

Cloister (1991)

I have a game that I would play
With all my friends who are not here today
It's called "cloister" and as you will see
It will cost you no effort and it's absolutely free
Christians were all they in name bar two
More's the pity Christians are so few
Now just a word about these Aussies bar two
Aussies they would claim, true blue
Christians they may not be
But where is their sense of decency
He attacked me without provoking
Drunk he was, and angry, I'm not joking
I didn't have a clue what it was about
He pushed me and punched me and hit me in the snout
I didn't lift a finger, I was very meek
I even offered him my other cheek
Two neighbours, yes, Christians by name
Saw all the battering, and thought it was a great game
My wife to them was pleading
My face and my nose were bleeding
They refused to come to my aid
Left bleeding and dying I might have laid
If not for another who when my wife cried out
He came and pacified this one-sided bout
He and his wife were Christians we knew
As mentioned above, they are included in the few
Against police advice no charges I laid
In return smudging my reputation I was paid
With help of others we tried to reconcile
All we got was the usual cold cruel denial
The neighbours were always busy, it seemed rather funny
Never a moment lost making money
These problems with neighbours we tried to resolve
Unfortunatly pride and hatred prevented them from being solved
So from the town we've been banished
But by writing this poem their hatred I've vanquished

Where's the love, compassion and humanity?
All your professions seem to be a profanity
The command "judge not" I may have forgotten
But inspecting your fruit it seems so rotten
We're not perfect as you've seen
Is this reason to boycott us as we've been?
The neighbourhood lepers and communally shunned
Left me numbed and completely stunned
Just see how long you will last
Without the company of your human past
Be like the oyster in his shell
Lock out the world from you and yours
All others can go to hell
It's like a marathon, an endurance race
The one who weakens loses face
So this is the game we've been playing, soul for soul we've been slaying

This little ditty I'm putting on the net
So all the world can see what treatment you get
When even Aussie born, but of race or religion strange
You're treated like a dog that has rabies and the mange
Small country towns where minds are small
And the biggest event of the week is bowls in the hall
Foolish it would be to live out there
Unless you're white and your religion none or square
I can say assuredly that you'll never get a fair go
From those people that I came to know.