

Blak-out

*Hey sista!
need money
to get home
Native title case
Big time!*

She raps, edgy. Some story. She's young, black
and living in the city.

*Gimme a dolla'
Pay the rent
whitey guilt
easy street*

Up in court, on the run. Stealing stuff. Could be.

'This is a refuge,' I say, 'OK? For Koori women at risk.
Rape and violence, you know.'

– *RIGHTS FOR WOMEN* pinned to the wall
a poster men don't read
(after the rage he's blotto on the bed
she plays dead).

I give her money, refer her on. Now I hear
she's working on *the Block*.

*tradin' for cuz
speedy in the fast lane
live for the day*

*ridin' trains
singin' up country
Dreamin's free*