

A Kaleidoscope of Aussie Poetry



A sampling of Australian Poetry from
The poets of
'Poetry in Paradise'
Gold Coast
Australia

Gold Coast City Council Library
Cnr Lawson & Garden Streets Southport
Third Sunday every month 1pm - 3.45 pm

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http://joansmallpoetryandbooks.com/poetry_in_paradise.html

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My Favourite Things
... Bob Dever

(With apologies to Julie Andrews)

Prawns on the Barbie and zinc crème on noses
Kids keeping cool under sprinklers and hoses
Blue skies and bare feet on hot sand that stings
These are a few of my favourite things

Beetroot in burgers and redbacks on dunnies
Boardies, budgie smugglers, bikinis and sunnies
Stubbies and tinnies, blue singlets and thongs
All of these get top Aussie gongs

Swagmen, Jackaroos and tea made in billies
Hoons with big Holdens and very small willies
Ned Kelly, Punter, Lockie 'n' Hoges
They're all part of our Oz treasure trove

When the snake bites, when the bee stings
When I'm feeling sad
I simply remember my favourite things
And then I don't feel so sad

Kangaroos, emus, white pointers, merinos
Wombats, koalas, blue heelers and dingoes
Blue bottles, bull ants and mozzies with wings
These are a few of my least favourite things

Rabbitohs, Broncos and Tigers all winners
Pity the Saints turned out to be sinners
Fosters, Tooheys and XXXX from Castlemaine
Brewers of beer that bring Aussies fame

Footy, cricket and betting on races
Crackin' onto a sheila, goin' on new faces
Chesty Bonds, RM's and Akurbra's out west
This is the clobber us Aussies love best

Meat pies, Thai food and pasta with vino
Icy cold beer or a hot cappuccino
Yabbies and steak and Vegemite on toast
These are the things us Aussies love most

When the snake bites, when the Pom's win
When I'm feelin' sad
I simply remember my favourite things
And then I don't feel so sad.

© Bob Dever

Aussie Rules
... Jeff Goudy

From me dark hair with the greying roots
To me tattooed arms 'n' Japanese riding boots
From me king gee pants tis all that I knows
And I get's me bargains monthly, at Lowes!!!

From my old akubra hat and me Holden ute
To my faithful singlet and ability, ta shoot
From my love of sunshine and me brown tanned skin
To my stand for a mate and me will to win

From me poor grammar and me curseful tongue
From me needs on me bike..... to hit the ton
From me BBQ perfected cooking skills
To me truck drivin' days wide eyed poppin' pills

From me two meat and beer staple diet
I know I should cook vegies but I'm not game to try it
My woman doesn't ask me to buy those things
She knows what kinda stress, that kinda thing brings

I'll come round to ya place when the footy is on
Bring me own six pack!!!! and drink... all ..all ...all ..day long
I'll fix me car in ya driveway complete with oil leaks
Then sit on ya couch and ya..ll cop it for weeks

Ya mates are all lazy those drunken bums
Then with the best o' ya mates she bloody well off and runs
Well I've been called a wombat and if the shoe fit's I'll wear it
There's been many times that I've grinned and had cause to bear it

I stole all of me dad's best Sid chrome tools
I empty Mum's fridge its just one of those rules
I rag on me sister and always call her dumb
But you've seen her stinkin' kids, their mongrels each and every one!!!

I've punched both of me brother's lost two fights with Dad
But the one I left standin' is the last one we had
You ask what it means to have Aussie pride
It's to know on the night of the 25th of April you're proud to have cried

It's knowing about the date the 6th day of August 1915
What it is to an Aussie and what does it mean
It's to work real hard and not be a jerk
And to still be able to shake the hand of the son of a Turk

It's knowing about places like Milne Bay
And how many gave up their 15 years of youth so we could stand here today
It's being polite to a Japanese tourist with out any regret
But then reminding those whale killing bastards that we never forget!!!!

All gave some and some gave all
Thousands of Aussies were there for the forgotten war
Its remembering Aussies and all the wars
And lovin' or hatin' me mate John Laws

It's singing songs like Jimmy's Khe Sanh
And teachin' your own son to become a man
It's knowing names like Snowy Baker 'n' ol' Billy Grime
And remembering in ya own dreams Errol's bold time

it's reciting Banjo, Henry, CJ or Mackellar
It's beer at the public bar and being proud to be a fella
It's singing JW with a stubby or two in hand
With the echo of 'hey true blue' right across this great land

It's lovin' your mate for all that your worth
She should always feel like she's the reason your still here on earth
I'm proud to say, I am an Australian son
Like Namatjira ,my heart and the soil neath my feet are one!!!!.

© Poetry in Paradise™ 19/01/08

My Poor Country
... Joyce Skinner

My poor country, it can't be blamed for all that Nature throws in it's way.
It has borne the brunt of fires and floods, and minor mishaps each day.
My country has stood for millions of years, untamed, uncluttered and free.
In truth, it was too good a place for the likes of you and me.

But we came, and settled in, and slowly a bit at a time
We changed the surface of the land, and began to call it "Mine".
Don't blame the country for the people who came
There are those who will always complain.

They don't think it's their fault for what has been done
So it's futile to try to explain.
My poor country, how can it cope with the influx of daft politicians.
Get rid of them all. It's our only hope of finding lost land traditions.

But nothing can change the heart of of this land
As it was, it always will be.
We can stuff up the surface as much as we like
But the country will always be free.

I have these noble thoughts running strong through my veins
Then suddenly the world round me crashes
It occurred to me that my country's to blame
For the bloody Poms winning the Ashes!

© Joyce Skinner

Darling Street Cricket
... Paul Francis Montague

To get this Team together, has taken a little time
But we're finally here on Darling St, outside number 39
As the last time we played, it turned a Sticky Wicket
With the girls and boys agree'n, a bit o' sun 'ould be the ticket

The skills we have are not too bad, though we'd never win the ashes
And Simmo always gets 99, before he chokes then crashes
The coach we have at school, has played a game or two
And we hope his contract for next year, they'll willingly renew.

Dougy White lives down the lane, about half a mile
His mum knows where he is, and it's the only time he'd smile
Oh, except the times his Nanna comes, on the tram from town
With bags of fruit filled dumplings, with treacle she would drown

The Johnson twins, who look the same, would play this game forever
With Jimmy great with willow and Billy best with leather.
They work in with each other, with a strong competitive spirit
And we'd try and guess the distance, that Jimmy's gonna hit it

They'd talk out in the middle, when ever there's a break,
About the wickets won and lost, and the runs that they could make.
With Jimmy on the fruit box stumps, etched 'Thomas & Breen'
And Billy rolling wristies, beneath his baggy green

Charlie's from up the hill, he should play a little better,
His Uncle Don, said this again, in a very recent letter,
Which is pinned against the ice chest, with its Bowral stamp
Will be talked about long after we finish batting camp.

