

KATH POETIC IN HIJACK

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SYDNEY: Aboriginal poet Kath Walker returned home today with a collection of poems penned during her recent Middle East plane hijack ordeal.

She said she did not expect to escape the hijack with her life but she came out of it with three publishable poems.

She was impressed by the four Palestinian hijackers' earnestness and brilliance of mind, but felt sorry they had wasted their talents on violence.

"They have condemned themselves to a life of running and have won no one to their cause," an exhausted Kath Walker said on arrival at Sydney Airport today.

She wrote three poems to pass the time during the long hours when she thought she would be blown up with the plane.

"We couldn't communicate with them and I didn't even try.

"I wrote the poems for something to do."

One of them, Yusef — Hijacker, after the leader of the terrorists, goes: Yusef, my son, what do you do here?

With your dreamy eyes
and tell of moonlight
and sun

And the warm touch of a
girl's embrace
The love you feel for
children pours from
your heart

And it's easy to see since
you wear it on your
sleeve

The soft lines around
your mouth tell of en-
dearments you dare not
speak,

Your tired eyes have seen
blood and tears, fear
and contempt,

I see you in the
moonlight, relaxing
contented in a girl's
embrace.

But reality clouds my vi-
sion for there You
stand alert,

Cafessing a repeating
rifle in your desert -
strong, sunburnt
hands.

The hijacking has not
scared her from flying in
that part of the world.

"I've got to go back to
Nigeria next year for the
next Black Arts Festival
and the chances of being
hijacked again must be 2
million to one," she said.

"If it happens again,
I'll know what to do."