

John Williamson

"Ancient Mountains"

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by John Williamson

Where ancient mountains are whittled down
Millions of years to a little mound
Where giant feet are fossil found
I see spinifex surfing on a dune,
The rock is redder in the afternoon
Tourists clicking madly soon

Where spring will come with any rain
A chance to flower and seed again
Forever garden risin' plain
The dangers of the wild remain

And away up there where the wind is blown
Never before felt so alone
More aware of skin and bone
I watch the parade of human folk

Strips of rubber, cans of Coke
Making dust and blowing smoke

Where the awe-inspiring power of time
Leave some fearful, some sublime
White man finds his progress prime
Black man feels no urge to climb

Now I believe we all are one
Features and creatures in the sun
Breathing the air we all belong
I have a dream I can't explain
Wattle soldiers, making claim
And paradise returns again

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