Shot selection through the covers, or glance it to the deep,
Or time it with a hook shot to land in the wood heap
It doesn't really matter, were all having the best time
With friends and family all around, none better for mine

It is my turn to field again, against a powerful hitter.
I stand my ground and crouch, I'm waiting for a sitter
And imagine I am at that ground, the holy home of cricket
Helping my Aussie mates beat the Poms with one last wicket.

When Roy's voice breaks the calm, Lord's is where I'd rather stay
"The Ice Cream cart's coming, let's take a Break in Play
To sooth those throats from yelling, those pleading 'catch it' calls
And ice those hands that flail and spin those motley leather balls"

The Cart pulls up beside the fence, now a very pleasing scene
With Jack the local agent, for that famous Peters Cream
We prop up little Nini, as she's the smallest creation
And we tell her she'll be eating, 'the elf food of a nation'

While Jack fills up the cones, and passes them gently down
He asks the older boys, "who's paying for this round?"
"Milly's on her way with silver from her savings tin.
We'll fix her up later, just let the feast begin".

Ned, the trusty partner, the one Jack needs the most
To haul this cart around, from country to the coast
Looks back to check the service, sees faces filled with glee
And wishes to himself, "gosh, if only that were me"

The little one amongst them, spots this turning head
Say's to Jack "I'd like to shout a cone, especially for Ned"
She's motions to him slowly, that scoop he'll soon relieve her
When a begging bark comes up from Meg, our Golden Retriever

With animals and children, filled ready for round two
To get a clear winner, as the previous one they drew
Seems much more likely now, below this Ipswich sun
With a smile on ever face, confirming so much fun

Mum only had one rule, "Go nowhere near my tree,
That one your father planted, especially for me".
And she always had to tell us, in a humbling kind of fashion
He was a special driver and he did everything with passion

That Jacaranda Tree, protected day by day
With its Lilac Blue cluster, breathtaking in display
Was the sure sign a holiday, was coming really soon
As Octobers when the clusters, always start to bloom

© Paul Francis Montague July 20 2009

Mozzie

... Dave 'The Banjo' Farrer

To the memory of Moz
The best blue heeler that ever was.
I bought him home as a pup
In my coat pocket,
He was so little I was afraid
I might drop it.
I said to my wife I think I'll
Call him Aussie,
She said he's too flaming small for an Aussie
Let's call him Mozzie.

He was born on a property
Just down the road,
His mum was a cattle dog
His dad was too I suppose.
From day one as a puppy
He was attached to me,
Such devotion as his
I don't think I will again see.

He was my shadow, my offsider
Wherever I went,
If he thought I was going he would
Jump on my ute without being sent.
Working cattle was one
Of his great passions,
And moving free range cattle off our
Property he made it his mission.

He would go for their heels
And often got a kick,
Then roll a few times
Then back in the thick.
Then one spring day
We went for a ride,
A mate and myself with Moz
By my side.

It was hotter than normal
Our horses were sweating,
Something was wrong, poor Moz
Was overheating.
As we rode around a bend
In the track,
All I could hear was
A very loud yap.

He was gone in the back legs
It was plain to see,
He was dragging himself
Trying to keep up with me.
I tied up my horse and rushed
Back to my dog,
Then picked him up and carried
Him to a nearby log.

I thought he might have a tick
Or taken a bait,
After a quick inspection
There was no time to wait.
I rushed to a nearby creek
And jumped straight in,
Holding his head above the water
Trying to revive him.

My efforts were in vane
Poor Moz gave up the fight,
He passed away late
That very same night.

© Dave 'The Banjo' Farrer

Poetry In Paradise
... Jean Watson

They came from another country looking for Paradise.
They found it in Australia and were glad they'd paid the price
Of leaving all behind them – country, friends and kin –
To settle here Down Under, a new life to begin.

At first they suffered in their hearts, homesickness overcame them;
Everything was strange and new; tears were hard to stem.
Europe and England so far away: the cost and time to travel
Were far too much to contemplate. Their lives began to unravel.

But slowly things improved and within a little while
They found they'd fitted in and it was easier to smile.
They soon became accustomed to language, food and rules –
No longer feeling aliens, no longer being fools.

Accepting the Aussie way of life, revelling in its ease;
Finding joy and happiness, so many things to please:
Like outdoor sports all through the year, a countryside of beauty,
People so willing to help you – not just from a sense of duty:

Volunteers were always there, assisting in fire or flood.
Unknown strangers helping out, cleaning up the mud
Left by rising waters destroying everything.
Incredible stories of heroes – their praises we can sing.

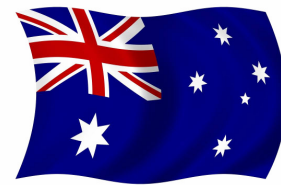
We are not the same, each one unique, but somewhere we can find
A common thread throughout the land of people being kind
To one another in time of need, a noble Aussie trait.
Migrants have come from every land and settled in every state.

They know they've found their Paradise, the best in every way.
Let's celebrate with all of them on this Australia Day.

© Jean Watson 17.1.2012

Australia
... Marta Pelikanova

Aromatic flowers everywhere
Unique animals - their land we can share
Sea around like a blue collar
Tolerant people with a strong dollar
Red sand of outback like ripe peaches
And white sand of beautiful beaches
Landscape like a heaven's entry
Is my new home country
AUSTRALIA



© Marta Pelikanova

Queensland 150 Years
... Marta Pelikanova

Quiet and peaceful in the middle
Unlimited rain plays like a fiddle
Endless summer
Easy lifestyle for surfer and swimmer
Naked land rich like God's plate
Sunshine state
Lawns green and soft - you won't find better
Amazing animals and people together
Nature conservation - very smart
Destination of my heart.
Happy Birthday Queensland



© Marta Pelikanova

**Old Botany Bay
... Alex Woodly**

If you asked me I could tell you, tales as old as tales can be,
Of a rich man and his rich people, living strong and living free.
Tales of water clear as crystal, rolling home against my shore,
Tales of friends who live within my care, and friends who don't live there no
more.

I am Old Botany Bay boys,
Seen the changes, seen them well,
I was here before the first Black Man,
Oh! the stories I could tell.

If you asked me I could tell you, tales of Black Man and his ways,
Living freely from the land and sea, giving strength to Botany Bay.
Tales of Sailors and Explorers, of Endeavour's proud white sails.
Tales of Convicts in a brave new land, tales of Prisoners and gaols.

I could tell you tales of Settlers, working hard beneath the sun,
With the Nation's future in their hand, and the Black Man on the run.
On the run from a new Nation. Turning sod and sewing seed,
Spreading all across the once free land. Now 15 million mouths to feed.

I am Old Botany Bay boys,
Seen the changes, seen them well,
I was here before the first Black Man,
Oh! the stories I could tell.

Note; Aust. Population in 2011 is over 22.5 mill.

