

B N Oakman

Bewildered

Indigenous Art, Ian Potter Centre, National Gallery of Victoria,
Federation Square, Melbourne.

I abandon the hunt for answers, yield
to an absence of horizons,
geometric perspectives,
am hypnotised by unfamiliar patterns,
dots, not-to scale tracteries of tracks
of mythical creatures, and
bewildered
I think of the ancestors
who encountered strangers with muskets,
clocks, voracious beasts, white papers
stained by black ink, before
the dreaming was fractured,
the women and waterholes sullied,
the eternal songlines strained with wire.