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A.B.P.A.

The Australian Bush Poets
Association Inc.

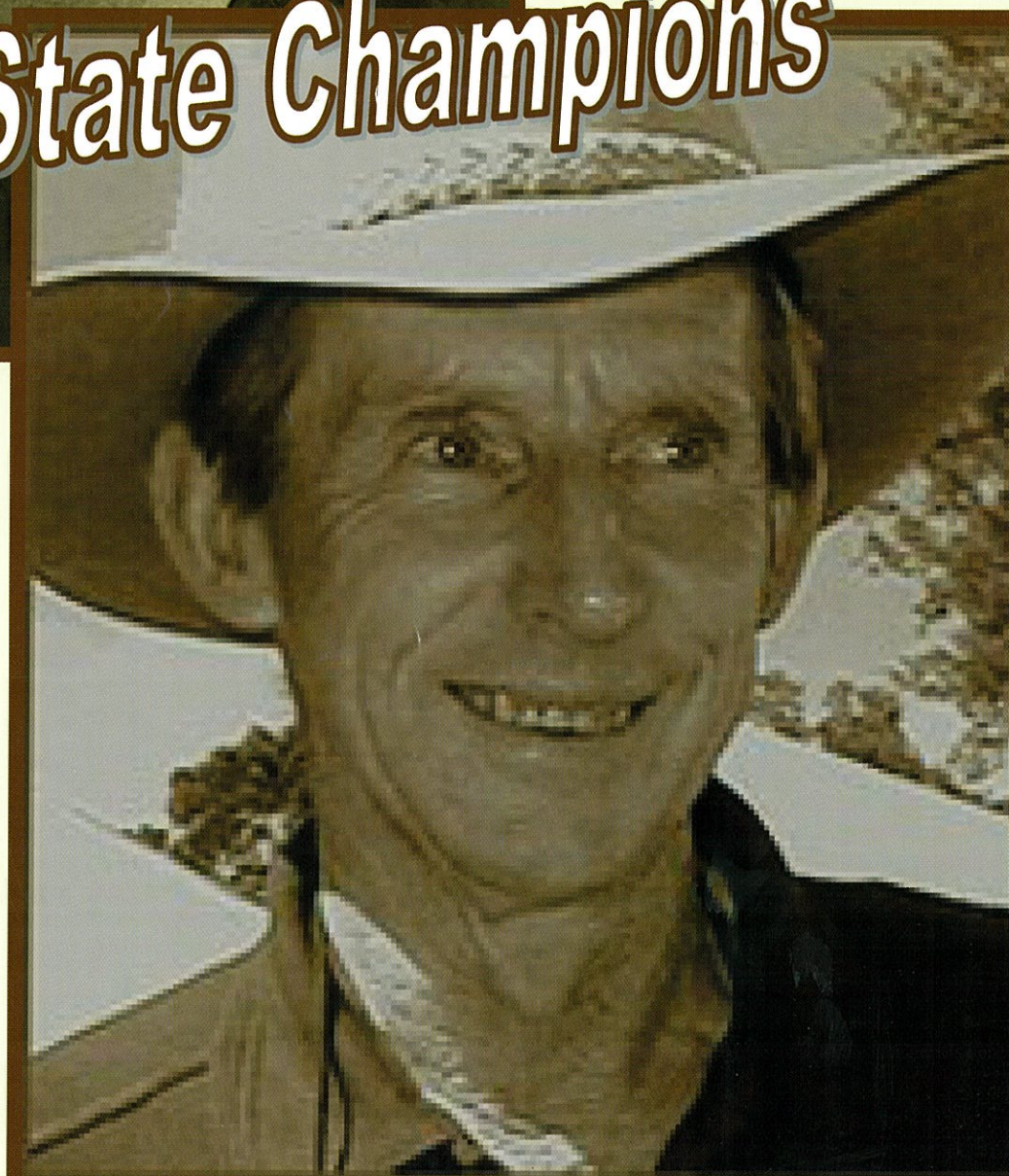
Magazine - (since 1994)

NSW STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS
AWARDED AT DUNEDOO
Jenny Markwell of Wangi Wangi
and Terry Regan of Blaxland

N.S.W. State Champions



REMEMBER THE ANZACS



YOU WILL FIND OUR DUST

© Tomas Hamilton 09/01/09

You will find our dust neath Anzacs pines where our deeds are part of lore
You will hear our voice on the soft winds sigh where we rest forever more
And when we died on the fields of France condemned by fates own hand
We still lie as yet unclaimed in the mud of no mans land

You will find our dust neath a desert haze where our headstones gleam in the sun
Or tucked away in an English churchyard and recalled when the day is done
Like a tragic rain we fell to earth or slipped beneath the waves
But we lived on in the hearts of few for no one knows our graves

You will find our dust neath the jungle mist in a place not far from here
Where a bunch of ragtag "chockos" quelled our greatest fear
At Shaggy Ridge and Milne Bay We turned the deadly tide
Do not forget for still today they are part of Aussie pride

You will find our dust neath Asian soil from Pusan to Singapore
Where we sleep in eternal peace on some distant shore
For we were swept like autumn leaves and laid in lines so neat
Under fresh green lawns with waving palms spared from the tropic heat

You will find our dust neath our own loam when they brought our bodies home
From Vietnam, Afghanistan and those lands our spirits roam
Now when others see our names I hope that we inspire
A love for this great land of ours that will rage a burning fire

You will find our dust neath the ensign blue that wrapped us like a sheet
Let no one ever change this flag and the freedom we strove to keep
For our lives were all we had to give to the nation in which we'd grown
And remember well the price we paid or this dust will be your own

Lone Pine Cemetery

WHERE THE POPPIES WAVE

© John Peel - *The Man from Gilmore Creek*

He came from a land where the wattles grow
to fight in a war with a foreign foe,
to fight for what is just and right
and never for the sake of a fight.

He was only young and the winds of chance
had taken him to the fields of France
away from Queensland's sunny skies
to the sounds of guns and the dying's cries.

In his mind this young man longed to be
back home on a farm across the sea
not stuck there in that field of death
where the stench of corpses stalled his breath.

He was caught up in the foe's attack
his mind could only take him back
to be with loved ones by his side –
a bullet struck and that young man died.

He lies in a field where the poppies wave
when the breezes blow above his grave –
to men like him, we owe a debt,
lest we forget! Lest we forget!



John Peel

THE FINAL JUDGEMENT

Tomas Hamilton 28.10.2010

He was just a lad when his luck ran out
and he fell in mortal sleep
while a world away a mother's prayer
begged God his soul to keep
his spirit was heavy with his woe
as he journeyed from his life
for at his final judgement
he knew he'd be in strife.

The good Lord opened up a book
that held the soldier's name
and all his sins were listed there
so he hung his head in shame
"You were christened David Anthony
and no matter how hard I search
it seem that was the only time
you'd ever been to church"

God read out the ten commandments
the digger knew what was at stake
for the ones he had not broken
he'd given a good shake
but there was one law he had obeyed
in the army he'd been taught
to always keep the eleventh one
and that is 'don't get caught'

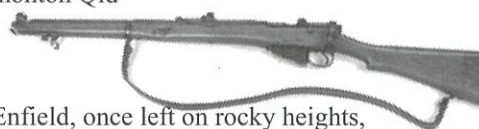
But caught you were my wayward one
by He who watches all
for I see each child take it's first breath
and every sparrow fall"
'Well that's it then' the soldier sighed
'I'm heading down below'
But God smiled and said "At ease young man
there's something you should know"

"I saw the tears in your padre's eyes
when he blessed your bloodstained husk
and your soul marched into eternity
as he committed you to dust
your brave deed to save a mate
was the ultimate sacrifice
so he could return to his wife and kids
you paid the highest price"

"I had a son who walked the earth
and died to save mankind
so to give your life for your fellow man
is the greatest love you'll find
now walk on through these pearly gates
and raise your head with pride
for all your friends who've gone before
you'll find them all inside."

RELICS OF THE PAST

by Chris Long Edmonton Qld



The rusty old Lee-Enfield, once left on rocky heights,
by a luckless Anzac digger, who'd been caught in Turkish sights,
lays abandoned in a shallow trench upon the rugged slopes.
A symbol of our country's roots, our courage, pride and hopes.

A pile of long spent cartridges lie nearby in the sand,
left by the dying digger in a far flung foreign land.
They tell of a fierce battle and mark where Aussies died,
relics of our heroic past, symbols of our pride.

A lonely tree stands on a ridge, the ridge they call Lone Pine
a landing craft rots on the beach now just its ribs and spine.
Rusty wire upon the stretch once known as 'No Man's Land.'
Relics of our proudest days, buried in the sand.

Their bones are scattered everywhere upon that rocky shore,
casualties of innocence, casualties of war.
Those Anzacs wrote their names in blood for history now past,
Lest we forget, embrace with pride those relics to the last.

Although the relics of those days are rusting in the sand,
and values of such distant times are hard to understand.
Their sacrifice should never die, but glow with Aussie pride,
not rust away like relics where our heroes fought and died.

POPPIES by Marty Boyce Laggan NSW 2011

We always had some poppies in our little garden plot
Blood red on the outer in the middle a black dot
My father tended to them like a mother would a child
at times I saw a tear from him and other times he smiled

He told me of the poppies and the men who went to war
young uncles he had never met, who died on foreign shore
of the uncles who returned to die before my dad had grown
it was for them and many more the poppies had been sown

For mates that he had served with in a another time of war
who stood beside my father through the horrors that they saw
who gave their youth so each of us could grow up strong and free
like an ancient rite of passage he passed their story on to me

When my father passed away we all placed poppies on his grave
Not because he was a hero , not because we thought him brave
we placed them in remembrance of a soldier we had known
who made sure we knew the story why the poppies had been grown

This year I dug the soil
and I planted poppy seeds
Now I tend to them like children
deftly pulling out the weeds
they help me to remember dad
and blokes I've never known
poppies grown with seeds
from the first crop my dad had sown

President's Message



G'day,

At the time of writing, Japan is experiencing an ongoing catastrophe. This has shifted the focus from the Christchurch earthquake, which in turn, had shifted the focus from the Queensland floods. The widespread devastation and suffering draws us together in our Humanity as our hearts reach out to those affected. These events make our paltry aches and gripes pale into insignificance and give our priorities a fresh perspective on our core values, how precious our loved ones are and the importance of mateship.

BUSH LAUREATE AWARDS

There has been a groundswell of discontent from ABPA members since January regarding the running of the Australian Bush Laureate Awards. Discontent has been simmering for a number of years now over a variety of reasons. I have received emails from several members outlining some of those grievances, some dating back some years; all echoing "... something needs to be done" and, "the ABPA need to host their own awards".

