

1994

## The past

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### Recommended Citation

Walker, Kath, The past, *Kunapipi*, 16(1), 1994.

Available at: <https://ro.uow.edu.au/kunapipi/vol16/iss1/3>

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# The past

## **Abstract**

Let no one say the past is dead. The past is all about us and within. Haunted by tribal memories, I know This little now, this accidental present Is not the all of me, whose long making Is so much of the past.

## Oodgeroo (Kath Walker)

### THE PAST

Let no one say the past is dead.  
The past is all about us and within.  
Haunted by tribal memories, I know  
This little now, this accidental present  
Is not the all of me, whose long making  
Is so much of the past.

Tonight here in suburbia as I sit  
In easy chair before electric heater,  
Warmed by the red glow, I fall into dream:  
I am away  
At the camp fire in the bush, among  
My own people, sitting on the ground,  
No walls about me,  
The stars over me,  
The tall surrounding trees that stir in the wind  
Making their own music,  
Soft cries of the night coming to us, there  
Where we are one with all old Nature's lives  
Known and unknown,  
In scenes where we belong but have now forsaken.  
Deep chair and electric radiator  
Are but since yesterday,  
But a thousand thousand camp fires in the forest  
Are in my blood.  
Let none tell me the past is wholly gone.  
Now is so small a part of time, so small a part  
Of all the race years that have moulded me.

## Oodgeroo (Kath Walker)

THE PAST

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