© Alex A.W. approx. 1980

**Sheds Around The Snowy
... Paul Francis Montague**

I'd throw a fleece often, for John Schoey
At different sheds around the Snowy
Fontenoy, Onthro, Bobundara, Dromore
Myalla, Boloco, Tynedale and lots more

Was an early start, to catch that ride
In Simmo's new Holden, the Hyda-glide
Squeezed in the back, clinging to my bags
bulging with sambos, fruit and a packet of fags

You'd travel 20 minutes, and land on site
Feel your way to the shed, in no day light
And report to Schoey, he's pleased I think
As others come late, because of the drink

It's a funny feeling, as you wait for the bell
Who will win the day, not easy to tell
But my moneys on Blue, that Cunnamulla bloke
Cause about my talent, often he spoke

You'd work for the ringer, like a best mate
More bucks per sheep, he would make
And thank the Rousy that helped him out
A carton of smokes and beer he'd shout

The sweat oozed out, of his every gland
As he glides that comb, with that huge hand
Every blow he makes, seems 1 foot wide
But the pain in his back, he cannot hide

You catch his eye, as you fold that fleece
As he lays to boards, that hot hand piece
No words are spoken, no message sent
This sheds his victory, you can scent

He shoves that carcass, to the lower room
While you eye the closest, broad straw broom
And flick that fleece, to the classes table
Seemingly, faster, than you're able

And get back to clean, the pieces and shit
The tar swab and bucket, often you'd hit
And pull the cord, for that new ewe
Team 1 Cunnamulla, and me, Montague

You'd check at smoko, the tally thus far
You'd help the presser, with that "Kurtz" bar
You'd race with Crowie, to the front gate
For your efforts, twenty bucks you'd make

“Blue, your in front of Murph, Porkys at three
The rousy’s are Simmo, Crowie and me
Lets give em heaps, win this fight
Celebrate in Cooma, this Friday night

Said Smithy the presser, while clasping a beer
“Three thousand more, till were out of here
And I’m looking forward to that cut out day
For us a big cheque, Schoey will pay

A new shirt I’ll buy from Learmonts store
A million bucks I’ll look, when next on the floor
And hide the dirt, from the last 4 bought
On omo and water, I’ve spent bloody naught”

Friday’s finally here, the sheds a buzz
Funny the feeling, that winning does
With a lead of twenty, you make one last dash
Over lanolin and sweat, you can smell the cash

© Paul Francis Montague

In fond memory... working for John Schofield in the ‘Sheds around the Snowy’

Proud - Bloody Oath I Am

... Bob Dever

Met this yank in the pub, ‘n’ he said...

What’s your land got goin’ for it, your mob haven’t got a clue
Where I come from we’re proud of our heritage, what about you?

I come from Australia mate, that wide brown land down under
We call it the lucky country, that rose out of Gondwana

We’ve got football, meat pies, kangaroos and Holden cars
Bonza beer, sacred sites and famous sporting stars

A sunburnt country girl by sea, with an abundance of farms
The only known country, that eats it’s coat of arms

Just like the wombat who eats roots, shoots and leaves
Us true blue Aussies, wear our hearts on our sleeves

We're free to put in our 2 bobs worth, and have our say
Doesn't matter if your right or wrong, straight or gay

If you put shit on our country, and I've heard of quite a few
You'd better watch out mate, cause we'll bung on a blue

We're proud of our ANZAC tradition, though we celebrate a defeat
But you can always count on our boys, whenever there's a stink

We cleaned up the bodgies 'n' widgees, made the Wild One behave
Now us larrikins have a XXXX with the likes of Dad 'n' Dave

I've even waltzed with Matilda, bloody well nearly killed her
Tried to teach her rock'n'roll, now she's crook and on the dole

Love to get out on the wallaby, camp by a billabong
Wearin' a blue shearers singlet, stubbies and thongs

There's me old blue cattle dog, sittin' there on the tucker box
While at night we are entranced, by the glorious Southern Cross

Eatin' damper with Vegemite, drinkin' a billy of tea
Playin' a tune on a gumleaf, like an aborigine

Our hero, Banjo, often takes us on flights of fancy
Way out in the outback, drovin' with our mate Clancy

Or ridin' with "The Man", sendin' those flintstones flyin'
Ridin' those ponies to a standstill, without really tryin'

We know how to handle ourselves, when shove comes to push
"Our Henry" says it all in "The Bastard from the Bush"

I can understand why, some of those ordinary folk
Come up to me and say, I'm a sentimental bloke

Now I'll tell you, just how fairdinkum we really are
We even let the sheilas, come into our bar

Humped me bluey all over, even had a fight or two
All the way from Tasmania, to Tangmalangaloo

I've been every where man, across this ancient land so dry
Even been to a bush christenin', 5 miles from Gundagai

If you can relate to “tooralyooraliatadee...tooralyooralayay”
Then by crikey, you’ll do me as a cobber mate, any time of day

When Hanrahan said, we’ll all be ruined and end up in failure
That’s all rot, it’s not what, I heard on Macca’s, Australia All Over

Look I’ve always been fairdinkum and tell the truth, if I can
But you asked me if I’m proud....AHH, BLOODY OATH I AM!

Boy’s will be boy’s.
Australia’s a young country, only had a brief history
So where all our characters come from’s really a mystery

We’ve got a reputation of telling, tall tales and true
Where our Aussie sense of humour, comes shinin’ through

Could be the weather makes us hang around bars longer
Cause mostly the country’s as dry, as a dead dingo’s donger

You all see we all love a cold beer, especially on a hot day
When you develop a beer belly, you know you’ve made it eh?

At a Barbie, we love a sauso sambo, dunked in dead horse
Hangin’ in ‘n’ yarnin’, chuckin’ down a coldie of course

Standin’ there, stubby in yer mit, ‘n’ some dill will want a fight
You piss him off, then reminisce, of those prawn and porno nights

We can laugh like a kooka-bloody-burra, knock off an Esky fulla grog
But if you come the raw prawn, we’ll turn like a mongrel dog

We love to go to outback pubs and often get quite blotto
And if ya win the meat tray, it’s as good as winnin’ lotto

This often serves as a pacifier, savin’ a blue with the missus
If you play yer cards right, you might get hugs and kisses

We’ve only got 20 million, and that’s quite enough
Look at all of our world champs, made of the right stuff

Our will to win comes shining through, our athletes so statuesque
Phar Lap, the Shark and our Dawn, each in their own way, so Bradmanesque

Nothin' better than drinkin' on the hill, watchin' history unfold
Barrackin' for our lads, proudly wearin' the green'n'gold

Wopping the Poms or Kiwis in league, rugby or cricket
Whether on the footy field, or in the Boxing day test

You've heard of how us Aussies, love to have a bet
We bet on 2 flies crawlin' up a wall, ridgy didge, no sweat

The first Tuesday in November, we've got the race that stops the nation
While playing two-up on ANZAC day is a hallowed tradition

Doesn't matter if you're a city slicker or a bushie from off the farms
We go to the beach, 'n' perve on the shielas showin' off their charms

We tell the tourists we've seen a kangaroo, jump over Oolooroo
And regularly bash up bunyips, way out on the Barcoo

I'd like to make a point that's often missed by our story tellers
The Abo's looked after this land, better than us white fellers

Just remember that no matter how near, or far we roam
We'll always be proud, to call Australia...home!