The Australian Bush Laureate Awards (ABLA) is a private venture awarding "Published" works, they have their own terms and conditions on entry and selection and systems for running their awards. To date, there has been no direct benefit (nor was there any expected) to the ABPA other than a platform to showcase poet's published works. The focus of the awards presentation themselves, have appeared to favour and showcase up and coming young Country Music artists over the poets; and have done so for a number of years now.

On the basis of member's petition to the ABPA committee, the committee met and discussed options for dialogue with the organisers of the ABLA with a number of recommendations. These recommendations have been forwarded to the ABLA organisers for their consideration. There is ongoing dialogue between the ABPA and ABLA. We are striving for an amicable outcome.

ABPA BUSH POET AWARDS

The feasibility of the ABPA hosting our own awards during the Tamworth Country Music Festival period is being looked into. It appears quite feasible to run an ABPA Awards event in concert with, and NOT in opposition to, the Australian Bush Laureate Awards. On initial figures, it also appears feasible to host and run such an event without sponsorship and end up with a modest return to the ABPA. There is no doubt that appropriate sponsors would come on board given the cultural credibility of the ABPA and top exposure at a major event in Tamworth.

Tamworth CM week hosts many 'award' events - Golden Guitars, Tiaras, TSA, Gold Medallions etc. Country music artists on the whole benefit. An ABPA Bush Poet Awards programme in concert with the ABLA would provide a broader showcase for bush Poet's excellence. The direct benefit to the ABPA would be greater exposure at Tamworth (with a corresponding lift in membership), a direct ongoing monetary return so that the ABPA can fund National and State competitions. This would also give the ABPA an opportunity to stand up on our own and not hang off the coat-tails of other organisations.

Any comments and input regarding the above is welcomed, contact me at manfred@abpa.org.au

ABPA NATIONAL COMPETITION

As of writing, we don't have a host for our ABPA National Performance Competition for 2011. Many clubs are citing insufficient sponsorship/funding as a major impediment to hosting this event. We currently have a tentative host for 2012. Here is further argument for a programme to generate ongoing income so that funds could be directed towards our National competition.

QUEENSLAND CHAMPIONSHIPS

News has just come to hand that our host for the Queensland Championships has had to withdraw.

Any suggestions or offers on either of the above championships please contact me by email at, manfred@abpa.org.au

THE ABPA WEB-SITE

Online Renewals

We now have ABPA Membership renewals online through a PAYPAL facility, the link is on the Home page. abpa.org.au

Poet's Register

There is now an online register listing any poets who have product and/or services to offer. This can be accessed from the "Home page" >> "Poetry" >> "Poets Register". Please check the listing and if there are any omissions or additions please contact the Admin.

Yarn-Spinners Corner

Frank Daniel has kicked off a new

section for Yarn-spinners on the Web-site. This can be accessed "Home page" >> "Poetry" >> "Yarn-spinners". If you have a yarn to share, we'd love to hear it. Submit your yarns to the Admin for posting.

The ABPA Forum

The online forum is a great platform for discussion, banter and argument on poetry related (and other) topics with like-minded folks from across the country. Anyone is welcome to join and participate. The Forum is accessed from the "Home Page" >> "Forum" >> "Forum Link"

There are many scammers (and spammers) who look for email addresses. The ABPA Forum has been inundated with dodgy applications for access. All new Forum applications are now vetted by the Admin and any suspect registrations are simply deleted.

I'm sure we all hope this pall of loss and suffering across our corner of the Pacific is lifted by the many heartfelt outpourings of generosity from people here and around the World.

Till next time -

May we all stay safe,

Manfred.

Flowers of Glory

(c) 2007 Manfred Vijars

Flowers of Glory, in fields of green
Row upon row, purest I've seen
Harvests from battle - plucked in their prime
... well before time.

Flowers of Glory, ranks holding fast
Side-drum staccato - slow-marching past
Brothers in battle bonded by blood
... unending flood

Flowers of Glory rows upon rows
Held in the bosoms of our former foes
resting, at peace esteemed and embraced
... anger erased

Flowers of Glory, in fields of green
row upon row, purest I've seen
Battalions of harvest plucked from each side
... who stems the tide?





People started arriving in Dunedoo over a week in advance, either as participants in the annual Bush Poetry Festival or as part of the audience.

Dunedoo this year incorporated the New South Wales State Championships with competitors coming from the three eastern states. The town's population was considerably swollen with all the extras roaming around the area. There were member of several caravan clubs who made their temporary home in Dunedoo for a few days whilst they checked out the local sites and prepared themselves for the entertainment.

Entries this year in the competition were high and several new poets to Dunedoo were present.

Thursday night saw many visitors and a few locals gather at the caravan park to meet and greet with a walk up session for those who just wished to recite their favourite poems. This set the scene for a fun filled and entertaining weekend.

Friday morning saw many visitors board buses for a tour of the area where the proposed new coal mine at Cobbora will be located.

Friday afternoon saw the commencement of the competition with the Inter-

mediate section. This was followed by the very popular Yarn Spinning.

Serious competition and markets saw many visitors wandering from the Central School hall to Bolaro Street and back throughout Saturday morning. Saturday afternoon covered the contemporary section and then it was all out for a quick dinner before returning for the big night program.

The highlight for many over the weekend was the Saturday original humorous competition and the concert provided by three professional poets – Ray Essery, Carol Heuchan and Anita Reed. There were many who really did laugh until they cried.

Sunday morning saw many poets and friends gathered in the park for breakfast and the fun filled poets brawl.

The festival was a great success and many, many people left vowing to return next year.

RESULTS

WRITTEN POETRY

Serious section.

1st Glenny Palmer Certificates to Mount
2nd Don Adams The Old Drover and
How It Used to Be

3rd David Campbell Generations

HC Brenda Joy

C Ellis Campbell

Best Humorous

Brenda Joy Maiden Flight

Yarn Spinning

1st Claire Reynolds Spielberg

INTERMEDIATE

1st Robert Markwell Logic and Spotted Dog

2nd Bob Sanders Never 'eard of it

3rd Lois Sanders Poison

HC Ken Tough Sweeney

CLASSICAL WOMEN

1st Isabella Bailey A Bush Bred Youngster

2nd Lois Sanders Past Carin

3rd Heather Searles The Durkins

HC Jenny Markwell Pa

CLASSICAL MALE

1st Robert Markwell Faces in the Street

2nd Terry Regan Father Riley's Horse

3rd Ken Tough In The Droving Days

HC Peter Mace The Sandy Hollow Line

ORIGINAL – SERIOUS- FEMALE

1st Jenny Markwell Surviving the Somme

2nd Brenda Joy A Soldier Brave

3rd Heather Searles Kathryn with a K

HC Claire Reynolds The Special Rosebud

ORIGINAL – SERIOUS- MALE

1st Bob Sanders Up in Smoke

2nd Frank Daniel Rusty Rails

3rd Terry Regan No Winners

HC Graeme Johnson Poles and Wires

CONTEMPORARY – FEMALE

1st Jenny Markwell A Letter Home September
14th 1946

2nd Brenda Joy Hell's Angel Godiva

3rd Isabella Bailey The English Rose

HC Claire Reynolds Queenie Lucinda O'Toole

CONTEMPORARY – MALE

1st Terry Regan Rocky Creek

2nd Robert Markwell And the Band Played

Waltzing Matilda

3rd Peter Mace Spirits of the Outback

HC Ken Tough Mick Casey

ORIGINAL – HUMOROUS – FEMALE

1st Brenda Joy Maiden Flight

2nd Heather Searles Sal, the Gadget Gal

3rd Claire Reynolds Unfinished Business

HC Cay Ellem Grass Widow's Reply

ORIGINAL – HUMOROUS – MALE

1st Neil "The Drover" Jones I Hate My Prostate

2nd Max Pringle The Santa Photo

3rd Terry Regan Fig Leaf Fantasy

HC Graeme Johnson Barangaroo and
the Pontiff Too

STATE CHAMPION FEMALE

Jenny Markwell

Runner up Brenda Joy

STATE CHAMPION MALE

Terry Regan

Runner Up Peter Mace



PETER MACE



BRENDA JOY

The Inaugural Graham Fredriksen Written Award

Graham Fredriksen was a well known, popular bush poet, highly respected both as a writer and a judge. Born in Kilcoy in 1956, he once said "To win a Bronze Swagman – this country's highest citation for written bush verse – is the dream of every contemporary poet". He won his first of three Bronze Swagman awards in 1998. Many awards followed including the Australian Bush Poet Written Champion 2000, several Camooweal Drovers Bronze Spurs, Bundaberg's Bush Lantern, North Pine Camp Ovens and many others. He was formally acknowledged with an Australia Day Cultural Achievement Award.

Graham's generous agreement to judge kept him out of some competitions and winners' circles, but won him recognition as an excellent and knowledgeable judge. To new chum secretaries, running written competitions, he was a tower of strength. He dealt with questions with patience and wisdom and his simple solutions gave them the confidence to run successful competitions. His kindly advice helped the inexperienced tackle tasks and take on new initiatives – an invaluable and generous support and friend.

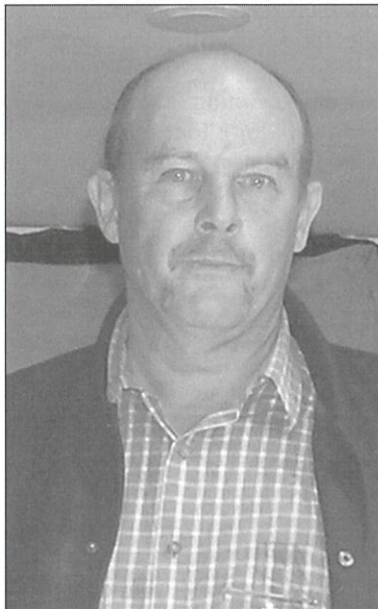
A brilliant but humble man, Graham would have been surprised to have our North Pine written competition renamed **The Inaugural Graham Fredriksen Written Award**. We, the

North Pine Bush Poets feel honoured to have launched our written competition under this title and will take great pride in announcing the winner at our Camp Oven Festival in August.

A word from Anita Reid:

Graham's poetry is bush poetry at its very best – its wide ranging themes, stories and characters, his exploration of different rhyming patterns, rhythms and structures, his wonderful unique poetic expression and phrasing and most of all, the ring of truth and authenticity that is there in his poetic voice as he brings to life so evocatively his own part of the bush and other landscapes, other feelings and loves in war and peace down through the years. These qualities have touched us his readers and have inspired us.

The late Graham Fredriksen



Dave's book!

Following the passing of Dave Meyers, we decided that as Dave had never put his poetry into a book, we should go ahead and do it. We're sure Dave would have said not to bother, but our hope is that by doing the book, his poetry will continue to be read and performed around the traps.

