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Writing Sample

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Poetry

First Time (I Met My Grandmother)
For Rosina

Sit down in the dirt and brush away the flies
Sit down in the dirt and avoid the many eyes

I never done no wrong to you, so why you look at me?
But if you gotta check me out, well go ahead – feel free!

I feel that magic thing you do, you crawl beneath my skin
To read the story of my Soul, to find out where I been

And now yous’ mob you make me wait, so I just sit and sit
English words seem useless, I know Language just a bit

I sit quiet way, not lonely, ‘cos this country sings loud Songs
I never been out here before, but I feel like I belong

It’s three days now, the mob comes back, big smiles are on their face
‘This your Grandmother’s Country here, this is your homeland place’

‘We got a shock when we seen you, you got your Nana’s face
We was real sad when she went missing in that cold Port Pirie place’

I understand the feelings now, tears push behind my eyes
I’ll sit on this soil anytime, and brush away the flies

I’ll dance with mob on this red Land, munda wiru place
I’ll dance away them half caste lies ‘cos I got my Nanas face!
I Tell You True

I can’t stop drinking, I tell you true
Since I watched my daughter perish
She burned to death inside a car
I lost what I most cherish
I saw the angels hold her
As I screamed with useless hope
I can’t stop drinking, I tell you true
It’s the only way I cope!

I can’t stop drinking, I tell you true
Since I found my sister dead
She hung herself to stop the rapes
I found her in the shed
The rapist bastard still lives here
Unpunished in this town
I can’t stop drinking, I tell you true
Since I cut her down.

I can’t stop drinking, I tell you true
Since my mother passed away.
They found her battered down the creek
I miss her more each day
My family blamed me for her death
Their words have made me wild
I can’t stop drinking, I tell you true
‘Cos I was just a child.

So if you see someone like me
Who’s drunk and loud and cursing
Don’t judge too hard, you never know
What sorrows we are nursing.
Intervention Pay Back

I love my wife     she right skin for me     pretty one my wife     young one     found her at the next
community over     across the hills     little bit     long way     not far
and from there she give me good kids     funny kids mine     we always laughing
all together     and that wife     she real good mother     make our wali real nice     flowers and grass
patch and chickens     I like staying home with my kids
and from there I build cubby house     yard for the horse     see I make them things from left overs
from the dump     all the left overs from fixing the houses
and all the left overs I build cubby house and chicken house
and in the house we teach the kids     don’t make mess     go to school     learn good so you can work
round here later     good job     good life     and the government will leave you alone
and from there tjamu and nana tell them the story     when the government was worse     rations
government make up all the rules     but don’t know culture     can’t sit in the sand     oh tjamu and nana
they got the best story     we always laughing us mob
and from there night time when we all asleep     all together on the grass patch     dog and cat and
kids     my wife and me     them kids they ask really good questions     about the olden days     about
today     them real ninti them kids     they gunna be right
and from there come intervention     John Howard     he make new rules     he never even come to
see us     how good we was doing already     Mal Brough     he come with the army     we got real
frightened true     thought he was gonna take the kids away     just like tjamu and nana bin tell us
I run my kids in the sand hills     took my rifle up there and sat     but they was all just lying     changing
their words all the time     wanting meeting today     and meeting tomorrow     we was getting sick of
looking at them     so everyone put their eyes down     and some even shut their ears
and from there I didn’t care too much     just kept working     fixing the housing     being happy     working
hard     kids go to school     wife working hard too     didn’t care too much     we was right     we always
laughing us mob     all together
but then my wife she come home crying says the money in quarantine but I didn’t know why they do that we was happy not drinking and fighting why they do that we ask the council to stop the drinking and protect the children hey you know me ya bloody mongrel I don’t drink and I look after my kids I bloody fight ya you say that again hey settle down we not saying that Mal Brough saying that don’t you watch the television he making the rules for all the mobs every place Northern Territory he real cheeky whitefella but he’s the boss we gotta do it