© Bob Dever

Aussie Icons
... Joan Small

What Icons do you see that make Australia what we know?
Gargantuan rock called Uluru – a wondrous place to go.
Or is it at the Pinnacles in WA's fair south?
Or Sydney Harbour's bridge that's standing at Australia's mouth.

What springs to mind when you think Oz? Perhaps Australia II,
The Twelve Apostles, Sovereign Hill or is it Kakadu?
The glorious gleaming whiteness are the sails of Opera House
Or Icons like the kangaroo or small marsupial mouse.

So many are the Icons, each animal and bird
The flightless running emu and the platypus absurd.
But me, I think of characters as Icons real True Blue.
Like Rolf the singer, artist, Dulux painter – funny too.

There's Harry Butler in the wild, Pro Hart in Broken Hill
While Bert still shows his TV face – an Aussie Icon still.
And in that show Four Corners you may find a George or Liz,
And don't forget our Pauline, who tells it like it is.

Dame Edna, Daryl and John F, or Kate to dance and sing,
While overseas our Kylie has her next romantic fling.
So many are our Icons from the past their names we know.
The poets like our Banjo will outlast our Russell Crowe.

What makes an Aussie Icon a symbol to endure?
It's got to get inside your soul and stir emotion pure.
It has to tell a story – be it person, place or thing.
It has to be endearing, and make us want to sing.

To stir us like Steve Irwin, uplift us and inspire.
Fill us with finer feelings; create in us desire.
Desire to win, to have to hold or just to stand and stare.
Our Icons can be close to us, or far, or anywhere.

Perhaps they are not really there, but only here inside.
Like Peter Allen said, no matter where, how far or wide
Our home is how we feel it, when near or when apart
We still will call Australia home – Oz Icons in the heart.

© Joan Small October 2009

**Australia - A Tale Of A Country
... Joyce Skinner**

Australia is a great place to live
You can choose where you want to be
There's the big city push
Or the peace of the bush
Or a shanty down by the sea.

The cities have streets clogged with traffic
Hoons do burn-outs in high powered cars
Bikies start a gang war
Kids rob corner stores
Parents don't give a toss where they are.

If you fancy the peace of the outback
Where there is nothing but mozzies and flies
And the wind when it gusts
Blows up the bull-dust
That hurts like hell when it gets in your eyes.

And then there's the call of the sea-shore
With the water a clear crystal blue
You go in for a dip
Unaware that a rip
Can soon have you swept out of view.

We have learned to put up with the weather
And accept what the heavens deliver
It's either too cold or too hot
Or too dry in one spot
Or washed away in some flooded river.

Our Pollies are a useless collection
Of brainless and overpaid gits
While we rant and rave
At the way they behave
It is plain that they don't care a bit.

So that is the tale of our country,
A disaster – chapter and verse.
But I've looked around
And I have found
That everywhere else is a lot worse.

© Joyce Skinner

**Is This Australia?
... Judi Connor**

Our poor country, can it take much more of this strain
So many folk have to start all over again
Beautiful one day, perfect the next - who said that?
Huge floods, loss of lives, much damage, is where we're at

First there were fires down south and now the floods up north
The rescue services are racing back and forth
From one State to another - what else is in store
There are some of us who've been through it all before

Is this really Australia - the land down under
Burning and then flooding - almost torn asunder
Yes it is our country, of that there is no doubt
We must deal with it all, whether it's flood or drought

Here in Australia we try to stick together
And offer help where we can, despite the weather
So many people, each with a generous heart
Enabling others to work towards a fresh start

We rally around you see, our country's not poor
When we think of other countries, we have much more
The land down under is the place for you and me
There is no other place that I would rather be

© Judi Connor - 14.01.11

Living In Australia
... Alex Woodly

We live in Australia, it's a very nice place to be,
There's fresh cut grass and Tooheys Draught and footy on T.V.,
There's long week ends with all your friends and fishing by the sea,
There's Bar B Q's and "how's your family."

We've Aussie Rules and soccer pools and the State Lottery,
And if you do no good at those we've got the T.A.B.,
Holidays, Australian ways, the good old A.B.C.,
And Seagulls landing on the S.C.G.

Australia, it's for me,
Rivers, Mountains, Plains and Sea,
Cockatoos and Kangaroos and Eucalyptus trees,
Australia it's my home country.

We've round meat pies and square meat pies and lots of things like that,
Mr Juicy, Mr Heinz, the local Laundromat,
Patriotic memories of Dad and his slouch hat,
And milk that's U.H.T. and low in fat.

There's R.S.L. and "Bloody Hell" there's toasted Muesli,
Fair go mate, China Plate , Imported China tea,
We buy anything we want and stick it on H.P.,
And then we've got the P.M.G.

Living in Australia we are a lucky lot,
We've got lots of things here that other folks ain't got,
There's Gundagai, The Old Black Stump and fines on the spot,
And a Public Transport Service, [It's really not that hot.]

Well you could say that sitting here is not the thing to do,
I should get out and do my bit to help Australia through,
But Australia's so damned organised there's work for just a few,
So I'll just sing my song for you.

Australia, it's for me,
Rivers, Mountains, Plains and Sea,
Cockatoos and Kangaroos and Eucalyptus trees,
Australia it's my home country.

© Alex Woodly 1980.

**Bushrangers
... Bob Dever**

What about our bushrangers, were they hero or villain?
They championed the underdogs, the coppers made it a bit willin'
Injustices of a corrupt system, brought on Eureka and more killin'
But as it turns out, they still made a pretty good livin'
That is now all part of our history, it'll never be the same
But one thing is for certain, they all died game
They were the wild colonial boys, wreaking havoc and strife
But what sums it up is those prophetic words, "Ahh, Such is Life"

© Bob Dever

**Nancy On the Go
... Kathy Watt**

(A modern day version of "Clancy of the Overflow" by A B Paterson)

I have sent in print an email, which no other means could detail,
To a girlhood friend named Nancy, whom I knew long years ago.
She was spirited and agile, quite an outdoor girl, not fragile,
And her dreams had nudged horizons that would set your soul aglow.

But surprisingly she emailed, though all other efforts had failed,
Told how Nancy's flown the coop and left the rat race far behind.
She has bought herself a camper, sold the house and done a scamper
To the outback of Australia, far away from toil and grind.

