

Didgeridoo

by [Viktor Grechyn](#)

i

Once in eternity
in a long
long dreaming
a day comes
when everything
changes

The day is
normal
but the Old Musician
is sombre
in the morning
he is silent and
looks warily from
under thick brows
at the ragged clouds in
the sky
at the flock of birds
flying towards
mountains
He cannot explain

the nature and
meaning of this anxiety

ii

This time in eternity
a Captain is gazing
towards the shore
from the stern of the ship
the bay is glistening
in green and blue
and the gold threads of the sun
play on the water
and sky

A lot of land and a lot
to offer – says the
Captain lighting a pipe
What about the
savages? asks the
Boatswain standing
next to him
They can be dangerous
is the answer
so we will go

in groups
and everyone will
carry a loaded rifle

iii

They killed us they
trapped us they looked
in disdain

We listened to wind
and we listened to rain
we did all our rites and
followed the seasons
we gave birth
raised children
according to reason
we nurtured our
Nature in musical
sounds

we looked after
our Land and all
the surrounds
so why
this
terrible terrible dream?

iv

We made our sound from
a hollowed tree
the didgeridoo drones
free
the music repeats
the waves
of the one who gives
of the one who craves
the waves of seasons
waves of sleep
soaring high
and falling

v

They came at night our
Land forsaken
who did not flee was
killed or taken
invaders took our
didgeridoo
and loudly laughed like
cockatoos

they tried to play
not a sound
the Old Musician
on the ground
stared with dead eyes at
the starry sky

vi

The pale cold dawn
falls behind
we have to flee
have to hide
we make a new
didgeridoo
the music can defy
the doom
there is a day when all
things change
but music goes beyond
time range
when dry land opens
a painful crack
everything can go
back

When arid ground
sets free a stream
and we return to our
New Dream