I'm afraid, sirs, I cannot recognise those ill-equipped explorers as gods in this land; nor can I transport ghosts of European deities; nor the names of the prophets as reliable talismen. A Buddha would never bare his navel squatting at ease under these shadeless trees.

Our swamps dry out, are too remote for sorcerers, pellars and poltergeists, to be haunts of magic. Sleight of hand can't rhyme the swirl of eddies or windgusts against the clock. A droughty past sears static in the bush. Desolation prevails. There are no castle-walls to breach No monuments to scar.

You sweat here in your own fats, sirs, to write compendiums of bruised feelings as to whether you belong.

A tribe of aborigines has been slaughtered or has sickened to extinction where you choose to build a home; and you will never hear their spirits wailing after their fifty thousand years or more sole tenancy's expiry.

You trace no lineage a quarter of a lone millennium here.