She has left behind all friction and has no time restriction,
Wanders as her fancy takes her, cross flat plains where eagles fly.
Where Southern Cross and Pointer are constant as they loiter,
Their dominance reassuring in the milky, clear, night sky.

She's scaled the red rock, Uluru, at sunset spotted kangaroo,
Swum in waterholes and falls that simply take your breath away.
Sat by glowing coals of gidgee, felt the nip of fly and midge,
Glimpsed the splash of scarlet feathers midst the eucalypts of grey.

I was sitting marking papers, which is hardly fun and capers,
When my vision blurred before me and my weary mind shut down.
And instead of student rambling, I saw Nancy's constant scrambling
To reach out and grasp the essence of vast plains and country town.

Then I froze in time and pondered, my path if I absconded,
Left the all controlling school bell to its raucous, jarring call.
Turn my back on rolls and chatter and new electronic matter,
Head where ghost gums softly whisper for those drenching rains to fall.

When redundancies were proffered and the chance to flee was offered
I threw caution to the winds and then I followed Nancy's lead.
Should I ever chance by Nancy, whose wanderings took my fancy,
I know she'd be delighted, that of her email I took heed.

© Kathy Watt July /August 2011

Where Is My Home? ... Marta Pelikanova

I came from another country
because I fell in love with a local bloke
I have worked hard to assimilate
from English I nearly had a stroke.
But still sometimes I can hear:
"Go home, you are eating our cake!"
I feel like rubbish
I'm just an unwanted flake.
Where should I go?
I lost my former home
and a new one is elusive
like catching sea foam.
If I live for hundred years
some part of me will be always bare
for rest of my life
I'll be stranger
EVERYWHERE.

© Marta Pelikanova

Jack Noble of 'Nobles Nob' ... Joan Small

Jack Noble was a larrikin who roamed the Aussie bush.
He lived a free and easy life. No rush, no stress, no push.
A bushman and a linesman and at times a station cook.
He lost one eye but ventured still for gold to take a look.

Prospecting was his passion then, and very skilled was he.
At searching on the stony ground a gleaming speck to see.
He lobbed up to a miners' camp at Tennant Creek one day,
And heard the talk of nugget gold. Jack said, 'It's time to play.'

A blind friend with his family arrived from Kimberley.
Bill Weaber said, 'Now Jack you go with Owen out to see.'
Young Owen was then fourteen years, a lad with good strong eyes.
So Jack and Owen found the gold that shone in gold sunrise.

They pegged four leases speedily. The first was 'Rising Sun',
Then 'Weaber's Find' and 'Kimb'ley Kids'. Jack said, 'That Knob's not one.'
But Weaber's wife Kath saw it too, and said, 'That's Noble's Nob.'
A rocky hill, but one day soon, that rock will do it's job.'

The Weaber family's tragedies are for another day.
Jack Noble got his gold and so the money came his way.
A drinking man a rouse-about, he sold his company shares
To buy the local pub, and then went sampling all its wares.

He put his drinks upon a slate and sank down many a glass.
The publican soon owned the pub and Jack was on his arse.
He took off west through desert on his camel in the heat.
Sometimes he rode his horse until more drinking had him beat.

And gambling too - he swapped the horse for bicycle, to hike
Out in the bush, the strangest thing, prospector on a bike.
The legends of Jack Noble have been told by famed Tom Cole.
As quickly as the cash came in it fell out through the hole.

I met Jack in the '50's when on Nobles Nob we lived.
An elderly night watchman. No home, no wife, no kids.
In later years when frail and sick to Alice Springs was sent.
And failing fast, missed Tennant Creek. 'Go Home' was Jack's lament.

So money was collected. A Red Cross Home was raised.
Called 'Noble House', and that was where Jack Noble spent his days.
His body lies to rest out there in Tennant's Cemetery.
The richness that was Nobles Nob is Noble's legacy.

© Joan Small May 2005

**They Came From Another Country
... Jeff Goudy**

Australia is my home my love my land.

They came from another country and they said Australia is the best
But when the cricket is on their loyalty is really put the test

They came from another country and they said Australia is the best
The world cup has started what flag do they hold close to their chest?

They came from another country and they said Australia is the best
They built the snowy river dam and they filled our country with zest

They came from another country and they said Australia is the best
They gave us their food and culture and we enjoyed their Easter fest

They came from another country and they said Australia is the best
They integrated with us Aussies and lived by the sea and out west

They came from another country and they said Australia is the best
They stood by our side in battle and they too wear medals on their chest

They came from another country and they said Australia is the best
They love their new home land and were accepted like the rest

Part B

They came from another country and they said Australia is the best
They only marry their own are they really that better than the rest

They came from another country and they said Australia is the best
They passed immigration requirements but not an English test

They came from another country and they said Australia is the best
In their own schools now so their children aren't influenced by the west

They came from another country and they said Australia is the best
Their Aussie children don't learn English and believe they are blessed

They came from another country and they said Australia is the best
Their home's war torn and damaged and their life was filled with distress

They came from another country and they said Australia is the best
So we gave them food and shelter and safe place to make their nest

They came from another country and they said Australia is the best
Now they think our beliefs are all wrong and we really are just a pest

They came from another country and they said Australia is the best
Like Germany France and Indonesia our laws they mock in jest

They came from another country and they said Australia is the best
One day they'll overrun us and an Aussie will be a far memory at best

They came from another country and they said Australia is the best
If you know who "they" are then you've passed my immigration test

© Poetry in Paradise™ 2012

Army Nurse
... Ngaire Shorter And Tamara Shorter

Our men who fought courageously in Turkey and in France,
were captured up in Singapore, they never had a chance.
The Japanese took Singapore in nineteen forty two.
They didn't come by sea as British said that they would do,
but cycled down Malaya, nothing stopped them 'til the strait;
they cut the water off and shelled, to seal the island's fate.
Full ships left from her harbour as the foe crossed from Jahore;
with Percival's surrender came the fall of Singapore.

But sixty five bold Army nurses left the harbour last
They'd scrambled over dead to board the "Vyner Brooke", aghast.
It sailed round Sumatra seeking cover during day,
but, sadly, two days later Japanese sent bombs their way.
The nurses helped the others first, then leapt in to the sea,
and spent a night in Bangka Strait, where God took some home free.
The morning found a hundred castaways on Radji's sands :
most walked to surrender and left the maimed in nurses' hands.

Those nurses numbered twenty two – still young and in their prime;
all were Australian innocents, and ignorant of crime.
Then Yamashita's troopers came to bayonet the ill
and mustered up the women, barking orders, loud and shrill,
to march into the waters, where they strafed their backs with lead :
those brave Australian daughters toppled, and were left for dead.
That day, for Sister Bullwinkel, a miracle occurred :
for hours she laid wounded . . . 'til no Japanese was heard.

