

An Ode From The Flood To The Refugees

When the rains are flooding down - out the back of Bourke,
And the Barcoo's rising fast, and you cannot get to work ,
You see the kangaroos and wallabies just swimming for dear life,
And you fall down on your knees,
Thank God the refugees are still alright!

And when you lose your family, and many friends are dead,
There's one thought you keep, firmly in your head,
And even though you shiver, and there is no help for you in sight,
Just thank your lucky stars, the refugees are still alright.

You must keep it firmly fixed in mind for all to see,
That you are multi cultural and just love the refugee.
So you must understand there is no proper help for you,
The government is busy on refugee work too.

So hang out on a rooftop, or swim for your bloody life ,
Thank God it's not a refugee caught in such bloody strife.
And the pain that you are bearing just bear it like a man -
Compared to a refugee, you are just an also ran.

Just don't expect your Weetbix, or even a few oats.
The tucker must be saved, for the never ending boats ,
So keep on swimming strongly, for a hundred k's or more -
And think of refugees, and not of getting sore!

Dorothea Magnolia - 2011