

Nobody calls me a wog, anymore

Komninos Zervos

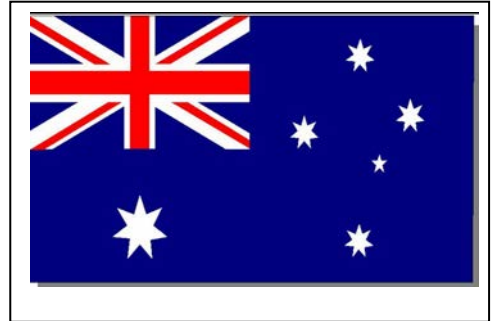
Nobody calls me a wog anymore
I'm respected as an Australian
An Australian writer
A poet.
But
It didn't just happen
I had to assert myself
As an Australian
As an artist
Stand up and scream it
Point the finger accusingly
Thump my fist demandingly
Assert my identity
Say, 'hey!'
"Aus tra li a!"
'Look at me!'
'Whether you like it or not
I am one of you.'
I give as much as I take
And I've given and taken a lot
And I'll take as much as I can
And I'll give as much as I've got.

And I said, 'Australia, hey!'
'You can call me Komninos!'
That's right!
KOMNINOS
K.O.M.N.I.N.O.S.

Yes, that's right, it's a Greek name
Yes, that's right, there's no English translation
Yes, that's right, it's my first name



Yes, that's right, it's rather unusual
But
That's my name
And I guess Australia, we're stuck with it!
And I said, "hey, Australia"
I'm an ozzie too
...just like you
Fair dinkum ridgy didge a dinky die true blue
It's a fact of history
There's nothing we can do.
And, Australia,
Whilst I've got your attention
I'm a poet
That's right
A poet
I write, I read, I perform, I entertain
I earn my living by poeting
No. no other job
No. not unemployment benefits
A full time writer
A poet with a mortgage
And a wife, and kids
And gas bills, and a tax file number
Just like you



Hey, Australia
We need each other
You need me, and I need you

Hey, Australia
Let's have a beer

And hey Australia I like you lots
Since you stopped calling me
'Me wog mate Kevin'
And started calling me
'The Australian poet, Komninos!'