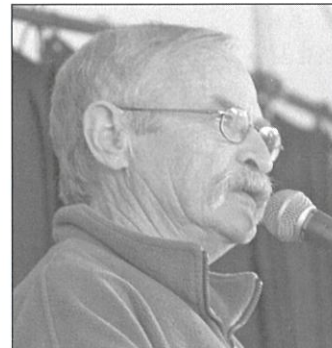
Arch Bishop did a great version of *Fencin' in the Dark* at the Tribute Poets Breakfast to Dave at the Cobargo Folk Festival, and thanks to that tribute session and several others, the book has sold 130 copies in the first couple of weeks.

We expected the first 50 copies would cover demand, but we obviously underestimated the affection in which Dave and his poetry were held.

This being a 'love job' for Dave, we are selling the book 'Monaro Morning' for \$5 or \$7 with postage, enough to cover costs. Copies can be ordered by forwarding a cheque or money order, payable to L McDonald, to 1 McCawley St, Watson, ACT 2602, or contacting us on 02 6253 9856 or at

burmac@optusnet.com.au.

Denise Burton and Laurie McDonald.



DAVE
MEYERS

MEDIA RELEASE:

Ray Essery and Carol Heuchan awarded retrospective Golden Gumleaf wins.

Retrospective Golden Gumleaf trophies will be presented to two of Australia's best known bush poets at next year's Australian Bush Laureate Awards in Tamworth. This follows a discovery that two winners were overlooked in the 2009 and 2010 Awards presentations.

In the category for Album of the Year, both winners were predominantly performances of poetry that was not "original", having been published previously. In this case, under the rules at that time, another trophy should have been awarded to the highest voted album with "original" material. The rule has been

changed since then and no "original" prize was awarded in 2011. However, in 2009 and 2010 the following Awards should have been announced:

- In 2009, Album of the Year for Original Verse to **"Coming Home" by Ray Essery** of Brunswick Heads, NSW.
- In 2010 Album of the Year for Original Verse to **"I Say" by Carol Heuchan** of Cooranbong, NSW.

Both poets will be presented with their retrospective Golden Gumleaf trophies on stage at the Bush Laureate Awards in Tamworth in January 2012.

A spokesman for the organisers said it was very regrettable that a serious oversight in the judging process had resulted in these Awards not being announced and presented at the time. He apologised

to all participants and winners and said that a comprehensive review of procedures and rules was under way. As in the past there would be consultation with poets and representatives of the Australian Bush Poets Association.

The Australian Bush Laureate Awards were started in 1996 and celebrated their 16th year in 2011. The objectives of the Awards are to recognise excellence in published and recorded Australian bush poetry and to encourage and promote the writing, publishing and recording of traditional Australian rhymed verse.

February 8, 2011

For more information please call:

Max Ellis (02) 6766 1374

No matter what our political beliefs may be, the reality is that thousands of our young men and women are leaving our country to serve in Afghanistan and the Middle East.

This poem is a tribute to these brave Australians and to all who wait for their return.

I tell this story from a mother's viewpoint and I call it -

A SOLDIER BRAVE

by Brenda Joy It took out 2nd in the Ipswich Poetry Feast (October 2010) and 2nd in the written at Morisset - Hunter Poets (October 2010).

I saw the news, horrific views of soldier coming home,
though brave of deed, no life to lead, and never more to roam.
With tribute earned he had returned - another Aussie dead.
Beloved son - her only one - a mother's tears were shed.

His coffin's drape - an honoured cape -
our flag of Southern Cross,
but stars of light can't hide the sight of that poor mother's loss.
Such empathy I feel to see her wreath upon his tomb.
My son still fights for human rights
where cultured poppies bloom.

For God who gave a soldier brave for me to nurse awhile,
I steered your days of boyish plays
through childhood tear and smile.
Your wounds I'd chafe and keep you safe
encircled in my arms.
Each memory comes back to me -
my treasure chest of charms.

With adulthood, I understood, you had your life to lead.
Your wife brought joy and baby boy -
I watched your plans succeed.
But world moved on, with dream-times gone,
another path you trod.
Although I care I'm well aware, you're in the hands of God.

You heeded call along with all who rallied to the cause -
no harder than Afghanistan to tackle Terror's wars.
The chilling word so often heard. Our country's vital role
to help united forces fight the *Taliban's* control.

I have some trace when you're on base encamped at Kandaha.
Through modern net or 'phone you get in contact from afar.
But even there the constant scare from dangers rocket borne,
an enemy you cannot see; no battle codes are drawn.

It's hidden well, the force from hell that threatens global calm,
with children used and life abused - no place is safe from harm.
And more I grieve when you must leave and go behind the lines
to regions strange, within the range of guns, explosives, mines.

I know you fly to take supply to allied bases far,
but there's no word on what's incurred or where you really are.
Our lads I know have had to go on missions danger filled -
they take on task too much to ask,
those gunners highly skilled.

And you my boy, do they employ your special talents there -
put downs and pick-ups rough and quick, a target in the air?
That barren land of dust and sand and rugged hill terrain,
when you're away I beg the day I'll hear your voice again.

Leanne came by, we didn't cry, we laughed and shared a joke.
For Timmy's sake we must not break

but through our eyes we spoke.
He needs his Dad, he's just a lad, he doesn't understand,
just misses you as you go through crusade in foreign land.

With loss of limb or eyesight dim our soldiers brave return,
and everyone with girl or son for absent child must yearn.
But they would pray that on that day

no hindrance meets their sight
and I'm the same, I dread some maim
might be your future plight.

And what of those with no repose
from nightmare, fear and stress;
no wounds displayed for accolade but crippling none the less?
Those tortured souls who've played their roles
against such fierce attack;
with inner pain and mental strain, how can they settle back?

No solace comes to Aussie mums whose children fight abroad,
no night's reprieve, no fear's relieve, no news reports ignored.
With ring or knock I feel the shock of heartbeat pounding loud.
Don't swap your swag for Aussie flag
to drape your coffin's shroud.

The fervent care of all who share and want you home from war
is that unharmed you'll come disarmed
to be with us once more.

A soldier brave, the son He gave -
your loss my soul would wrack.
I pray for peace, that wars may cease -
that God may speed you back.



CASINO VILLAGE RV RESORT

**Friday to Sunday
12 to 14 August
2011**

**Bushmans
Heritage
Festival
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**3 DAYS of...
Bush Poetry
Amateur &
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Camp Oven
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**The Murrindindi
DUSTY SWAG AWARDS 2011**
(Estab. 2000)

*Designed to encourage the writing of
bush poetry and stories, with sections for
Open or Themed, Yarns or Schools
(Grade 3 to Yr 12)*

Due date 30th June 2011

Entry Form, Teacher Notes @

<dustyswag.zoomshare.com>

**Theme Section -
'New life after Drought, Fire or
Flood
(Flora, Fauna or Humans)**

*Direct Contact - Rex Tate,
7 Vickery St., Alexandra Vic. 3714
Ph: 0357721253*

SPONSORS INVITED



NORTH PINE BUSH POETS' GROUP INC

Camp oven Festival

19th - 20th - 21st AUGUST, 2011

Performance and Written Competitions
Open and Novice Written Competition - Closing date 11th July
Performance Categories Closing Date 5th August

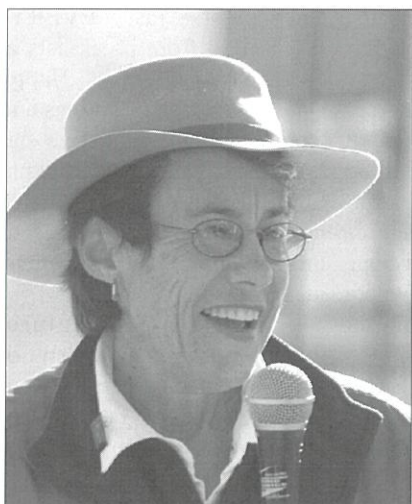
*** Junior * Novice * Yarn Spinning * Duos ***

***OPEN - Both Male and Female Categories: *Classical/Modern - Serious and Humorous ***

***Original Serious and Humorous ***

Entry forms: SSAE Dot Schwenke, 12 Herbert Street, Scarborough Qld. 4020 cayandbarry@gmail.com

Further information Phone Dot 07 3203 6681 - Barry Ellem 07 3482 3541



Nine Minutes to One

by Jacqui Warnock

Written in Christchurch on 23 February 2011, the day after the earthquake.

Nine minutes to one on a day without sun
A quake no-one had predicted,
Suddenly shaking, the earth split and breaking
Disbelief on our faces inflicted.

Nine minutes to one when the chaos begun
The centre of Christchurch is breaking.
To the shaken reaction, leaking through liquefaction
For people there dread and hearts aching.

Nine minutes to one, no way you could run
Uncontrollable cars on the road;
People knocked off their feet, falling rooves and concrete
Shock and fear as the aftershocks slowed.

Nine minutes to one, debris by the ton
Right away then some lives are taken.
Dust raised in a cloud, sirens screaming aloud,
Best made plans in an instant forsaken.

Nine minutes to one. The Prime Minister's come,
Encouraging words spoken clearly -
*"Roads can be retraced, buildings can be replaced
But it's lives that we hold most dearly."*

Nine minutes to one may be when it begun
But the ending is so far from here.
Emergency crews, miraculous rescues
And the spirit of New Zealand to cheer.

Jacqui and Jack Warnock of Narrabri NSW had their own share of the drama as they were in Christchurch for the earthquake, but fortunately not in the CBD at the time, although they were on their way there at the time. The violent 'rolling' of the car I'll never forget' says Jacqui, 'and the thought of what may have happened will be with them for a long time. Like the Pike River disaster it is the suddenness and loss of life that messes with our minds. Life is a precarious journey.'

Boyup Brook

COUNTRY MUSIC FESTIVAL 2011

Bush Poets Report:

The standard of bush poetry and the audience support at this years Boyup Brook Festival were both outstanding. It was a real highlight to have Melanie Hall and Susan Carcary back this year. They were joined by Neil McArthur to provide bush poetry as good as can be found anywhere in Australia or overseas. They were also the headline act at the Friday morning breakfast show at Harvey Dickson's Country Music Centre.

Bush Poet's Breakfasts were held every morning with the Harvey Dickson morning attracting somewhere around 700 to 800 people and the Sunday morning attracting a conservative guess of over 2000 people.

Bush poets again performed at the tennis club on Thursday morning, behind the tourist centre on Friday lunchtime, and at the Bowling Club on Saturday morning. All these events attracted excellent crowds.

The quality of the poetry presented by the WA poets, not only in the competition., but at all the walk up events, was nothing short of first class. The standard was equal to anything ever witnessed by the judges. The quality, the delivery, the pure dedication of all the competitors and performers was something to savour, so congratulations to all, and in particular Irene Conner and Brian Langley (pictured) for reviving the WA championships and hopefully presenting many more years of quality competition.

