

*The following poem is by Oodgeroo of the tribe Noonuccal:  
The lines have been jumbled up. Your task is to reorder the lines so that it makes sense as a whole.  
One person in the group should act as a scribe and capture the thinking behind your decisions.  
You should also decide on a title for the poem.*

O fellow citizen,  
Hard bitumen around your feet,  
In the cool world of leafy forest halls  
Like that poor cart-horse  
Rather you should be  
Castrated, broken, a thing wronged,  
Whose hung head and listless mien express  
Gumtree in the city street.  
And wild bird calls.  
Strapped and buckled, its hell prolonged,  
Its hopelessness.  
To see you thus  
What have they done to us?  
Here you seem to me  
Municipal gum, it is dolorous  
Set in your black grass of bitumen-

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