

## Latin Quarter

### "After Maralinga"

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The affairs of a handful of natives  
Are as nothing when compared with the crowns  
It's for the good of all, all the dust that falls  
From deep black clouds over out-back towns

You could learn it from the chants of the song-men  
'Til the song-men disappeared  
Night glowed down under, in a place called 'Thunder'  
From a settling dust that even settlers feared

After Maralinga, the half-life lingers  
After Maralinga, the moving finger writes to say  
After Maralinga:  
That a government stalls  
While whole lives just waste away

There are at least one hundred and thirty

Though their numbers are set to expand  
Who lost their health and the health of their children  
Wearing British khaki on stolen land

But meanwhile the physicists insist on accuracy  
And meanwhile they total all the bills in the treasury  
But between there and the suffering  
Something gets lost  
'Cos they won't add up and they don't pay up the clean-  
Up cost

After Maralinga, the half-life lingers  
After Maralinga, the song-men come again someday  
In their deep-red ochre and their whitest clay

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