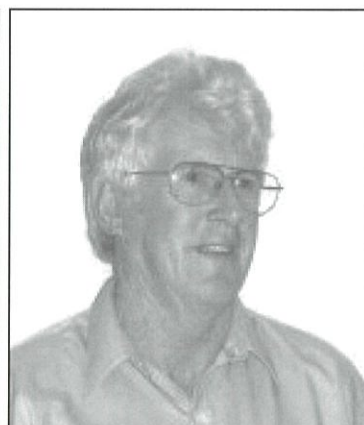
This year the Bush Poetry program rose to new heights, with the inclusion of the WA Bush Poetry and Yarn-spinners State Championship. This was held at St Mary's School on the Saturday afternoon in front of an audience of 100. Non-championship competitions were included in the earlier events. These were yarn-spinning, contemporary poetry and a one minute poets brawl.

The State Championship was contested in the Original Humorous, Traditional, and Original Serious categories, total points for all three deciding the winner.

Peter Blyth from Albany was the winner of the championship, with Bill Gordon from Boyup Brook second. The judges commented that the standard of competition was equal to any throughout Australia, with only a few points separating the top poets.

Workshops on writing and performance were again well attended, with 45 at the afternoon session. This is the third year we have offered workshops, and the benefit of holding them was shown in the standard of performance by all poets on Sunday morning, with new poets matching seasoned veterans.

Organizers would like to thank the Country Music Club and the sponsors, Professionals Real Estate, Boyup Brook Farm Supplies, and Terry Fairhead Realty, for their support in bringing professional poets from Eastern Australia. Bush Poetry continues to be an important part of the Boyup Brook Festival.



U.S. TOUR

WITH CAROL HEUCHAN

Who would have thought this year's tour could possibly be as good (or even better) than last year's? But it was.....

First week, schools, concerts, performing every day and every night. Then off to the inaugural Colorado Cowboy Poetry Gathering. Opening act in the main concert first night and a terrific reaction. (whew) What a thrill to be on stage with the legendary Riders in the Sky! Next day and the first themed concert was to start at 10am. By five past ten all simultaneous sessions were full and the halls were packed! Entertainers stepped up to the plate and raced from one concert to another.

The main auditorium had to be opened up and we all 'bounced off each other' in impromptu performances that rocked the crowds.

The chuck wagons were cooking up a real cowboy storm all day for the dinner and meet and greet with the sponsors and fans before the Saturday Night show. Poets and musos were all staying at the La Quinta Inn and the jam session parties till the wee small hours were just amazing.

A diehard group of us headed next day to the National Stock Show in Denver where I got to 'hop on' an 18.2 hand Percheron (humungous!) and a big Brahman steer.

Got to hand it to the Yanks. Even the most ordinary events were staged in

such an entertaining way, the atmosphere in the Colosseum was electric. Saw the six horse hitch final (sixty six horses and wagons in the arena at once), the Draft Horse pulling contest (eek), mule and donkey events truly surprising.

Dinner that night at a huge fully restored saloon where the tables were four poster beds and a carriage took centre stage. Then to the Buckhorn Exchange (420 shot and stuffed animal heads on the walls (eek again!). We all sang along to the old cowboy songs – heaven.

Writing workshops and more schools followed but the hit with kids right up to high school, was my stockwhip – I had to crack it in just about every school in Colorado.

The final week and my new friends took me out, day

and night, just EVERYWHERE – from breakfasts at diners straight out of Happy Days to Mexican Cantinas and from a jaw-dropping five star horse stud to a fair dinkum little 'country' town ranch house for dinner with one of the cowboys from the gathering.

The real adventure, though, emerged as a result of my passion to see more four legged critters. Yup. I got taken on a Moose Hunt. I stayed overnight at Conifer in the Rocky Mountains at the home of Rex Rideout, singer, musician, historian and mountain man and set off in his 4WD jeep into the wilds, heading for way above the tree line. It was very nearly a disaster, but let me tell you the TRUE story, in verse...

Farce in the Pass © Carol Heuchan 2011

There's some strange up-country noises no-one's ever heard before, in that section of the Rockies way above Grant's Country Store.

Way above Geneva Basin, way above Guanella Pass, where pursuit of local critters has become a bloomin' farce.

See, this sheila from Australia nagged at Rex, the Mountain Man.

to try to find some big horn sheep, so hatched this whacky plan.

And the plan was not restricted; it included elk and moose and Rex, who's so obliging, went along then, with the ruse...

High country it would have to be; we set off straight away.

The winter sun was shining on a Colorado day.

So with great enthusiasm, rugged up well against the freeze, we set off to find the mooses (meises..?) armed with crackers and some cheese. (for us)

Now, despite the preparations (phone the Ranger, check the road), someone hadn't told the mountain the "Be Kind to Tourists" code.

While yours truly searched for critters, Rex ploughed on with great finesse but despite the chains and Four Wheel Drive, we soon were in a mess.

The road ahead impassable, no choice but to retreat. (Wise move. I'd grabbed the handle on the darned ejector seat.)

The track was pretty narrow, not a level patch of ground. We dug our wheels out free at last but couldn't turn around. If you think uphill is dicey – all you do is pray and curse –

well going downhill backwards, mate 's a whole lot flaming worse.

I was listenin' for those noises, when the jeep slid off, and...well, no longer was it heaven. We had ended up in....hell.

We were mighty high (I touched the sky) and not a soul in 'Cooe!'

so trudged off to oblivion and still no critters – phooey! The altitude was probably about nine thousand feet.

The snow was deep, the air was thin, the sun was in retreat.

I kept 'Mum' about the heart attack I'd had a few years back and to tell Rex of my half a lung would be a little slack. We trudged on to Antarctica, (well, half way there I reckon), then found another group was stuck and went across to check...on.

A mob of bikies – big and tough - but not with mountain know how.

We started in to dig 'em out but could have used a snow plough.

No cell phones and no sighter flares, no S.O.S. by e-mail. Blokes' frozen fingers fixing chains (thank God to be a female).

When rescued, they were quick to cry the war cry of the hero. "We'll now go up and bring *you* back!" The chances though, were...zero.

The chains flew off the spinning wheels into the wild *white* yonder.

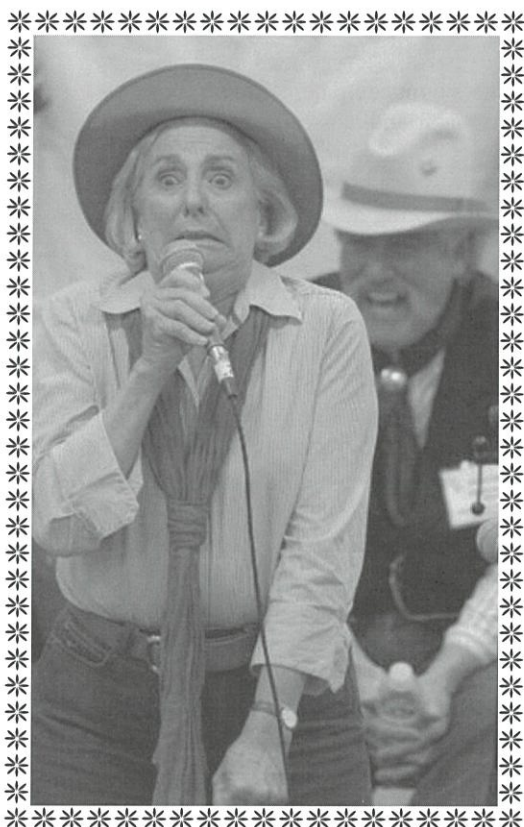
Rex went off to find them on a solitary wander.

'Twas about a half an hour before I realised my plight. I was stranded - with the bikies! And my Rex nowhere in sight!

I had a little panic. 'Magination took a hold. (What stupid thoughts, you stupid girl. You're ugly and you're old.)

Rex returned without the chains. We gave the game away.
 We'd been digging out the wheels with only snowshoes, half the day.
 We all made it to the bottom. Calls for help met with indifference.
 We'd an eerie superstition we had landed in... "Deliverance."
 As daylight shadows deepened, super hero at the door, in the form of 'Ice Road Trucker Bill' an awesome sight for sure.
 He needs no chains or shovels! Jeeps and winches, he's gung-ho!
 Clad in cotton shirt and sneakers while I'm dressed in Eskimo.
 Big snow tyres and those 'walking diffs' to tackle Nature's best and how we clung like leeches as she put us to the test.
 What a team of riders on that twisting, bucking hell!
 Eight seconds would be long enough. For gosh sakes, ring the bell! (apol Murray)

But now the trophy's sighted, just the windows peeping out.
 She's winched, she's hauled, she's free at last. Now, did we ever doubt?
 But facing UP the hill. Wait! Who's that cowboy in the saddle?
 It's Bill from Bailey at the wheel, so everyone skedaddle!
 We're up to knees; we're in the trees, we're holding on our breath,
 as Bill spins round and round and round, defying certain death.
 Wahoo! We're heading homeward in the evening's icy chill.
 And what a great adventure. All that's left is pay the...Bill.
 Well, I'm in another country. What else was I to do?
 What? You're giving me direction how to find the local zoo?
 But what memories for a lifetime. Oh boy, you should have seen us.
 And those noises in the mountains? Critters. Laughing like hyenas...



The blizzard was coming in but relieved, exhausted and famished, we decided to go straight out to dinner and what a memory – The Fort Restaurant, a replica adobe fort, complete with ramparts surrounding a big open courtyard and even an authentic Frontiersman. We started with the traditional drink – a Hailstorm. Take a handful of hail (or crushed ice), whisky, sweetener (melted sugar syrup), and fresh mint leaves in a jar with lid and shake like hell. WOW! And to eat? Buffalo fillet, elk chop and quail in huckleberry sauce. To die for.
 Last day and it's finally snowing like you wouldn't believe. I stepped of the plan in Sydney wearing – to avoid excess baggage - snow boots, parka, scarves and about four layers of shopping and wham! Straight into a heat wave.
 Welcome home, Carol. Start packing now for next year as they've already booked you!

LAGGAN SESSIONS

Newcomers to the district, Mike and Elaine Delaney, are coordinating a bush poetry/music night at the Laggan Pub on Wednesday evening 6 April (7pm). The couple have been involved in bush poetry and music since Elaine started the Queanbeyan Bush Poets in the eighties and the Haven Harmonicas in Nowra during early nineties. Both organisation are still going strong after all these years.

The idea for a bush poets night has evolved from Mike and Elaine's attendance at the Crookwell Australia Day celebration, where it seemed that there were a number of local bush poets in the audience willing to participate but unable to perform because of time constraints on the day.

After prompting by their bush poet neighbour, Marty Boyce, Mike approached the Laggan Pub for the use of the facilities for bush poetry and music nights on a monthly basis. The Campbell family has enthusiastically agreed to host the night. All who would like to share their own work or the work of other Australians are more than welcome. The idea is for a light hearted social evening, with an opportunity for all who wish to participate, to do so in a friendly and encouraging atmosphere.

