

The eyes of the wise, apologise.

Look into the ancient knowledge that is
wise,
Navigate the layers of forced removals,
Dispossession in the lesson,
Not just apologise.

Apologise, be wise, there must be no
disguise,
Bounded, unfounded in layers of trauma,
Call out to apologise.

Our ancient lands,
Our ways of knowing and being,
Our way,
Healing through our lens.

Policies driven,
Enforced across a nation,
Polarised,
Saturated in discrimination.

The anniversary of the national apology,
Is not something that sits and waits in
2008.

The oceans weep,
The Land cries out,
The mothers mourn,
And yes we celebrate but things must
change or,
Another apology will need to migrate.

It speaks,
It cries, it screams, it weeps,
In the eyes of the wise.

We must push for policies of self-
determination,
Not just apologise,
Look into the eyes of the wise

That's what sits and twists in the eyes,
The disguise of the wise,
To apologise.

Twisting turning in the trees and the breeze,
Ancient footprints,
Guiding,
Providing,
Culture never subsiding,
Look into the eyes of the wise.

Let the waves crash at my feet,
Let Mother Earth comfort and guide and lead,
Swirling winds, sands,
Calling for healing of ancient lands,
and seek the eyes of the wise.

The creator calls, ole people echo the creators call,
To be abundantly free,
The skies cry.....

On this day as we remember the apology to our
First peoples,
Invasion and battle grounds,
Policy enforced,
Sometimes disguised by a steeple,
We need to look into the eyes of the wise.

Weep,
Heal,
Look into the eyes of the wise,
For it's a call to ongoing justice,
That sits in the need to apologise.

Broken, token, spoken,
This calls for more than a reaction,
This speaks to the call to apologise with action.

Walk with us,
Be present with us,
Sit with us,
Know the eyes that are wise,
Hold in your prayers those affected,
By government policy that manifested,
Infected,
Not protected.

Look into the eyes of the wise

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