

MAADJIT
Trevor Ryan

The one who travels both salt and fresh
From the Indian Ocean, she must progress
To avoid any dangers, towards her inside nest
Her approach is inherently ingrained on her quest

Moving towards the inlet of the murky waters
The Derbal Yerrigan, that's her place to rest
The forever changing of tides slightly moves her belly from side to side
She's slowly starts to relax her body as each breath releases a little sigh

She disappears on her journey, just as both waters collide
The warmth within her belly pumps blood to supply
Caressing her emotions with each ripple that moves down her spine
Side to side she pushes upstream, as she glides... and glides... and glides...

Each push brings a feeling of peace and solitude
Because she must find the strength and will withinside
For over four hundred million years before, she knows the journey along the shore
To hear the echoing voices that continue to wash back and forth

That time is getting closer and only she knows
As she rests within the bilya, her little maadjit will glow
It's the journey of her ancestors
That keep the connect of flow

{Glossary-Noongar words} {Derbal Yerrigan/*Swan River*} {*Bilya/river*} maadjit/bull shark
{research about the Noongar meaning of the bull shark}
Only rhyme when its natural and don't force it to happen.
What language is it in Noongar and the meanings behind each word

NOTES

feel her blood has travelled this before
To connect to the little voices that are not quite sure
All she wants is to hear those little voices becoming
always vibrate back and forwards

The splashing of water courses against the river banks that brings joy of laughter and excitement for these chosen ones

As the river banks ripple with water that with same shape of the banks

This must happen, so I can hear the voices of her special ones
to be left in the distance all alone closer and closer
Will anyone hear the voices of my loved ones
to connects her more to country, with the echos of as she weaves through the water
Always focusing on her destination

She has done this journey along the seashore, just like the many different generations before

For over four hundred million years, she has done this journey before
feels their present must focus keep her concentration
has always had to adaptation
Each vibration sings her song connecting to country
as it feels her
frequencies of vibrations

Wardangara kwelok waniny
Ngarird ngarird ngarird wan
Wardangara kwelok waniny ngoornt
Bilya ngaril ngarird waniny

Ngarird ngarird ngarird wan
Widi widi widi widi widi widi widi widi

become amplified
While country can feel her vibrations through her eyes
connecting to country the spirits
supports but she's persistent and forever careful
And will protect her young
while always being steady and very careful
because of her little ones that are blessed
The warmth of responsibility that connects

Disappearing on her journey where growth shall be expressed
The weight of her body caresses with the kep {water}
That courses the many different ripple effects
As she travels, she knows her journey... towards where she must rest
Close to the bull rushes reflective shadows were the weaving

The splashing of water courses against the river banks that brings joy of laughter and excitement for these chosen ones

As the river banks ripple with water that with same shape of the banks segments that lay

beneath

Maaditji who's only known by some

Weaving through the bull rushes that comfort, only the little ones

Disappearing

Becoming one, as both waters filter

Dispersing, separating, diffusing, scattering, dissolving,

As the Maaditji disappears through the dark river waters

and never to be seen again

amongst the riverbanks of the Derbal Yerrigan

Only the muddy banks can feel the vibrations of its grinding teeth

As it disappears through the murky waters

who disappears for weeks

Was there anyone who saw him How can both become one

the flow of both waters to become as one

The journey of the chosen ones

The Maaditji who grinds its teeth while pretending to be someone

contents through as special function of Moving in time as one can only

As he or she moves from the green to the brown

As its kidneys filters both waters at the same time

The journey that they have travelled for over 400 million years

The Maaditji, that grinds its teeth within the deep

No one ever sees them coming, until the last second

Will it choose me or the other that plays

Ground water – skeleton remains, smell of ammonia, replacement of teeth,