We are hoping some of our hidden bush musicians will come out of the woodwork to play their harmonicas, fiddles guitars, banjos, concertinas, accordions, spoons etc. Australian bush musicians are almost an extinct species, with very little opportunity to participate in the mainstream bush poetry movement. The Laggan poets hope to be able to provide a venue for a revival of some good strong Aussie bush entertainment. For further details contact Mike or Elaine on 4837 3397

MECHANICAL SURRENDER

© Ellis Campbell Winning entry Harrington 2011

"A GPS is what you need," my neighbour said one day.
"You simply set it when you start and it will show the way.
They know the highways, city streets and every country lane
attach it to your motorcar and you're as right as rain.
It's got the clues to guide you so you never will get lost
eliminate the hassles and forget about the cost."

I was reluctant, I'll admit - I'm never keen on change
how some machine could know so much I found a little strange.
I'm wary of new-fangled stuff, it scares me quite a lot
it's almost supernatural the things they say it's got.
I finally relented and I bought a brand new car,
equipped with navigation gear, a TV and a spa.

In morbid trepidation I approached this monstrous thing
it seemed to ooze such luxury, befitting of a king.
I opened up its gleaming door and sat upon the seat,
its strange array of glossed controls predicted my defeat.
A cultured voice from nowhere came that gave me quite a fright,
"Good morning, sir, and welcome to this carriage of delight.

"You just relax and take the wheel and leave the rest to me,
I'll find the toilets and the pubs and guide you to the quay."
Like someone in a trance I tried to start this strange machine.
"Your seat-belt, sir," the smooth voice said. "You'll find it in between
the plush arm rest and your left leg - make sure it's done up tight -
and don't forget the hand brake. sir - it's there upon your right."

"I've driven bloody cars before," I snarled and bumped my head.
"Don't speak like that to me, you fool," the damn thing coldly said.
"Get stuffed and shut up for a while, and let me work it out -
I've driven wagons, tractors, trucks - and road-trains without doubt."
I'm sorry, sir," the thing replied." - "My knowledge is profound."
"No over-rated fool machine can order me around."

"Impatient drivers are a curse - my system is programmed
to stamp out such aggression and the engine has been jammed.
Remote ignition monitors your temper's high degree
you cannot start the vehicle unless I turn the key.
May I suggest you take a walk - make sure the door is locked
fresh air will cool you down a bit," this mongrel bastard mocked.

"I've heard e-bloody-nough!" I said and slammed the monster's door.
"I'm tired of this new-fangled stuff and can't take any more."
I flounced away and left it there, beside the asphalt road
I'm cured of all technology with one small episode.
It's gleaming in the sunlight there, a sign upon the grille.
"For sale. In new condition. All mod cons & mileage nil."

GET FIT:

I signed up for exercise class and was told
to wear loose fitting garments.
If I had any loose fitting clothing,
I wouldn't have signed up in the first place.

HOUSEWIVES ADVICE:

Always keep several 'Get Well Cards'
on the mantelpiece.
So if unexpected guests arrive,
they will think you have been sick
and unable to clean the house. 'Skew Whiff'

FRIENDS AND NEIGHBOURS

© Maureen Clifford 01.11

I had a neighbour living next to me -
a floozy little tart,
if you were being kind you'd say
her backside matched her heart
which was big - because she always
seemed to take in waifs and strays;
the blokes you find hanging round bars -
those who'd seen better days.

We weren't what you would call good friends -
I didn't like her much.
Found her somewhat rough you see -
lacking the genteel touch.
She'd sometimes stop here for a chat -
I felt she wanted more
though I was always quite polite -
she'd not pass through my door..

You know the type of bird I mean -
they have them in each town.
Their dulcet tones are dulcet not -
they scream, throw things around.
They wear a belt of leather
masquerading as a skirt
and vitriol pours from their lips
making your eardrums hurt.

Her kids are little hoodlums though she thinks
they're rather sweet.
Does she not see them smoking dope
upon the city streets?
They're loud, rude and obnoxious -
but who is their example?
Meet her. You'll be in no doubt
that her friendship you won't sample.

Well now I just have to tell you -
this is a mystery to me,
she's popped up here on Face book
just as friendly as can be.
She says she wants to be my friend.
I'm just a tad surprised.
I'm thinking not bloody likely mate -
you are the booby prize.

It seems she's found some sucker
out there who she plans to wed.
Have no idea where he fits in -
so many shared her bed.
She'd been married before I know,
maybe just once or twice
and she said she'd like more babies -
Oh, and a husband would be nice.

The Government is paying out big time
for such as she
who young and foolish seem to flaunt
fertile fecundity.
She thought a big plasma TV would
really be just dandy.
She just had to get up the duff -
Her eyes were on Reg Landy.

PROFILE:

MAUREEN CLIFFORD

Maureen Clifford was born at Margate in England and has lived in Australia, her true spirit home, since 1961 – a Pommie by birth and proud Aussie by choice.

She has been writing poetry since she was eight years old but says that her work has improved dramatically over the past few years when she started writing on a more serious note, putting in the hard yards and working at it consistently.

The catalyst for this was sparked by time spent on the family property at Stanthorpe, a time of life that was rich in learning and new experiences; a hard but satisfying time that she would not trade for quids, but one that sadly ruined her health considerably. For a city chick to be transported to an isolated sheep property where one car a day going down the road was considered a busy day – was a huge culture shock.

With two loaded rifles in the house to dispatch of unwanted snakes, over a thousand head of sheep to be nurtured and watched over daily and hand fed during the long years of drought – their livelihood was on the hoof and for every one lost it was like standing in the paddock shredding fifty-dollar notes. Orphaned lambs to feed and five dogs to keep watch over added to the workload from daylight to dusk.

Maureen never quite mastered the art of chopping firewood for the fuel stove but many other things she did. She managed the setting up and running of the generator on days when the power was off; she helped on the Lucas Mill cutting and stacking timber for house frames, weatherboards and floorboards etc; worked in the shearing shed as a rousie; as a musterer and handfeeder of sheep.

She coped with the cooking and feeding of up to fifteen people at shearing time; baked bread, cakes and biscuits; preserved fruit and vegetables and made jams and preserves all on an old wood stove.

Monthly shopping trips to town in the farm ute involved a dodgem drive against 'roos, deer, feral pigs, goats and cats over the worst forty kays of dirt road in the country before reaching the bitumen. Flat tyres and breakdowns were another hazard but careful planning had her on the road to home before the mailman came along, ensuring some degree of safety.



The property was eventually sold, the relationship ended, the beloved sheep were sold and the working dogs remained with her 'ex' . . . Maureen's own Pit Bull 'Khadizia' lost her life to a wild pig on the farm and when her time comes she would like her ashes to be returned to the property.

These experiences opened the floodgates to her poetry. She has a passion for writing, has become a prolific poet – one who describes herself at times as suffering from verbal diarrhoea. At times the words just won't turn off - she writes on the train, in her lunch hour – and has been known to rise at 2am and start pounding the keys – she never lets a chance go by.

So there you have it – and in her own words - "one old, obsessive, animal loving, snake hating, Ute driving, retired Mum and Poet who lives with her two dogs in a semi rural area just outside of Brisbane, Queensland Australia. An area that recently flooded with the waters stopping a mere 30 feet from her door – there is a God" she says!

**What's the difference between a lawyer and a liar?
The pronunciation.**

**- It was so cold last winter
that I saw a lawyer walking
down the street with his
hands in his own pockets.**

Reg Landy is a local bloke –
some say thick as two planks;
but he'll always help a mate out
and never expects thanks.
But I fear he's somewhat simple
in the art of womanly wiles
and I doubt he'd know for sure
if she was carrying his child.

She wondered on her Face book page
could someone make a cake,
they were trying to keep costs down
and she knew not how to bake.
It crossed my mind uncharitably
that this was aimed at me
for my fruit cakes win the best of show
each year – they're good you see.

But I was not volunteering –
I am not a silly bunny
and I hope no invitation comes –
don't want to outlay money
on wedding gifts and showers
and wishing her the best
when I cheered to see this family
evicted from their nest.

But it has me somewhat curious –
though I will not investigate
as to why she is on Face book
saying I'm her long lost mate.
God I barely know the woman –
just helped her out once or twice
in the early days before discovering
she wasn't one bit nice.

I hope you don't think that I'm narky –
for I'm not I have to say.
Though I could be, and I should be,
for she lured my man away.
Though in retrospect I reckon
they both got what they deserved.
She is single – he is single –
but my sanity is preserved.

For I'd come to the conclusion
long before she came to town
that the fellow that I lived with
was in fact bringing me down.
He was a boozier, womanizer,
a high flying bag of tricks
who was spending all my money –
I was giving him the flick.

So this girl did me a favour –
though I wouldn't call her friend;
think from Face book I'll erase her –
I won't answer – that should end
any more communication
that she wants to have with me.
Friends are friends and neighbours –
neighbours. She is not my cup of tea.

The Upper Lachlan Bush Poets
WOOLWAGON AWARDS

18-20th NOVEMBER 2011
Crookwell Services Club
Compered by "The Rhymer from Ryde"

Fri 18th, 7pm-Open Mic. Variety Concert
(Frank Daniel Tribute Night)

Sat 19th, from 8.00am
Bush Poetry Performance Competitions

Students 9-17 years & Novice,
Adult Traditional & Contemporary
Original Serious & Humorous

OVER \$3000 in PRIZES
(Incl. trophies by Ron Evans)

Also Adult Written Competition
Original Serious & Humorous
\$900 Prizemoney & Certificates

(Written entries close 31/10/11)
Entry forms all sections write to B&D Murphy

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WA STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS RESULT:

Yarn-spinning:

1st Dave Smith Collie WA
'Aboriginal Carving'
2nd Bill Gordon, Boyup Brook WA
'Condobolin mosquitoes'

3rd Brian Langley, Perth WA
'The trouble with the Kitten'

Bush Poetry Contemporary:

1st. Barry Higgins (Perth) WA
'Bush Justice' by Bob Magor
2nd Bill Gordon (Boyup Brook) WA
'Turbulence' by Murray Hartin
3rd John Hayes (Perth) WA
'From the Lanterns'

by Richard McGoffin

Poets Brawl Winner Robert Gunn.