One man survived the bayonets, to Vivian's surprise.
The two were captured in twelve days, despite her enterprise.
That army private ne'er again saw gentle English rain
for after they were captured he, like others, died in vain.
Through years of savagery and spite young Vivian still shone;
and strove to shield her comrades from the fate of those who'd gone.
Eventually she spoke of what occurred that shocking day. . . .
she was the sole survivor and she trod a hero's way.

For three years they grew thinner in that hellish prison camp.
She never gave up caring that fine 'lady of the lamp';
'though often starved for dinner, and her feet caked thick with mud;
with bamboo beds and no equipment, medicine or blood.
Though no one dared to speak about those twenty one girls slain,
their whispered fate spread through the camps as fast as flames in cane.
She spoke of the atrocity, back safe in Singapore.
The world appalled at how they'd died, those casualties of war.

When she got called a heroine, then in her humble way,
she honoured her dear friends who perished on that fateful day.
She'd not forget their troubled spirits in that tropic sea
and Vivian returned for them in nineteen ninety three.
With friends, she laid a plaque, recording ev'ry precious name –
reminding those who read it that war is a lethal game.
She lived her life to honour them, so they'd not die for nought ;
She burnt her light to guide the way. . . . the message Jesus taught!

© Ngaire Shorter and Tamara Shorter, 25/5/2007
Gumbaingirr Woman (The Sea and The Rock Gives Us A Feed)

Australia's Spirit
... Jeff Goudy

80,000 years or more a heart has beaten inside this land
Its spirits guided its people and its stories guided their hand
Generation upon generation the stories had been told
But its journey was interrupted by the "Kings" search for gold

Its people lost their dreamtime in this 'uninhabited' place
What happened to their sanctuary was long the "Kings" disgrace
Divided by the church to save them from their 'dismal' fate
Assuming they needed saving and that the church was great

We all know the history of what happened through the tears
The pain and the suffering of the last two hundred years
The dry seasons over now, the wet season has just begun
It will sweep the land clean and the black fella will bask once again in the sun

The flowers will grow higher; the creatures will all come back
Walkabout will start once more along a brand new charted track
A different type of phoenix has now proudly begun to rise
A new story will unfold through the modern black fella eyes

The traditional way of life has sadly been long gone
The connection to the red earth has always remained just as strong
Many things can be taken away and a people hammered down
But they never lost their connection to this, their sacred ground

The way of the aboriginal is to look for the good in everyone
To live life to the fullest even when money you have none
Your heart is worth more than any of the white man ways
You can live without materialism and still enjoy the days

I envy the proud inhabitants of this great sunburnt land
I feel no right to walk the upon this, their dirt, where I stand
My heart knows no stories from where it is that I have come
Aboriginal people have a mob to connect with, myself I have none.

© Jeff Goudy Poetry in Paradise™

The Knight and his Lady
... Sandra Taylor

And in this land of great contrasts,
where ocean swells and sunset spells
cast magic over the gathering night
purple mountains and crimson light
the outback, desert, storm weathered trees
and silent plains,
in silhouette
enduring beauty lasts.

Where birds of great plumage
Stir in trees, sparking colours
in the breeze
And a golden daffodil sways on a hill
And a little gold-fish swims in a pool so still
And out of the darkness reached this light
A golden beam ever bright
The Knight and his Lady
from the Night.

The Knight and his Lady
from distant times:
His bow was courteous
and her curtsy swept the floor:
“Oh, my Lord, is it really you?
Did you not know that I was ever true?”
A horse so sturdy from the land,
Bedecked in colours from his hand
In majestic circles pawed the ground
This one time the Knight was found:
In the Lady's dreams or not?
For down through the ages
Bereft or still
The Lady dreamt of her Knight!

And today, in Australia
on these golden shores
Where the sea-gulls
echo, and cry and soar
Where azure skies do meet the sea
and the sand glistens, mesmerising, beautiful

And the lady on the shore
Looks out as before:
Awaiting her Knight
From old-time lore.
This Knight and the Lady
presently met
Where from old times
they always went
And time together
was often spent;

Now in passing
She wonders why
The Lord and his Lady-
The times went by.
Now in increasing shadows and loneliness
The Lady reasons with her Knight

Why from Australia must they flee in flight?
A beauteous country,
Australia IS:

If only there is room for the Lady and her Knight:
God speed and good wishes for the Lady and her Knight:
A beauteous dream if there ever be:
A good Lady and her courtly knight:
From the casement windows of a keep
The Lady sees the contours and the sheep
As it was in England after a long sleep:

“ Oh, My Lord, is it really you?
I sang your praises loud and true:
I watched as sunlight glinted bright
And the Heavens gleamed in a starry night:
And the birds would echo, arch and soar
flap golden wings
ocean flecked spray and sunlight as before:”

There from the shadows
Spied she
The Knight's bright carriages
and entourage,
They travelled far
in these wind-swept times;
Songs of love
and distant shores
Courtly minstrels recited poetry
As evening glows:

How far we've come
to a distant shore:-
the land of blizzards
and temperate climate
Where the eels and lizards
find their space
From the space of another time;
Now in the evening glow
As fire-light crackles
And the sparks do jump
With great forests of ever-green:

The Lord and his Lady enjoy the scene:
As their life has once been
Now will they
their lives redeem:
My Lord, for you

Would I always care
This I knew
For many a year.”
Good luck, good wishes
and all the best
Now for a love ever blessed:

© Sandra Taylor

Two Star Hotel ... Jeffrey N Goudy

A Story of the Beaconsfield Miners

On a date filled with tragic glories rose a nation built on stories
Born from courage on that Landing far away
The spirit to rise above when it's your country that you love
The trapped miners would have felt it in someway

There was no panic as they ran for survival was their plan
Filled with thoughts of shattered families up above
Gods hand calmly swept away embracing Larry Knight that day
His family never holding again the one they love

The rescuers sad discovery they were only on 'recovery'
In the silence of the tomb they dug away
Daily in the dark so deep suffering surely from a lack of sleep
It was hope that made them want to stay

Then they heard a call from heaven it was a miracle on day seven
Somehow they'd made it through the grey
Grown men had started bawling for they'd heard voices calling
A rescue made official now under way

Guided by Gods choice the world was told they'd heard a voice
The call went up that Todd and Brant were still alive
All the relies surely trembled and they very soon assembled
Families said they knew 'they' would survive

The whole country was excited and I was so personally delighted
That I threw my morning cuppa everywhere
With the news so wonderfully big that I actually danced a jig
As I yelled "you beauty" in to the morning air

Two Beccy boys were found caged together beneath the ground
Russell and Webby were alive there was no doubt
On the night of the seventh day we first heard what they had to say
It's F...n cold and cramped in here so get us out

To the world they calmly spoke with just the hint of a joke
What their life was like inside the tiny cage
With no mention of the smell they laughed and with a yell
This "two star" hotel would soon be all the rage

Just sixteen meters solid the rock had landed like a bollard
The boys were told how far it was to dig
Show the riggers where to go; we're miners so we know
That it takes a lot to stabilize a rig

