

303 14 YEARS CHAMPIONSHIP

THE CORROBOREE ANNETTE KOSSERIS

The Corroboree by Annette Kossaris

We wandered on
A bushland track,
Past tall ghost gums
And an old bark shack,
When suddenly we heard the sound
Of a *didgeridoo*
And stamping on ground!

Could it be
That we would see
Our very first
Corroboree?

With reverence,
We watched dance and mime,
As clapping sticks
Kept feet in time.
Wordless stories we could see,
Of the Dreamtime
Sensitivity.

We'd ventured out there
Just by chance;
And witnessed the Aborigines'
Ancient dance.

Mesmerised.
And *proud* were we
To have been
And seen
A Corroboree.