'Eastern States Tourists'

CHAMPIONSHIP EVENTS

Original Humorous

1st. A dead heat for 1st between
Peter Blyth (Albany) 'After Ewe'
and Peg Vickers (Albany)

'Grandpa's Chooks'

3rd Bill Gordon (Boyup Brook)
'Boyup Brook'

Original Serious

1st Brian Langley (Perth)

'Old Hector'

2nd Peter Blyth (Albany)

'Talking Ground'

3rd Dead heat for third between
Catherine McLernan (Geraldton)

'Red Poppies' and

Roger Cracknell (Geraldton)

'Old Silver'

Traditional:

1st Irene Conner (Jurien)

'Women of the West' by G.E. Evans

2nd Peter Blyth (Albany)

'Fencer's Yarn' by Graham Jenkins

3rd Brian Langley (Perth)

'What of the Pioneers'

by E.G. (Dryblower) Murphy

Overall

WA 2011 Champion Bush Poet

Peter Blyth

Runner up Bill Gordon

3rd Irene Conner

WANTED

At festivals, gatherings, shows, workshops and
concerts all over Australia and overseas.
(U.S. tour Jan 2010, 2011)

CAROL HEUCHAN - Word Slinger

Notorious for producing tears
(hilarious & heart-warming).
Writer & performer, twice
Australian Champion Bush
Poet, 5 times Laureate winner.
Featured in television series
'Bush Slam'

No festival or concert
too large or too small.

Have poems, will travel.

REWARD!

Check her website, www.carolpoet.com.au
or phone (02) 49 773210

Known to use the following disguises



Australian, somehow.

©2010, Andrew Hull

I don't know why I feel this pride
I don't know what these tears are for
I know not one who fought and died
I don't even believe in war
But there's a truth in this ideal
And what it offers, I allow
It fills me up and makes me feel
Australian, somehow.

I watch the flag that gently waves
And feel the burning deep within
I see the way this town behaves
As each of them becomes my kin
I watch the veterans bear their scar
So few of them to gather now
Yet by their deeds I know we are
Australian, somehow.

And all so long ago it seems
The souls we honour paid the price
I wonder have we lived their dreams
And justified their sacrifice?
Today my heart is full and free
Today, again I make the vow
'Remember what it means to be
Australian, somehow'



WHAT I SHOULD 'a' DONE

By Maxine Ireland

*I've travelled round this land of ours,
from Cooktown to Tasmania.
I've seen Bourke and Broken Hill,
and most of South Australia.
I've been to Darwin and Alice Springs,
I've even climbed "The Rock"
I've seen Coober Pedy's under-grounds, and Hobart's floral clock.*

*One meets a lot of characters when travelling around,
But there's one who's deemed a knocker, who you'll meet in every town.
He'd tell you what you should 'a' done, and what you should 'a' seen
And how you should 'a' parked your van, and where you should 'a' been.*

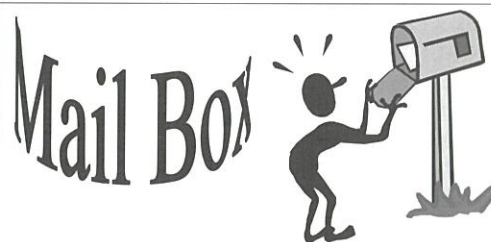
*You should 'a' been here yesterday, we had our annual show.
You should 'a', brought your fishing gear, there's good fishing here you know.
You should 'a' seen the whiting, they were getting up the creek.
Or, You should 'a' seen the tailer, they were catching here fast week.*

*He will ask you where you've come from, and how long you're going to stay,
When you tell him where you're from, and that you're moving on next day,
Well you should 'a' booked the scenic flight, you won't get on it now.
They are always booked out days ahead, at this time anyhow.*

*You should 'a' booked the other boat, it goes further up the river.
And you should 'a' booked the morning cruise, in the afternoon you'll shiver.
You should 'a' waited a few more weeks, the weather's warmer later.
You should 'a' come the other road, it's a bit rougher, but it's straighter.*

*If you go into the laundry, and start using a machine,
For sure, some chatty 'permanent'. will come upon the scene, with,
You should 'a' used the other one, I use it all the time.
Or, the drier's out of order love, you should 'a' used the line.*

*Perhaps I should 'a' done some things, the other way around.
Perhaps I should 'a', pitched my tent, at times, on higher ground
Or faced my van to catch the sun, instead of facing south.
But I know at times, I should 'a', said, politely, shut your mouth.*



Dear Greg,

I belong to a small group of writers on the Far North Coast, called "The Bangalow Writers Group" (BWG). I am the only member who writes Bush verse. The other day we were discussing the needs of beginner writers in terms of feedback and support.

Quite a few of the members spoke about the fees that they had paid, amounting to a few hundred dollars in some cases for a critique of their work.

While we all do our best to support each other, we are not professionals and often need outside help. It was then I realised how unique and generous the ABPA was and I spoke of the help and support I had been given, including yourself.

I would like to mention and publically thank those who have assisted me with help and all sorts of advice: Ellis Campbell, who has given me hours of his valuable time in critiquing my poems, Carol Heuchan and Alex Raymer, who helped me get started and Jan Morris, Jan Lewis, Cheryl Peters and Robyn Franks, competition organisers who have responded to a beginner's questions with patience and understanding.

Yours sincerely,
Yvonne Harper.

Extra Special Announcement!

Well known, award winning poet and A.B.P.A. member, Maurie Foun, wishes to extend an open invitation to all fellow members and their friends, to attend a Grand Opening Celebration Ceremony at his fully self-funded and constructed, purpose built Amphitheatre and Basic Camping Complex in picturesque Corryong in north east Victoria.

Maurie is developing approximately 3 acres of his 7 acre property, once known as the 'Resting Paddock' into the 'Resting Place - Poets Paradise.'

The date for the planned event is April 25th 2011. ie. Anzac Day, Easter Monday at 4.30pm ... (The best time to visit Corryong.) Hopefully, current negotiations with the traditional land owners will see a Smoking Gumleaf Ceremony taking place, together with an Official Australian Flag Raising Ceremony.

This event will be followed by a B.Y.O. everything community sharing meal. The evening, with its overwhelming sunset will then run into a splendiferous

'White Fellas Corroboree', complete with recitals, music, fire and unequalled camaraderie, hosted by the man himself.

AN OUTSTANDING EVENING IS GUARANTEED!

FREE, shady or full-sun campsites are available on-site, including 8 council approved flush toilets (1 squat) and 2 tiled floor hot showers. Caravan sites are available too. (Mains power is not!)

No pets please.

The address is 568 Murray Valley Highway (B400) Toowong via Corryong Victoria. 3707

(8km east of Corryong on the Khancoban section of the road).

RSVP to Maurie on 02 6076 1228 before 8.30pm.

P.S. Appropriate donations would be very greatly appreciated.

JULY
8th, 9th, 10th - 2011

16th BUNDY

BUSH POETRY MUSTER

Across the Waves Sports Club Inc. 1 Miller Street BUNDABERG

JULY
8th, 9th, 10th - 2011

Special Guest Poets

Neil McArthur

Gregory North

Bill Kearns

Presentation of
Bush Lantern Award
for Written Verse 2011
Sunday - July 10th

Performance Competition

Open (men & women separate categories)
Intermediate, Novice, Juniors (U/8yrs & 8 yrs to U/16 yrs)
Duo Performances, Yarnspinning & One Minute Cup

Cash Prizes & Trophies
in all categories

Bush Lantern Award 2011 - Written Competition for Bush Verse

ALSO

Bush Lantern Award - Junior Category - Primary & Secondary School Students

CLOSING DATE: 20th MAY - 2011

FREE Poetry Workshop

In conjunction with the Bundy Bush Poetry Muster week-end Gregory North will conduct a children's story telling session on Tuesday July 5th in the Bundaberg Library and a **FREE** poetry workshop in the Council Training Rooms (behind the library) on Thursday July 7th from 10am to Noon.
Bookings are essential as numbers are limited.

All phone and email enquiries:

Bette Shiels 07 4155 3293
bette.shiels@bigpond.com

Sandy Lees 07 4151 4631
lees@fastel.com.au

Jan Facey 0418 152 777
janfacey@bigpond.com.au

Entry forms

SSAE

Performance coordinator or
Bush Lantern Coordinator
(whichever is applicable)

Bundaberg Poets Society Inc
PO Box 4281

BUNDABERG SOUTH Q 4670
or email. lees@fastel.com.au

OPEN INVITATION

GRAND OPENING CELEBRATION CEREMONY



Contact Maurie Foun
568 Murray Valley Highway (B400)
Toowong, via CORRYONG V. 3707

rsvp 02 6076 1228



The **FREE POETS CALENDAR** has returned with as many claimed dates as are available at time of printing. Secretaries are asked to submit details of their coming events in 2011 as per the following list. To allay costs, copy of events and festivals would be appreciated if accompanied by a paid advertisements prior to the event date. Poets, please contact secretaries to ensure information is correct.

APRIL 2011

24 Rathdowney Heritage Festival See next page.

MAY 2011

26th 31st Casino Beef Week - be part of Casino's signature event. More details <http://www.casinobeefweek.com.au/> See next page.

Norfolk Island Bush Verse and History Tour with Jim Haynes, Noel Stallard, Archie Bigg and 'John O'Brien' - www.jimhaynes.net

29 North Pine Mid Year Charity Concert Contacts: Dot 07 32036681 or Barry 07 34823541

JUNE 2011

10-13 Perisher NSW Snowy Mountains of Music, Bush Poetry and Yarns, www.snowymountainsofmusic.com.au Dave de Santi

June Long weekend Merriwa

June Long weekend Gulgong henrylawsongulgong@yahoo.com.au SSAE PO Box 235 Gulgong NSW 2852 Cheryl Peters 02 6374 1213

June Long Weekend Grenfell

JULY 2011

8th, 9th & 10th: **Bundy Bush Poetry Muster** - Bette Shiels 07 41553293, Sandy Lees 0741514631, Jan Facey 0418152777

AUGUST 2011

12-14 Bushmans Heritage Festival, Casino Village RV Resort 02 6662 1069 www.casinovillage.com.au

19-21 North Pine Camp Oven Festival. Performance & written competition. Contact Dot: 07 32036681 or Barry 07 34823541.

SEPTEMBER 2011

17th -18th The inaugural Southern Tablelands September symposium. Laggan NSW. More to follow.

OCTOBER 2011

Kyabram "Around the Campfire" Thursday night before the Vic. Championships. Les Parkinson 03 58522281 Mick Coventry 0427 522097 vic CHAMPIONSHIPS

Vic. Bush Poets and Musicians Assn. meets at **Benalla** Contact: Jan Lewis 0260774332 poetfarm@corryongcec.net.au

21-23 **Kangaroo Valley** Folk Festival Applications from May to August 31

contact Stuart Leslie www.kangaroovalleyfolkfestival.com.au e. poetry@kangaroovalleyfolkfestival.com.au

28-30 Hunter Poetry Fest at WEC Camp & Conference Centre, Morisset. Workshops (writing, performing, publishing etc) beginners to professionals. Word-games, forum and fun. Enq. carol@carolpoet.com.au

NOVEMBER 2011

Rudds Pub Nobby Qld.

