

The Warm Bed

*I was taken by white man
When I was six
Taken from our warm bed
And they left behind our sis*

*For the bed was surely crowded
And the hut had a dirt floor
But the warmth and the love there
We had no more.*

*With their crisp sheeted single beds
We were told we were lucky as can be
To be brought up by white man,
And they said we were free*

*Well, the years passed by,
And for my family we cried,
To be back in that warm bed
Oh, just for a while.*

*For the white family gave us
What they long for
A good education, material things
And we had it all, but,
No-one will know the pain,
Of the longing for.*

*Well, more years passed by
And now we still cry
For our dad and mum
Had suffered until they died
Our big sister still lives,
The one they left behind
To snatch her siblings from her
And her pain will never die*

*Can't you see white man?
For the damage we dread
We will never again
Be as one with our family
In that lovely warm bed*

Suzanne Nelson

<https://humanrights.gov.au/our-work/mother-us-taken-away-kids-commemorating-10th-anniversary-bringing-them-home-report>

