

## Mudrooroo

## Two Poems

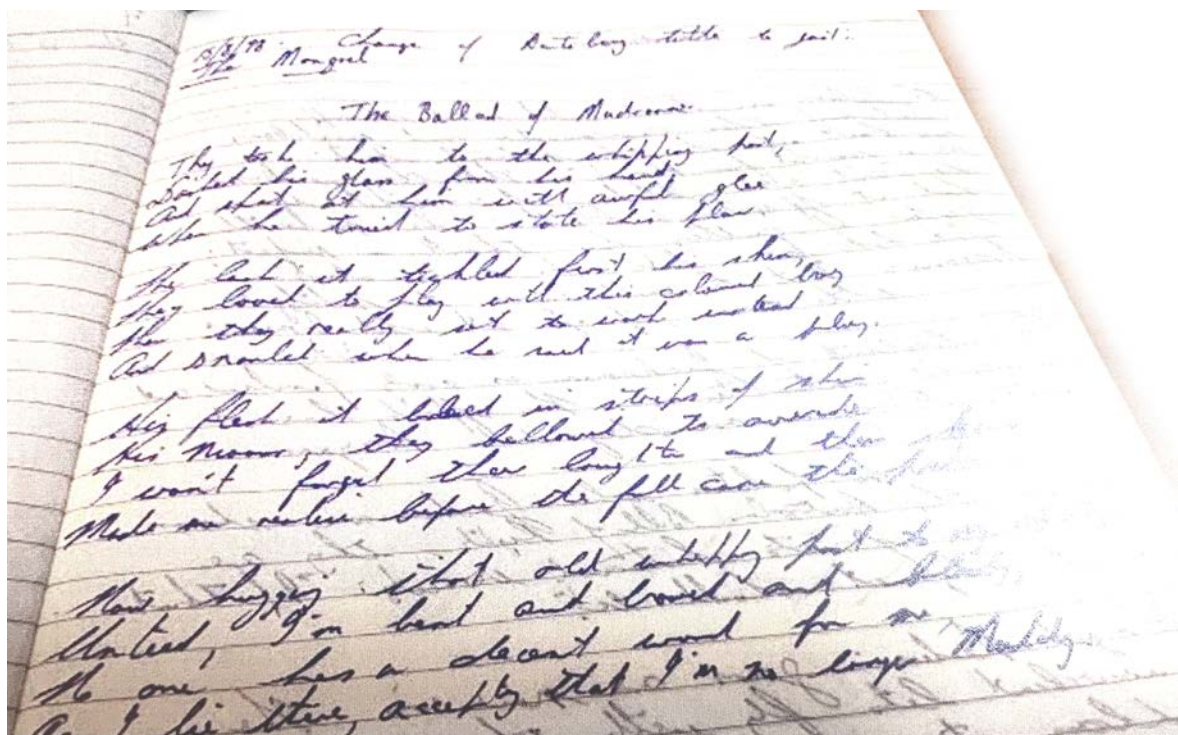
## The Ballad of Mudrooroo

They took him to the whipping post,  
Dashed his glass from his hand  
And spat at him with awful glee  
When he tried to state his plan.

The lash it tickled first his skin  
They loved to play with this coloured boy  
Then they really set to work instead  
And snarled when he said it was a ploy.

His flesh it baked in strips of skin  
This Moon, they hallowed to override  
I won't forget their laughter and their scorn  
Made me realise before the fall came the pride.

Now hugging that old unhappy post to my chest,  
Untied, I'm bent and bowed and bloody,  
No one has a decent word for me,  
As I lie there, accepting that I'm no longer Muddy.<sup>1</sup>



1 15 August 1998, NLA, Acc O1.036, Box 3, item 21.

## Anthropology

At Tübingen university,  
The anthropology department is based  
In the witch's house  
The students, Hansels and Gretels,  
Enter the forest - a fastness,  
Become lost to find the forbidden  
Sweetness of other cultures -  
They find food to become food -  
Not switching roles.  
They become the white knight  
Slaying the dragon,  
Slaying the witch,  
And all that seeks to enchant  
By a bewitching difference  
That once was dangerous,  
Now rendered safe and sanitised  
As stone walls painted over  
Exactly, in medieval pretence.<sup>2</sup>

2 4 April 1999, NLA, Acc O1.036, Box 3, item 19.