5th **Dalgety** on the Snowy River Lee Taylor-Friend leetaylorfriend@hotmail.com

18-19 **Upper Lachlan** Wool Wagon Awards - **Crookwell** NSW Ph. 'Spud' 02 4832 1004

DECEMBER 2011

3RD **Young NSW** National Cherry Festival Poets Competition. Greg Broderick. gbroderi@bigpond.net.au

Written comps closing dates:

May 20th: **Bundaberg** Bush Lantern Award for Bush Verse 2011. (Contacts TBA.)

July 15: **North Pine** Camp Oven Festival. Performance & written competition. Contact Dot: 07 32036681 or Barry 07 34823541.

July 30th. **Nandewar Poetry Competition**. Info and entry forms Secretary, Historical Society PO box 55 Narrabri 2325 tourism@narrabri.nsw.gov.au

October 12th: **Upper Lachlan Wool Wagon Written Awards** Crookwell NSW Ph. 'Spud' 02 4832 1004

Poets by the Sea – all washed up

No longer will Bush Poets be able to go 'Surfin the Verse' at Harrington.

Due to next years Tamworth Country Music Festival being planned for the 20th - 29th of January 2012 and ours on the 27th - 29th our two events have clashed.

As such the decision has been made to cancel next years Poets by the Sea.

The thought of shifting the event to another time presented other difficulties. Poets by the Sea was part of the Manning River Summer Festival and was underwritten by Council for publicity, accountancy and insurance support.

Poets by the Sea had a short spectacular 3 years of life, but all those involved will remember the experience.

Thank you to all who supported our efforts and contributed in any way.

You will all be remembered.

Bill Dennis

NEW BOOK RELEASE

limited edition reprint

"Under Wide Skies"

by Jim Grahame (J W Gordon)

James Gordon was Henry Lawson's mate and tramped with him from Bourke to Hungerford and back. Henry Lawson gave Gordon his pen name Jim Grahame.

His best known poem is probably "Whalan of Waitin' a While".

"Under Wide Skies"

was originally published by the citizens of Leeton in 1947 and the reprint is now available for \$30 plus \$11 postage = \$41 from his great-granddaughter:

Phillipa Hollenkamp
Shop 2/137 Princes Hwy
Ulladulla NSW 2539

Phone: 02 4455 7999, 0409 564 100

Email: getwet@shoalhaven.net.au

Or enquires to John Davis

Phone: 02 4455 2013

NANDEWAR POETRY COMPETITION

CONDUCTED BY
NARRABRI & DISTRICT HISTORICAL
SOCIETY INC.

FIRST PRIZE: \$150 AND TROPHY
SECOND PRIZE: \$100
THIRD PRIZE: \$50

Closing Date: July 30th.

ENTRY FORM
Available from The Narrabri Tourist
Information Office 67996760

Or

Narrabri & District Historical Society Inc.

P. O. Box 55

Narrabri 2390

Entries to be returned to above address

Annual Rathdowney Heritage Festival

Remembering the ANZAC Spirit
Sunday 24th April 2011

In 2011, RADHA Inc. will run its first Bush Poetry Competition during the Heritage Festival.

Entry Forms are required to be lodged by 15th April, 2011.

Find all the full details about the Bush Poetry Competition here.

<http://www.rathdowney.org.au/content/view/23/37/>

E-mail: info@rathdowney.org.au
Telephone: +61 7 5544 1222

Entry: \$10; Concession \$8;
13 years and under FREE
Rathdowney Memorial Grounds
8:00am - 4:00pm

CASINO BEEF WEEK 26th – 29th MAY 2011

featuring the

North Coast's Poets Gathering
at the

Cecil Hotel Casino

all poets are most welcome.

This years guests poets are
Neil McArthur and Carol Heuchan.
programme

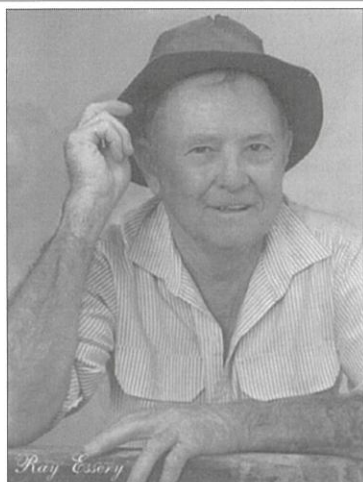
Walk-ups daily from 11am to 1pm
26th May to 28th May
29th May - 11am-1pm

Jack Axford Bush Poetry competition.
all welcome.....

enquiries : **RAY ESSERY**

w. 02 6644 8285 h.02 6685 1867
m. 0438 843 817

1108



'The Mullumbimby Bloke'
RAY ESSERY

Rathdowney Heritage Festival Poetry Competition

On Sunday the 24th April 2011 the little township of Rathdowney will be transformed for the Rathdowney Heritage Festival. Rathdowney is 96km south west of Brisbane and 32km south of Beaudesert. Rathdowney is linked to Tenterfield and Stanthorpe by the scenic highway drive through the mountains of the border ranges; to Kyogle and Lismore by the Summerland Way; and is within comfortable driving distance of the hinterland national parks and the Gold Coast.

In 2011 the Rathdowney and Districts Heritage Association will run its first bush poetry competition. This will start at 9.30 am with an open microphone from 9.00am. There will also be an open microphone during the lunch hour, after the competition.

After lunch bush poetry will continue through the afternoon with the humorous antics of Jim Tonkin and Gerry King. There is a bush poetry tent with plenty of tables and seat-

ing. If you would like more information contact
jimtonkin@virginbroadband.com.au
or
geraldineking
@virginbroadband.com.au

Entry forms from the net need to be in by April 10 to guarantee a place in the heat/s.

A children's event (primary school students only).

Prizes: certificates and 1st Prize: Book and \$20; 2nd Prize: \$10; 3rd Prize: \$5

An open event. Prize: certificates and 1st Prize: \$100; 2nd Prize: \$50; 3rd Prize: \$20.

All novices (a competitor who has not won a novice or open event) will compete with open competitors, but will be judged as a novice. Prize: certificate and \$50 for best novice.

A Heritage Certificate will be awarded for the best traditional poem throughout the competition.

For more information email Gerry at geraldineking

@virginbroadband.com.au
(ph: 07 5547 8342) or Jim.

Casino Beef Week

first commenced in 1982 following a public meeting held to discuss options for an annual festival.

The mayor of Casino Gerry Kelly invited former Casino resident and business consultant Michael Zann to assist the town come up with an idea to promote the town and region. When Mr Zann was told that the local economy was largely dependent on the beef industry he suggested that beef be the focus of a festival.

The rest, as they say is history.

The first festival was small but introduced the concept that has made Casino Beef Week unique – cattle in the main street.

The second year saw the introduction of the Miss Beef Week Queen competition (now re-named Miss Casino Beef Week) where young women are sponsored by the various beef breeder associations and represent the town and the festival throughout the year.

As Casino Beef Week approaches its 29th anniversary it is one of the most widely known and popular regional

festivals with an average of 20,000 people crowding into town on the main Saturday.

On this day the country comes to town, with a led steer and stud heifer competition followed by a live auction taking place around the town's central point – the Mafeking Lamp memorial.

The main streets are closed and filled with food stalls, entertainment stages, whip cracking, wood-chopping, junior stockman and lady competitions, street entertainers, art and craft exhibitions and more.

The ever successful bush poets walk-ups and the Jack Axford Memorial Bush Poetry competition led by Ray Essery and special guests Carol Heuchan and Neil MacArthur will once again draw crowds to overflowing at the famous Cecil Hotel from 26th to 29th May.

The grand parade of colourful floats takes pride of place in the afternoon and the crowd disperses to the rodeo at the nearby showground or spills out of the pubs and clubs to enjoy live music and comradeship. This brief overview can't do justice to this unique home grown festival. You need to be there.

The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.

(Established 1994)

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Federal Member for New England in the
Parliament of Australia.

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The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc Newsletter is set-up, published and posted direct to subscribers bi-monthly by the ABPA Inc.

Deadline for copy -

20th of month preceding the month of issue.

Note: Every endeavour is made to inform readers, poets, competitors etc., of functions, written and performance competitions and so on. Space does not provide to print competition entry terms and conditions, or details beyond the closing dates and dates of such event. Further information can be obtained from the organizers by sending an SSAE (stamped self-addressed envelope) to the addresses supplied.

Across the Condamine

by Charlee Marshall

There's an old grey-headed stockman
In a unit over town -
He seldom smiles or finds a word to say,
His hands are worn and calloused,
His face is thin and brown
And his eyes burn with the fire of yesterday.

Sometimes the grandkids visit
When they have the time to spare,
They kiss his cheek and say he's looking fine,
But he seldom hears their chatter
For he isn't really there...
He's riding herd across the Condamine.

There's a blue-eyed girl he married
Comes smiling through his dreams,
She's buried in a sleepy country town.
For she couldn't bear the loneliness
of western droving teams
And the Phantom of the Outback struck her down.
Now the welfare lady calls in,
She brings him all his meals,
With now and then a pension cheque to sign -
But she'll never know the hunger
And the longing that he feels
For the taste of dust across the Condamine.

There's a creaking of the saddle
And a twitching of the rein
The smell of sweat and horses on the trail,
And his eye is on the leaders
As he checks the drive again
And whistles to old Bluey at the tail.
He grips the ragged cushions
Of the lounge between his knees,
His waving hand is counting one to nine;
But he's ridden many 'jumpers
With a better turn than these
At rodeos across the Condamine.

There's a nurse comes every Friday
To listen to his heart;
How can she know it's roaming far away
From that frail and tired body
Where once it was a part -
A host that it will beckon to one day.
On some misty summer morning
He will heed the call to go
Where skies are blue and stars will always shine,
And a smile upon his waxen lips
Will let the neighbours know
He's home at last across the Condamine.

Poets by the Sea

The surf was up at Harrington on the last weekend in January as poets gathered to try their luck at Surfin the Verse. Dave Proust was there telling us just how surfies could match it with outback bull riders in his yarn about 'the Surfie in the Outback'. The man of many hats, Gregory North was there to 'Stick It' to us coasties in his 'Fully Sick Mate' Ute (Peugeot Panel Van).

Peter Capp came down to check out whether the 'Wongans were ripe Yet' and Gabby Calquhoun dropped in to entertain us with her wobbly bits. Glenly Palmer also called in to offer some advice on how to live with and without men.

Dianne Lindsay and Peter Simpson added a new dimension to musical support. They thrilled audiences with a wide range of country music and acoustic presentations.

The 'Surfin the Verse' competition was hotly contested in both written and performance categories. The Dal Gill Memorial Prize in honour of our now deceased patron was a popular award.

