



**SON OF MINE
BY NOONUCCAL,
OODGEROO**

To Denis

**My son, your troubled eyes search mine,
Puzzled and hurt by colour line.
Your black skin soft as velvet shine;
What can I tell you, son of mine?**

**I could tell you of heartbreak, hatred blind,
I could tell of crimes that shame mankind,
Of brutal wrong and deeds malign,
Of rape and murder, son of mine;**

**But I'll tell instead of brave and fine
When lives of black and white entwine,
And men in brotherhood combine —
This would I tell you, son of mine.**