

# Synthetic

by Harry Dunn  
received 10/6/2015

My name bin Johnny Benelong  
You maybe read what I bin writin several years before,  
'Bout how we Kooris own that land  
On Inverloch fore - shore,  
The place where Invy Bowlin Club  
Bin built - way back in Sixty-one,  
But local council said *they* owned that piece of scrub  
And told them Invy bowlers - you gotta cut and run.

Well, that all got sorted put  
And bowler's lease extended,  
More than twenty years;  
Great Spirit losin interest then,  
And all my cries for help bin fallin on deaf ears.  
Well, last Monday I bin lookin down, at Invy Sacred Site  
See bob-cats, trucks and tractors  
Arrive at bowlin club, sparrow-fart, first light.

Mine eyes get sad and tearful  
Watchin sacred soil removed - loaded onto truck  
So I bin gibbin blokes an ear-full,  
Yellin "I'm bin horror-struck,  
Up here in Koori Heaven," strong and loud and clear,  
But Whitie blokes dressed up in yeller jacket,  
Pretend they no can hear  
And keep makin awful plurry racket.  
I yellin "Don't touch dat sacred soil,  
You thievin white grave-robber"  
And then I hear old Whitey bloke - bowlin man, I guess  
Say to his bowlin clobber,  
Not in the least apologetic -  
"Right now we bin removing all this mess  
And replace it with synthetic."

"Synthetic what?" I ask myself,  
And I keep lookin down -  
See name on bob-cat, truck and tractor;  
It bin "BERRY BOWLING SYSTEMS"  
From somewhere out of town ,  
"BOWLING GREEN CONTRACTOR"  
Mine tinkit Invy bowlers must all be raving mad,  
Stupid like the the ox,  
To change to rollin BERRIES down their green  
When most bowlers havin plenty trouble  
Rollin nice big emu eggs and rocks,  
And everything between.

I keep lookin down below,

See fellers, workin round the clock,  
Diggin up the sacred soil, then fillin up again  
With loads of grey crushed rock.  
Next time I looken down,  
I can't believe my eyes,  
When blokes turn up with rolls of *carpet*,  
Already cut to size.

Now, I know you won't believe this,  
And meself, I was dumbfound,  
But those crazy Berry blokes laid carpet  
Right there, on the *ground*,  
Not where it shoulda bin,  
Clean and dry, inside.  
I yell at them " You mob must be deaf and dumb and blind  
And a little bit cross-eyed,  
'Cos even Kooris know that carpets go *inside* the house,  
And you plant the *grass* outside.

Well, Berry blokes ignore me,  
Maybe didn't hear, because I'm far away,  
Just went on layin carpet over gravel,  
As if they did it ev'ry day,  
So I chuckle to myself  
'Bout the big mistake they're makin  
I say "Bugger all you Berry men,  
You just don't know the risk you're takin  
And you done bring this on yourself."

And the worst for you is still to come,  
When Invy bowlers findin out ,  
That you bin laid a plurry *carpet* on their bowlin green;  
Next thing you'll be in there plantin grass-seeds in their rooms:  
You got the whole thing arse-about!