"These carvings or petroglyphs were carved thousands of years ago. It is not known whether the carvings were purely artistic expressions of the Aborigines, or whether they had a religious significance."

The Tauvian Museum

Dots, lines, bands, circles,
Circles within circles, spirals:
Carving stone with stone, tock tock,
Humbly kneeling on the shore,
The primitive tune of the ocean
Summons meanings naked as creation
In the empathy of gaze and hands, tock tock
The echo reverberates on the trim pinnacles
Of tall gums, gentle watercolours
In warm tinges match the ochre
In the curls of the natives, their red-brown
Skins shine in harmony and kind.
With troops of fusileers, in gags and clamps,
We were brought into this hell.

Break, quarry stones with the sweat
Of guilt, arrow-marks to stand for our lives,
Not one single epitaph. With the march
Of bridges and railways, their shy looks
Recede in darkness, like the devil's.
Soundless slopes of luxuriant bush
Witness the chase of the Black Line;
Inexorable silence...three generations...extinct.
Glamorous pig-faces welcome the sun,
Disclosing their flourescent pink, explosions
Of reds and lilacs dot
the conquered land.

Bereft of meaning, the stones gaze tranquil,
With the dignity of Woorady and Trugernanna.
Puzzled with artifacts of religion and art,
We wonder now with words,
of god and guilt.
Sudden bush-fires stir sometimes
The impenetrable majesty of Hobart's Olympus.
Circles within circles, spiral forms,
Mandala textures encircling matter:
The mystery of stone is buried...broken.