Winners:- Written Verse

Humorous (Original Works)

1st) Ellis Campbell (Mechanical Surrender) 2nd) Trish Patterson (Acceptance) 3rd) Noel Pickett (Billynudgels 'Nudgel Billy')

Coastal Theme (Original Works)

1st) Max Merckenschlager (Encounter with Whales) 2nd) Heather Searles (Come walk the Wall) 3rd) Brenda Joy (Centaur)

Dal Gill Memorial Prize: Heather Searles (Come walk the Wall)

Winners:- Performance Verse

(Non Original Verse)

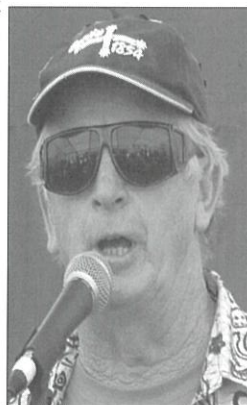
1st Peter Mace, 2nd Isabella Bailey, 3rd Heather Searles

(Original Verse)

1st Heather Searles, 2nd Peter Mace, 3rd Neil Jones

It was a great weekend and we are looking forward to next year. We hope you can join us.

Bill Dennis
Poets by the Sea
Coordinator



PETER CAPP

Russell Hannah OAM

Russell Hannah of Shellharbour NSW has been awarded an OAM for services to the Arts, Folk Music, Spoken Word and beyond!

(from David De Santi).

'Our own cuddly Big Russ, aka Russell Hannah, was awarded an Order of Australia Medal on yesterday 26 January 2011.

As many would know Russell has been an instrumental force in the Illawarra Folk Club and the Illawarra Folk Festival.

With his love of 60s folk and spoken word, he joined the Illawarra Folk Club in 1982 and helped establish the Illawarra Folk Festival in 1985, firstly at Wilton, then Jamberoo and now in Bulli. He is the Folk Club and Folk Festival President and continues to add his inspiration and organisational skills to both.

Russell proclaimed, as the new Presidente of the Folk Republic of Bulli, that his acceptance of the award would be on behalf of the 'thousands of others' who volunteer in the Illawarra for community events and in recognition of the folk scene as a whole.

The award also acknowledges Rus-

sell's community service, much of which has been in the area of education as a teacher at a High School, TAFE and Correctional Centres. He also had a stint a Shellharbour City Councillor for 5 years. A life-long love of words has also led to co-authoring a book on Australian railway folklore, writing poetry, limericks and associating with other poets and yarn-spinners.

However he still does remain a tormenter of accordion players and a lover of tripe...'



I got an O.A.M last month,
I think it's pronounced 'oam',
I thought it was a speeding fine,
they mailed it to my home.
Service to the arts it said,
you're now a right royal toff.,
my daughter who is rude and crude,
said they've left the first 'f' off.
'Wrong' I heard my friends all shout,
One things really plain to see,
you've got this 'oam' for services
to the pubs and T.A.B.
My wife she is a cynic,
so the thing that you'd expect
she says that I have got my 'oam',
for family neglect.
My kith and kin have all met -
and on one thing they all agree
I never got my 'oam'
for writing po-et-tree.
I'll be somewhat vice-regal,
when presented with my 'oam'
with polished thongs and brand new
shorts
and a red cap on my 'doam'.
If you wonder what to call me,
no need to make a fuss
Tug your forelock, dip your lid and say;
'G'day Comrade Sir Bigruss

Henry Lawson Society of NSW Inc

2011

Annual Literary Awards



Revised closing dates for our Literary Awards:

Essential Energy Emerging Performance Poets Competition: 29th April 2011

**Essential Energy Leonard Teale Memorial Performance Poetry Competition:
20th April 2011**

THE LAND Open Written Poetry Award: 20th April 2011

The Visit Mudgee Region Emerging Poet's Award: 20th April 2011

The LAND Open Short Story Award: 20th April 2011

The Visit Mudgee Region Emerging Writer's Award: 20th April 2011

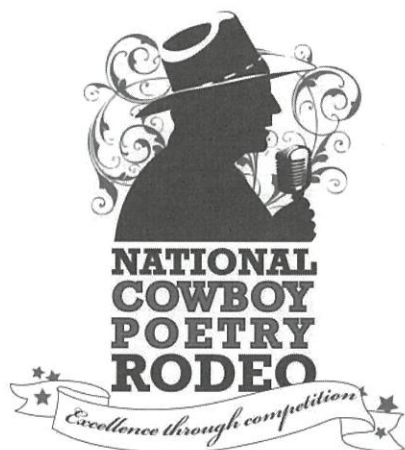
Student sections, Primary and Secondary will remain 8th April 2011

For further information please refer to article in this magazine.



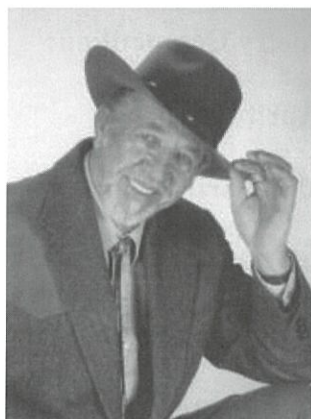
BUSH POETS: **Invitation to attend!!!**

If you happen to be travelling in the U.S. this coming August
come see how you 'stack-up' against
North America's Cowboy Poets!!!
Dave Proust made a fine showing in 2010!!



The National Cowboy Poetry Rodeo
extends an invitation to enter our unique competition,
now in its 14th year,
taking place this coming August 18th thru 20th in conjunction
with Kanab Utah's spectacular
Western Legends Round-up.

\$6,000 prize money
Silver Buckles
Trophies
Headliner show stage time



Sam Jackson

For information, please email
Sam Jackson,
last2camp@kanab.net

2 NEW CD'S OUT NOW!

THE RHYMER FROM RYDE



**HOME
BREW**
TWO CD BOX SET

Multi-Award Winning Bush Poet
Graeme Johnson's
first new release since 2004

2 New CD's recorded "**LIVE!**"

"LIGHT"

(An original comedy CD)

"FULL STRENGTH"

(Australian History in verse)

Available separately for **\$25** ea
(Incl. post)

OR

AS A 2 CD BOXED SET

"HOME BREW"

for **\$35** (Incl. post)

18 POEMS over 2 CD'S

100 mins long

(Including 8 award winners)

Contains the 2011 Golden Dampier Award
Winning poem

"Barangaroo & the Pontiff too!"

Graeme's previous wins include

Henry Lawson Adult Literary Award
Leonard Teale Memorial Spoken Word
Award

Banjo Paterson Award
Bobby Miller Memorial Award

Please send cheque or money order to
Graeme Johnson
P.O. Box 655
West Ryde, NSW, 1685

My paternal Grandparents' original wedding photo (+ 100yrs old) hangs in pride of place in my home. Directly opposite hangs two beautiful 'Honour The Brave' certificates with little oval pics at their bases, of two of their sons lost to war.



I mused on how quite unintentionally I had placed these photos gazing directly at each other, and how very sad that is....and how, even sadder, the wheels of war just keep turning. Hope you enjoy.... Glenn Palmer

‘CERTIFICATES TO MOUNT’

© 2010 Glenn Palmer

(First prize, NSW State Championships, Written Serious Poem)

A mother gazes mutely from a humble oval frame;
a father standing staunchly by her side does much the same.
Across a room bedecked with shameless platitudes sublime,
two sons of war gaze proudly back, in uniforms of crime.

Two sons so keen & ready to defend our country's shores,
two sons beguiled by despots fuelling fiscal gain through wars;
just fodder for Gallipoli, just seen as no account,
and granted for their legacy?...certificates to mount.

I ache for Grandma gazing from that oval picture frame,
and see within my Grandad's eyes presumption of the shame
that banished each dear son to blood soaked clay of foreign wild,
and banished ever more, the right to see, to hold their child.

And yet another mother smiles within a gilded frame;
her son, in pin striped suit's success, beside her smiles the same.
Across a room bedecked with priceless artefacts, ill won,
sublime in moral ignorance, she sees and holds *her* son...

...her son, who rose to Presidency, oils the war machine
while thumping on the dais, "...terrorism is obscene."
And all his human cattle don his uniforms of crime,
while he invests with confidence in terrorism's mime.

Big bankers and big business...the five percent that rules
the power gods dictating a 'democracy' of fools,
while we, the ninety five percent, are forging on the tread
to turn their wheels with honest sweat, to keep their fodder fed.

And now this mother's weeping on a wooden picture frame.
My son of war smiles proudly back entirely free of blame,
just fodder for Afghanistan, just seen as no account
by despots; and his legacy?... certificates to mount.

THE SPIRITS OF KOKODA

by Chris Long Edmonton Qld.

The spirits of Kokoda stand vigilant in the night,
Although the guns are silent and the mountain valleys quiet.
To guard their southern homeland for all eternity,
Those ragged, bloody hero's who kept Australia free.

Endurance, mateship, sacrifice and courage was their code,
A legacy of fortitude that time cannot erode.
The scars of war are fading and the nights are calm and still,
But they're on guard at Isurava and dug in on Brigade Hill.

Their Fuzzy Wuzzy Angles will guide them on the track,
To keep the night time vigil

then at dawn will guide them back.

To the gardens at Bomana where they rest now side by side,
In the shadow of remembrance and our gratitude and pride.

Their names are etched in marble,
their age and when they fell,
Many are unknown, but it's said God knows them well.
One, 'Gave his life for country, his father's only son'.
The boy who lies beside him, 'Rests with his duty done.

It's a place of solemn sadness, but their spirits can be felt,
As you think of their misfortune

at the cards that history dealt.

While their ghostly ranks are swelling

as the weary veterans age'

And time just keeps on marching as we turn another page.

But we will all remember on the dawn of Anzac Day,
Then feel proud to be Australian

when we hear the bugle play.

And when the last one leaves us to their memory we'll toast,
While the spirits of Kokoda are still standing at their post.

THE BOY SOLDIER

(An Australian death in Afghanistan)

© Trisha Patterson (Feb. 2011)

He's only a boy in the guise of a man;
A soldier with dreams and a future to plan—
He's far from his family; far from his friends;
Survival and safety, on *luck* all depends!

He's only a boy and with lessons to learn;
Each challenge he faces will risk his return—
His mother is mournful and often she'll weep,
Each night as she kneels and she prays for his keep!

....

He *was* a boy soldier, but fate intervened;
The slate of his dreams so abruptly was cleaned—
A life sadly ended on harsh, foreign ground;
Its reasons we question, with answers unfound!

Hunter Poetry Fest 28-30 October

WEC Camp & Conference Centre, Morisset
Workshops (writing, performing, publishing etc) beginners to professionals wordgames, forum and fun.

Enq. carol@carolpoet.com.au 02 4977 3210



Some of the local poets at the Sunday Brekkie at Boyup Brook WA. From left: John Hayes, Brian Langley, Irene Conner, Peg Vickers, Roger Cracknell, Bill Gordon, Barry Higgins, Peter Blyth, Dave Smith and Robert Gunn.



Surfin' the Verse Winners at Harrington

Non Original Verse. Peter Mace, Isabella Bailey (l) and Heather Searles. Heather Searles won the Original Verse section from Peter Mace. