

Susan Stanford

NOTHING TO APOLOGISE FOR

Woodchips? Uranium?

We learnt to see some sense in "Pig-Iron Bob"
who forged a role-model for Mr Reith,
and broke the warfie's ban on supplying
an enemy's Godzilla armament machine.

But still

we loved the song of White Australia,
fair and undivided.
The Great War won, the "Little Digger",
he wouldn't give the Japs the time of day.
Stood up for principles
and blocked their Versailles push,
elbow and shove and uppitty
demands for racial equality!

So what if we'd been allies up till then?
War's just another means to national ends.
Let's look at it like trade:
we have to sell our labour
and they'd work for half a free man's wage.
The skinny bastards were like blooming ants,
stealing the sugar from its bag,
the crust from your dying hand,
and worse ... Kokoda Trail.
We kept their columns from our shores.
Believe me, they had land hunger enough
to override whichever title,
waterholes.

Been there, done that.

Watch out, or they'll have claims on your backyard.

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