

WHISPERING CASUARINA

(Neil Murray)

My earliest forays into the interior were via South Australia. (The Goyder line was the recommended limit of sustainable farming, many settlers pushed further into drier country and paid the price.)

I first hitch hiked to Coopers Creek in 1977. I was drawn to explore ever deeper into remote country in search of secret, ancient treasure- not of the mineral kind.

Walking the streets of Adelaide,
I'm passing through the city of churches
Where the light bends down to kiss my face
on the way to the station.

Headin out back from the Flinders range
Where I once was entering, let me now be leaving
None of these towns could ever keep me
Away from my destination.

Makin tracks to the inland sea
Where the waters rising, and the birds are nestin
And the salt lake shimmers to the horizon
where I ride into the future

And I'll know just where I'll be
When the time keeper signals me
That its over, you go no further
Lay down here in a quiet gully
Beneath a whispering Casuarina

South Australia,
your dream's preserved
above the Goyder line
In the abandoned stone house
former hopes have turned to dust

From this land I have been sung to a life that I have done
searchin all forgotten places, for the clues and the traces
beneath a whispering Casuarina.

And I'll know just where I'll be
When the time keeper signals me
That its over, you go no further
Lay down here in a quiet gully