

## AFTER THE GOLD RUSH

After the gold rush quiet descends  
and hangs a shroud now heavy  
over pockmark mounds of early diggings  
and scars on hands left empty  
Deep cuts by drills and water sluicing  
carved through flesh and left to dry  
desiccated, deathly silent  
where noise once hammered night sky

Sun now rises, a glowing orb  
hung low on this new day  
Bronzing ground, seeking, healing  
Warming deep the earth and clay  
Early dawn strikes sides of quartz  
Light reflected shows the way

Now we sit and bask, we see  
the golden glow of everlastings  
Now we close our eyes and breathe  
The gentle thrum of amber wings  
Monarch butterflies dance through leaves  
of eucalypts left standing

The life we love and trust is caught  
in sunkissed webs of spiders spun  
The gold we seek remains with us  
in this land, Dja Dja Wurrung