

Love of Country:

Dear Illawarra catchment,

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From sunny Far North Queensland, we send love. You need to know we feel you, your little groans and creaks as the memory remains of what they did to you. I hope they heed your words. The cracking under surface with all your superficial scars. Let them fill your belly ache darling.

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We send water. From the tips of our toes dancing in a rain cloud, we skid across heaven's doorstep. We jog down the esplanade and breathe your skin cells passing through a thin nocturnal membrane. I feel you moving Illawarra. I feel you holding breath, I have your vacant space, your stare into the middle distance as they rape you, I know you're waiting.

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For a flood. It's coming. The tip is singing your name. Irukandji. We send medicine.

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The charred remains in a sarcophagus. A box. Four walls, a bottom and top with your name spelt out clearly. Your children can't forget the yoke and the responsibility that fell with it.

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Don't let the heavens drop because wilderness climbs in. Inevitably they take your eyes. Your flanks. Your side quarters. And when you're gone, your kids will have your memory as you left it. Your legacy? A will and testament, for money? For what?

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They inherit the earth on which you walked. Leave them Illawarra. Every boy, girl, man, wife, partner, lover, elder deserves a heaven within walking distance.

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Save the land you love.

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This is an objection to further mining in the Sydney water catchment area near Illawarra escarpment. The area is degraded through earlier mining. The current plan is to continue mining the rapidly subsiding topography without investigation. More details in bio.

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Send letters please. Your money is worthless here. It's God's Country.