and from there I tell my wife she gets paid half half in hand half in the store her money in the store now half and half me too all us building mob but I can’t buy tobacco or work boots you only get the meat and bread just like the mission days just like tjamu and nana tell us and from there I went to the store to get meat for our supper but the store run out only tin food left so I asked for some bullets I’ll go shoot my own meat but sorry they said you gotta buy food that night I slept hungry and I slept by myself thinking about it

and from there the government told us our job was finish the government bin give us the sack we couldn’t believe it we been working CDEP for years slow way we park the truck at the shed just waiting for something for someone with tobacco the other men’s reckon fuck this drive to town for the grog but I stayed with my kids started watching the television trying to laugh not to worry just to be like yesterday

and from there the politician man says I give you real job tells me to work again but different only half time sixteen hours but I couldn’t understand it was the same job as before but more little less pay and my kids can’t understand when they come home from school why I can’t buy the lolly for them like I used to before I didn’t want to tell them I get less money for us now

and from there they say my wife earns too much money I gonna miss out again I’m getting sick of it don’t worry she says I’ll look after you but I know that’s not right way I’m getting shame my brother he shame too he goes to town drinking leaves his wife behind leaves his kids

and from there I drive round to see tjamu he says his money in the store too poor bloke he can’t even walk that far and I don’t smile I look at the old man he lost his smile too but nana she cook the damper and roo tail she trying to smile she always like that
and from there when I get home  my wife gone to town with the sister in law  she gone look for
my brother  he might be stupid on the grog  he not used to it  she gotta find him  might
catch him with another woman  make him bleed  drag him home

and from there my wife  she come back  real quiet  tells me she went to casino  them others
took her  taught her the machines  she lost all the money  she lost her laughing

and from there all the kids bin watching us  quiet way  not laughing around  so we all go swimming
down the creek  all the families there together  we happy again
them boys  we take them shooting  chasing the malu in the car  we real careful with the gun
not gonna hurt my kids  no way

and from there my wife  she sorry  she back working hard  save the money  kids gonna get
new clothes  I gonna get my tobacco and them bullets  but she gone change again  getting her
pay  forgetting her family  forget yesterday  only thinking for town  with the sister in law

and my wife  she got real smart now  drive for miles all dressed up  going to the casino with
them other kungkas  for the Wednesday night draw

I ready told you I love my kids  I only got five  two pass away already  and I not complaining bout
looking after my kids  no way  but when my wife gets home  if she spent all the money  not
gonna share with me and the kids

I might hit her  first time

wali – house  tjamu – grandfather
ninti – clever  malu – kangaroo
kungkas – women
A Parable

In(ter)vention(ist)s are coming, in(ter)vention(ists) are coming
the cries echoes throughout the dusty community
as the army arrived in their chariots.
Parents and children raced for the sandhills
burying the tommy axes and the rifela
hidden in abandoned cars
along the fence line.
One woman ran to the waterhole
hiding her baby in the reeds
dusting her footprints with gumleaf.
Other children went and got their cousin
shouting "mum you gone rama rama
you should see the clinic".

That night the woman went back to the waterhole
leaving her child in the reeds again
this time in a basket.
In the morning the children returned
holding their cousin crying
"mum you gone rama rama
you should see the doctor".
At the clinic I felt her pulse
checked her blood pressure
tested for diabetes.
Staring deeply in my eyes
until finally our heads bent
she whispered quietly in Luritja
"this son name is Moses".

rifela – rifles  rama rama – crazy, mad
Faiku

I drink in the street
Ask for money each day
Intolerance is free.

When I pass away
Alone under the bridge
Weeds grow in your mouth.

A paupers grave site
Dead flowers bent backward
Broken by neglect.

Circles and Squares

I was born Yankunytjatjara   My Mother is Yankunytjatjara
Her Mother was Yankunytjatjara   My Family is Yankunytjatjara

I have learnt many things from my Family Elders   I have grown to recognise that my Life travels in
Circles   My Aboriginal Culture has taught me that   Universal Life is Circular

When I was born I was not allowed to live with my Family   I grew up in the white man’s world

We lived in a Square house   We picked fruit and vegetables from a neatly fenced Square plot
We kept animals in Square paddocks   We sat and ate at a Square table   We sat on Square chairs
I slept in a Square bed   I looked at myself in a Square mirror and did not know who I was

