

QUT Digital Repository:
<http://eprints.qut.edu.au/>



Fredericks, Bronwyn L. (2005) Hear My Cries..., 'A Sense of Place', Creative Writing and the Environment, Writer's Workshop Weekend (IDIOM 23, CQU), 29th April-1st May, North Keppel Island, Queensland .

© Copyright 2005 Bronwyn L. Fredericks

Author's version first performed at: Fredericks, Bronwyn (2005). *Hear My Cries...*, 'A Sense of Place', *Creative Writing and the Environment Writer's Workshop Weekend*, 29th April-1st May, North Keppel Island, Queensland.

Hear My Cries...

Called a big fish,
giant cod,
old groper.
These are my ancestral waters.
I belong here,
they belong to me.
Like my kin,
animals and plants,
Aboriginal peoples,
We are all related
bound by
Songlines,
Storylines,
Totems.



I washed up on the Keppel Sands Beach,
Central Queensland.
The land of the Darumbal,
where fish and water lilies
fill the billabongs and creeks,
where green frogs sing in delight when it rains.
Where humans discard what they no longer want.
I got caught by fishermen out past the islands of the
Woppaburra,
where the whoop whoop birds called
where the curloos and thicknees wooed
and
wailed as
a large metal hook wrenched me up,
ripping open my throat,
leaving me gasping.
My eyes popped,
the speed of deep water to air.
I was discarded back,
to my ancestral waters.
I was,
2 metres long,
288kilograms in weight,
150 years old,
I died from an undignified
unnatural death...



Keppel Sands, 2004.

I worry about my relatives,
within these waterways of blue,
those you call dolphins, turtles, dugongs
and whales,
who are wedded to the islands
and mainland
through Storylines,
Songlines,
Totems.

I worry about them,
dying in the same way.
I fear for my future generations.
There are too few of us left,
in our ancestral waters.

I ask that you hear my cries,
hear my sadness,
hear my pain...
Don't let my unnatural death go unheard.

Bronwyn Fredericks 2005