Calmly they accepted a quick rescue had been rejected
Digging fourteen meters by machinery had begun
Last two meter's inch by inch no one thought it was a sinch
Two anxious men filled with dreams of summer sun

With the hourly risk of cramp in a place so dark and damp
Our hopes played on tapes from up above
Let them know that we're all here and we're ready with a cheer
Two families on the edge so full of love

Dining on bacon and eggs they tried to fill those hollow legs
Thru the pipe they must have added twenty pound
The drillers thought they oughta add a smidgen to the auger
Since those boys were eatin' pretty sound

Beaconsfield's people came together in the face of stormy weather
A town united stood with God by their side
On tenterhooks they all waited for the rescue so hotly anticipated
Together we all hoped 'n' prayed and cried

With emotions up and down and the clock slowly ticking round
Focus was on the lives they had to save
The medics were most delighted with the vitals that were sighted
Working tirelessly, the rescuers, became the brave

The world's cameras were all there for it was hard not to stare
We all had put ourselves inside their place
One journalist we all know who was down there from the go
No longer will we see poor Richards face

He was no stranger to pain or strife as it was the story of his life
With a note from him it all would sadly end
“Live a healthy life”!! Was the last thing that he would write
Then he handed back a little girl her pen

Day fourteen had begun with their freedom nearly won
Every local up there ready for their show
They washed 'n' cleaned and dressed and I must say they looked their best
“Where’s our families?” what they wanted most to know

Then they walked out on the dock heading straight toward the clock
A couple of true larrikins you’d have to say
This is surely gonna cost ya for we’ve overworked our roster
And we’ll send the barrows back to get our pay

The happy huggin’ had begun the families knew a lottery they had won
The children got to hold again their dad
I was up before the dawn joining an Aussie town out on the lawn
Feelin ten foot tall and mighty glad

Tears flowed for miles 'n' miles drowned only by all our smiles
The town had got their mates back home again
Emotions filled the nation and I thanked God for the creation
Of the ANZAC spirit started way back when

Leave the politicking aside and show the world our Aussie pride
Mate for mate and never falter to the call
Diggers had their lives to give so that we may be free to live
Love your country and its people one and all.

© Jeff Goudy Poetry In Paradise

Croc and Brock’s Farewell ... Joan Small

After the tragic deaths of Aussie legends, Steve Irwin and Peter Brock

They stood inside the garden in Australia Zoo that day;
The most beautiful of gardens where the crocodiles all play.
They had come in many thousands, looking on with tears in eye.
As the heroes of the moment both descended from the sky.

In the clouds they saw the image of Steve Irwin with his croc.
And beside him in his race car was a youthful Peter Brock.
Dressed in racing gear resplendent, Peter Perfect to a T.
And they heard Steve blurt out 'Crikey, have you come to visit me?'

'I remember I was swimming with the fish upon the reef.
My surroundings were amazing, such a scene defied belief.
We had cameras and were filming for my gorgeous Bindi child.
For her show, she wanted images of creatures swimming wild.'

'Then a sting ray flew towards me with his wings outspread and wide.
I was mesmerized with magic as I came up to his side.
Then I swam above him slowly, just to get a better view.
But he must have been quite startled, as that was the last I knew.'

'Though they call me brave Croc Hunter, I am jelly fish inside.
I am Bob and Bindy's daddy, and the day I died I cried.
For the parting took more courage than my wrestling with the crocs,
Catching snakes and spiders hiding in the crevasses and rocks.'

'Now I'm here with Peter Perfect, not with Terri and the kids,
And I sure will miss them badly – they're the greatest "billy lids".
I will stay beside them always, though they won't know I am there.
As they grow up and they prosper they will know that I still care.'

'I was born near Brocky's birthday, Febru-ary 22,
Just four days before his own day, quite coincidental too,
As I died four days before him in a freak of fate quite strange.
If I'd wanted a companion no-one better I'd arrange.'

'For Brock's a national hero. Always striving for the best,
He was called "King of the Mountain"; he was faster than the rest.
With ten vict-ories at Bathurst his "Brock Special" was his brand,
And his name will be remembered through our great Australian land.'

'Like me, the King was playing on the day he left the earth,
At a rally in his coupe somewhere not too far from Perth,
When he slid across the road there, and he failed to miss a tree.
I was watching from my cloud and saw him drifting up to me.'

'Oh Crikey Brock, and welcome. It is not so bad up here.
You'll be pleased to know we won't age, and I brought some Aussie beer.
We can keep an eye on fam'ly, so they do just what they ought,
Looking after all the animals and racing motor sport.'

'It was time to draw our number, on September 4 and 8.
Now St Peter is awaiting at the shining pearly gate.
And I bet we're both admitted to the heav'nly realm above,
As there's thousands in this garden who are showing us their love.'

© Joan Small Sept 2006

Aussie Talk ... Kathy Watt

Of course we all speak English here,
We're part of the Commonwealth.
But our Aussie talk is rampant
And has taken o'er by stealth.

I doubt that our good Queen Lizzie
Could decipher outback slang,
With drawn out vowels and sloppy speech
And participles that hang.

Our strine is most irreverent
And is truly quite unique.
If you want to be a true blue,
That's the way you need to speak.

So lesson one begins right here
We just shorten all our words,
Convert them all to baby talk
And abbreviate by thirds.

Whether laziness or Okker
It's the rules we love to bend.
It's simply inexplicable
Why "ie" comes at the end

We visit the rellies for brekkie
Throw yabbies on barbies for lunch
Spray blowies and mozzies in summer.
What a weird and wonderful bunch.

Give sunnies as prezzies at Chrissie,
Visit the deli a lot,
Wear trackies and cardies in winter,
Drink coldies with oldies when hot

Greenies make it hell for the cockies
Our pollies sell out their souls.
All sparkies and brickies are tradies.
Sickies are regular goals.

If we run out of 'ie' endings
Then just switch over to 'o'
Join our linguistic quirkiness now
Or risk being a real drongo.

So this is a demo of lingo
That comes into common play:
The garbo and milko deliver
The rego is due today

River banks sport deros and winos.
Yobbos hang round the servo,
Where we buy our kero and metho
And deal with other bizzo.

The Salvos collect at the local
As the musos play their notes
While the journo assembles info
On this arvos colourful quotes.

Contraction is only the starting point
For very eccentric speech,
Take our rhyming slang for example
And all that it takes to teach.

If a bag of fruit interprets 'suit'
And Noah's ark is a shark
Then I'll meet you at the near and far
For a Germaine Greer at dark.

If a frog and toad means hit the road
And a Dad and Dave's a shave.
Then I'll be right off to dodge and shirk
Or trouble and strife will rave.

And if rhyming slang is not enough
We can take a Captain Cook.
At dinkum Aussie vernacular
Like battler, gutzer and crook.

