

WIRADJURI YINAA

by Jasmine Williams

As I sit on the banks of the Marrambidya Bila,
I listen to the guguburra sing.

With my feet in the sand, my mob by my side
I still feel as though I'm missing something.

My Mother, the Land has fought to survive, Amongst the
greed and the hatred, years after Genocide.

Wiradjuri and proud, my culture is my history.

I can see in my mind those beautiful ceremonies and
healing traditions, I wonder why today we are still told
it's a mystery.

The Gugaa, my protector, so fierce in many ways,
A survivor of our spirit in my times of need,

He never turns his back on me, forever with me he
stays. The bond we have with our land cannot be
explained,

Like a mother to her children, the connections remain
the same.

From the wildlife to the waterholes, the trees,
the sand and the stars,
This is my mother I feel her in my heart.

As I close my eyes and vision my people and their ways,
All I can hope for my children is to have a better start.

We need to bring back ceremony for our lore and our
land, to help those who are willing to respect it and
understand.

We are the Wiradjuri people and we are proud of it.

No matter what obstacles may lie in our path, Respect
to my ancestors who always stay above it.