One day I met my Mother   I just knew that this meeting was part of our Healing Circle

I began to travel   I visited places that I had been before   But this time I sat down with Family

We gathered closely Together by big Round campfires   We ate bush tucker, feasting on Round
ants and berries   We ate meat from animals that lived in Round burrows
We slept in Circles on beaches around Our fires  
We sat in the dirt, on Our Land, that belongs to  
a big Round planet  
We watched the Moon grow to a magnificent yellow Circle  
That was Our Time

I have learnt two different ways now  
I am thankful for this  
That is part of my Life Circle

My heart is Round like a drum, ready to echo the music of my Family

But the Square within me still remains  
The Square hole stops me in my entirety.

(Yankunytjatjara) Love Poems

1.  
ngayulu tjina ananyi south  
ngayulu tjina ananyi north  
where are you my Warrior?

ngayulu nyinakatinyi desert  
ngayulu nyinakatinyi ocean  
where are you my Warrior?

ngayulu inma ankanyi trees  
ngayulu inma ankanyi rocks  
where are you my Warrior?

ngayulu inmaku pakani birds  
ngayulu inmaku pakani animals  
where are you my Warrior?

ngura ilkaritja everywhere  
where are You?

2.  
I will show you a field of zebra finch Dreaming in the shadow of the puli puli ochre  
when the soft blanket of language hums kinship and  
campfires flavour windswept hair

little girls stack single twigs on embers under tjamus skin of painted love  
the dance of kalaya feathers will sweep the munda with your smile

do not look at me in daylight; that gift comes in the night
tomorrow I will show ngunytju our marriage proposal in my smile

3.
in the cave she rolls puli pulka for table for tjulpun tjulpun they pick for each other
she carries piti tjuta filled with river sand to soften the hard rock floor
she makes shelf from braided punu to hold nyalpi tjuta given by the message birds
when he sleeps she polishes his weapons with goanna and emu fat till they glisten in fire light
he tells the story of the notches on his spear the story of the maps on his woomera
their kuru fill with spot fires lit on his return
the other kungkas laugh "get over yourself" they laugh “he's not that good"
she smiles she knows him in the night

4.
there is love in the wind by the singing rock
down the river by the ancient tree
love in malu ngintaka and kalaya
love when spirits speak no human voice
at the sacred sites eyes unblemished
watch walawaru soar over hidden kapi
find the mukuringanyi

Yankunytjatjara – a traditional Aboriginal language group of north west South Australia, who have maintained their traditional cultural practices, and are a major language group of the Anangu Pitjantjatjara Yankunytjatjara Lands.

Bird Song

Life is extinct
Without bird song

Dream birds
Arrive at dawn
Message birds
Tap windows

Guardian birds
Circle the sky

Watcher birds
Sit nearby

Fill my ears
With bird song

I will survive.

*Kulila (Listen)*

Sit down sorry camp
Might be one week
Might be long long time

Tell every little story
When the people was alive
Tell every little story more

Don’t forget them story
Night time tell ’em to the kids
Keep them story live

Don’t change them story
Tell ’em straight out story
Only one way story

All around them story
Every place we been
Every place killing place

Sit down here real quiet way
You can hear ‘em crying
All them massacre mobs

Sit down here real quiet
You can feel ‘em dying
All them massacre mobs

Hearts can’t make it up
When you feel the story
You know it true

Tell every little story
When the people was alive
Tell every little story more

Might be one week now
Might be long long time
Sit down sorry camp

Message

Every grain of sand in this
big red country
is a pore on the skin
of my Family

Every feather on the ground in this
spinifex country
is a spiritual message
from my Ancestors.

Every wild flower that blooms in this
desert of red
is a signpost of hope
for my People.

**Womb**

It is when the sudden silence
Of a baby’s cry lingers
Framed in an empty window
Then the mother knows for sure
More than breast milk will dry up today

And when the slow spinifex touch
Of your mothers hand is severed
From the sandhill of your cheek
Then harshness and ridicule
Become the new seductions

And when your own born child
Is whisked from outstretched longing
In a tendril of smoke to the sky
Then how do you ever trust
The universe if you cannot trust
The womb?

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