

Kookaburra

Kookaburra come look me this day.
No laughing, just look me.
One eye sideways.
My clothes line, his perch.
I say (no talking, just mind)
I been Australia long time,
mother and father, long way back.
Kookaburra, he still look me,
he no go.
I say, I grow roots down;
this home now,
nowhere else.

Next day I hear laughter in
old mother gum tree.
Two kookaburras.
That welcome call.
I stay now.

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