". The clouded wind circles around my body. The voices in the wind. Gets ingrained in my mind. "Remember this" You are true land owner. You are Aborigine." Do not let white man sweep upon my mind a white mans path. Keep in my minds eye. My true ancestral path. As wind sweeps past hear the voices. Hear the call. The winds of remembrance.

I do not understand these words. What a crazy sound these, white man make. They are taking my land. They are pushing us from. My Red dirt home. I can see these white man push there path. My parents speak to me. In our own language. Keep your blacks man path. Stay true. As I could see the look of loss on my parents face. Like a blurring on the soul. What was before would be gone. How can I help my parents? I will remember. My black man ways. I will not forget.

As the wind appears before my eyes. In a clouded wind. Ancestors voices I hear. Them say "remain true". The clouded wind circles around my body.

The voices in the wind, Gets ingrained in my mind.
"Remember this." You are true land owner. You are
Aborigine." Do not let white man sweep Upon my mind
a white mans path. Keep in my minds eye. My true
ancestral path. As wind sweeps past hear the voices.
Hear the call. The winds of Remembrance.

They force us into a different place. Ever present
the white mans gaze upon us. I feel the loss. The
emotion. I want to go home. To my land. Not this patch
of rubble. The white mans ways. They want me to do.
Live on there land. Do what I say or boss will get us.
You move here, You move there. The crack of the whip
Will tell you where to go. Force their white path. My
revenge is in my mind. My path is black. I do not
like there path. Many of my people have lost there way.
Forgot the tribesman way. I hate the white man, I
to run, run and run. Into the dirt. That is and always
Remain my home. Not this white man place. Fences keep
me in, I would run. If I had the strength from the
traditional food.

As the wind appears before my eyes. In a clouded
wind Ancestors voices I hear. Them say, "Remain true!"
The clouded wind circles around my body. The voices
in the wind. Gets ingrained in my mind; "Remember this!"
You are true land owner. You are Aborigine!" Do not let
white man sweep. Upon my mind a white mans path.
Keep in my minds eye. My true ancestral path. As
wind sweeps past hear the voices. Hear the call. The
winds of Remembrance.

The kangaroo and my food from my true home.
Not what the white man call food. Some of this is
strange to me. I want to eat my black path food.
I could teach these white man a thing or two. They
could learn from my mums food. And how my
dad could catch the evening meals. I resent
these silver trayed food. Do this, Eat this. Who
are these men.

As the wind appears before my eyes. In a clouded
wind. Ancestors voices I hear. Them say, "Remain true!"

The clouded wind circles around my body. The voices in the wind. Gets ingrained in my mind, "Remember this. You are true land owner. You are Aborigine." Do not let white man sweep. Upon my mind a white mans path. Keep in my minds eye. My true ancestral path. As wind sweeps past hear the voices. Hear the call. The winds of remembrance.

I do not like this home we now live. Different is this. But not right to change my path. I feel I may lose my black mans path. Not allow to eat. The berries and herbs. We know are good. I wish the whites would eat the do not eat berries. My dad would say and show me. That would be the end of them forever. They have no right to try and change me. I'm a black fella. I'm a black fella. You may wish me white. Do the white path. But I do not understand. I'm a black fella. I keep saying. They do not know what they do. We live a different way. It would be good to prowl on them. Chain and lock the way of the blackman on them. What a sight this would be. Chain them to our ways.

As the wind appears before my eyes. In a clouded wind. Ancestors voices I hear. Them say, "Remain true." The clouded wind circles around my body.

The voices in the wind. Gets ingrained in my mind, "Remember this. You are true land owner. You are Aborigine." Do not let white man sweep. Upon my mind a white mans path. Keep in my minds eye. My true ancestral path. As wind sweeps past hear the voices. Hear the call. The winds of remembrance.

The man approached me they take my life, make it white. That they think is right. I shall show them. I'm a black fella. As they take me from my parents. The tears I cry. Who are you. In my mind. I know you. I know you. I keep to the knowing. My mum and dad are black fellas. You may take me away. I will not cry. I will not fight. But you remember this. You have not the right. I will go upset and angry.

And look of lost souls on my parents plight.

But you can not see me, I'm a black fella. I am not white. My parents cry as I loss sight of them, I have two paths. White mans and black mans. But I say remember this, I am a black fellas. You are not. I feel the sorrow, I will not be white. I will bend a little, like the willow.

As the wind appears before my eyes. In a clouded wind. Ancestors voices I hear. Them say, "Remain true." The clouded wind circles around my body. The voices in the wind. Gets ingrounded in my mind. "Remember this, you are true land owner. You are Aborigine." Do not let white man sweep. Upon my mind a white mans path. Keep in my minds eye. My true ancestral path. As wind sweeps past hear the voices. Hear the call. The winds of Remembrance.

But oneday the past wrongs. Will be made right. I'm a black fella. I'm a aboriginal. I believe I will see these actions righted. In the eyes of my mother and father, I am a aborigine.

In the dreamtime. I will change this. In the dreamtime, I will tell my children. Never forget we are aborigine. We are proud. We are strong. In the dreamtime. We could kill these white people. They are like locusts they take and give nothing in return.

As the wind appears before my eyes. In a clouded wind. Ancestors voices I hear. Them say, "Remain true." The clouded wind circles around my body. The voices in the wind. Gets ingrounded in my mind. "Remember this, You are true land owner. You are aborigine." Do not let white man sweep. Upon my mind a white mans path. Keep in my minds eye. My true ancestral path. As wind sweeps past hear the voices. Hear the call. The winds of Remembrance.

All I hope in my future and in the past. I am aborigine. Our beliefs live on.

If the plight of the aborigine. Was to happen today. As seen recently I would defend my land. Protect my family.

I have wrote this through the eyes of a young
Page 5

Aboriginal boy. Around 200 years ago.

I am William Freestone. I am of Aboriginal descent. I am proud of this. A true custodian of this land.

This is my story.

Windswept Soul of Remembrance:

Thank you for reading my story.