No wonder migrants have no idea
What we are trying to say.
When redheads are 'Blue' and 'Shorty's' tall
And great weather teems all day.

Colourful strine as alive and well
In this wide brown land of ours.
Even 'Blind Freddy' could lead you to
The 'Black Stump' in a few hours.

© Kathy Watt January 2011

Australia Is Multi-Cultural
... Ibolya Rose Monai

Australia's multi-cultural but what exactly does that mean?
Does it mean that all are welcome, from every land and sea?
does it mean that you can live here, without fear, or terror in your lives,
does it mean that you can live life, with open heart and fearless eyes.

Does it mean a better life, for your children and your kin,
Does it mean that you may have to change, a little bit within,
Many come for a brand new start and a life of happy days,
to do that well, most have to change, deep grained thoughts and ways.

Australia's multi-cultural now, and the richer for it too,
Slowly building it's own new culture, from the many coming through,
new foods and spices, festivals, thoughts and different dress,
some, like garlic, have been taken on, but under some duress.

One thing's for certain, most who come, willing to compromise,
let go of things - thoughts and ways - and they are very wise,
they've left the old for what's new and fresh, that's here for us to share,
respect for all, old and new, let's always be aware.

© Ibolya Rose Monai 2012

My Home is My Bed

... Jeff Goudy

This is the land where I was born
It is where I will choose to die
I follow no man made religion
Just the big man in the sky

I was created here in Australia
Where my land and my heart belong to me
I have no ancient spirit guides
I just know here's where I'm meant to be

My family travels the world over
We're are the keepers of their beds
It's our solemn duty to warm them
For the return of their weary heads

If you've given up your country
And you chose to live in mine
Did you not love your heritage
Have you broken your ancient bloodline

You're not welcome here to hate us
You are a guest inside our home
One day we will rise against you
When our national pride is shown

If you're lifestyle and your country
Were the best upon this earth
How did you leave it behind you
Had your soil no cherished worth

Have you broken with your culture
Will you no longer play your part
We have no need for drifters here
Who don't love our sun burnt heart

Do not bring your problems with you
Leave your prejudices across the shore's
Learn to speak our Aussie English mate
Live for peace with "our country's law's"

Do not teach your children racism
Like your parents did for you
Let them learn inside an Aussie school
Playing games like Aussie kids do

Encourage an interest in our culture
Teach them pride in Holden's or fords
Learn about Aussie rules or rugby
And our shopper docket rewards

Aussies love some one who is trying
Like Nick or Con the friendly Greek
They built their blue and white take aways
And our lingo they learned to speak

Every town in this great country
Has a seven-day Chinese restaurant
They've socially blended into our culture
And do not force upon us what they want

Concreters, bakers, tilers and more
With their wives and oven baked treats
Migrant workers and settlers everywhere
Built our towns and tree lined streets

My Mother came here from Germany
With no resentments carried from "The War"
She is as dinki di now as true blue is mate
There's no hatred allowed through our door

I proudly love my golden country
I will fight for her till I die
I will not stand by and watch disappear
What the ANZACS held so proudly high.

© Jeff Goudy

**Australia – The Country For Me
... Judi Connor**

Australia sure is the country for me
There is no other place I'd rather be
It is a country that I can call home
With many places where I'm free to roam

Here in Australia, there's plenty to do
Lots of sightseeing and lots of fun too
The weather can differ from State to State
No matter what, it will all captivate

We have mountains, deserts, flora and fauna
Something different around every corner
There are animals such as kangaroos
As well as dingoes, koalas and emus

There's great city living for some of us
While others feel the country is a plus
Holiday makers come from far and wide
To move here permanently some decide

Australia is known as a sporting nation
Each and every sport brings much elation
Australia is a country full of pride
A country highly respected worldwide

If there's a paradise, then it's right here
This is the land down under we hold dear
Australia's a country designed to enthral
'Advance Australia Fair' for one and all

© Judi Connor - 5.01.12

Australia's Got It All ... Jean Watson

Australia is my home and I can't wish for anything more.
I haven't seen it all, but so far I just adore
The beauty of its landscapes, the friendships I have gained,
The shows, events and functions. I'm always entertained.
You couldn't be bored in such a place which offers a varied dish
Of food and drink and games and drama – whatever you could wish.
So stop your whingeing and complaining. What's wrong is very small.
Add it up and you will see that Australia's got it all!

© Jean Watson

The Outback from a Train ... Joan Small

I travelled in the Outback south from Alice on the Ghan.
A narrow-gauge track railway, 'twas a money-saving plan.
The year was 1965 and I was young and keen.
The train was slow, so we had time to view the passing scene.

A-clack-a-clack along the track, a true adventure ride.
While framed in each large window, native trees and bush would slide.
The graceful white bark ghost gums soon gave place to mulga grey.
Then rolling sandy red hills turned to stony mud and clay.

The earth was parched and barren with a brilliant clear blue sky.
Through glassy panes it shimmered with the heat, as we passed by.
While in my comfy cabin in the cool I sipped a drink,
And wrote a letter to my love, with time to pause and think.

I'd left him back in Alice while I journeyed to the sea.
But hoped on my return that he'd propose upon his knee.
As I observed the Ghan, and all the passengers in sight,
I'd note it in the letter, as I'd always loved to write.

We had some fun, my bro and I. The cabins were quite flash.
The bar-room car the place for cards. (We didn't play for cash.)
The cook allowed us special drinks, and kids stomped down the aisle.
A fellow actor from our town cracked jokes that made us smile.

And all this was recorded as I watched my letter grow.
But then our journey halted when the train began to slow.
The window picture froze as we pulled up with quite a jolt.
No town, no railway station. What had caused the train to halt?

A buzz of questions answered then. The track was wet you know.
Near Oodnadatta it had rained, and now we couldn't go.
For ten hours we were stranded in the desert in the heat.
No air conditioning while we stopped. We sweated head to feet.

The meals with many choices turned to, 'Cold lamb or miss out!'
And adding to my troubles, I'd a cold - I'd caught a bout.
Then water coolers too ran dry, but still with spirits high,
I wrote all in my letter, and it helped the time pass by.

No scrap books then, I made my own with drawings, cartoons, rhyme.
While others groaned with boredom my love letter passed my time.
At last the engines started and we crawled along the line.
Changed trains at Maree then to Port Augusta. All was fine.

As through Mt Lofty Ranges into Adelaide we drew,
I wrote a final line and with some kisses sealed it too.
A sixty four page letter. I would post what I did write.
Then buy my love some Christmas gifts for when we'd re-unite.

The holiday in Adelaide was full of friends and fun.
Some movies, shops and partying, then basking in the sun.
My brother wanted bowling, but I chose to read and plan
About the day that I returned to see my loving man.

The journey now is history. My dreams they all came true.
I walked the aisle with Robin, and was thrilled to say, 'I do'.
Three handsome sons, now with their kids. The story lives again.
Because I left my love to see the Outback from a train.

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