

Rosellas

As they took me away, at dawn,
I watched the rosellas, screeching and cawing,
As the burly men tugged at my arm, I saw their colours,
Red, blue, yellow, green,
As they pushed me in the car that was not ours, and Mum and Dad cried...
I watched them fly away.

As I sat in the cold classroom, nuns preaching prayers,
I watched the other children, faces forlorn,
I thought of the rosellas, flying through dawn...
I heard the nuns say, "Break time",
I watched the little children run away.

As I struggled to sleep in the cold steel bed,
I watched the floor for shiny black shoes,
Instead, I found a mouse, a tiny one,
I witnessed its little squeak of alarm,
I watched it scamper away.

The nun said, "Lights out", but my mind's light was on,
As the other children cried to themselves, I dreamt of the dawn,
Rosellas still cawing,
Red, blue, yellow, green,
I dreamt they flew away.

Now I am nineteen, no longer in the mission,
Do not have to dream of freedom,
But sometimes I still think of the rainbow rosellas, soaring through the dawn...

I watch them fly away.