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It was a complete surprise.

Those boat came from the horizons arise.

They bought with them filthy diseases and different ways.

A different world from ours, a whole different phase.

Struggling to survive in our own land.

Those people where a different brand.

Culture was lost on this path.

It hard to even have the good old laughs.

The sun sets day after day.

And everything that is lost cannot be repaid.

They were complete surprises.

When every day the sunsets and then arises.

And you think about the past and what was done.

And think about the future and that life should be fun.

You think that you should have your rights.

And getting them shouldn't cause a fight.

All those marches, we should of gain respect.

But no it only just reflects.

Our sacred sites being built on.

You might as well say that they were built by a band of cons.

I am inspired.

But our culture is not admired.

Grew up around the influences of black, strong and proud.

And I love the feeling of marching with my people in a crowd.

The special feeling of belonging here.
In a country where the hot sun sears.
Then you just want to dream.
And to just have the old days to be redeemed.
Were being one is important.
But then they think you're crazy and take you away for "treatment".
It was a complete surprise.
That once the oldest nation thrived.
But now the population dives.
And into a fog of grey.
You get confused and they scream at you to pray.
Black children confused between to livings.
And the true story behind it is missing like newspaper clippings.
Oh and how we look to be back to normal again.
And you wonder whether these people in the government even have a brain.
And yet we still fight to be recognized.
Oh it was just a complete surprise.....

By Ali-Grace Finn-Mongta.

Bourke St Public School (BSPS)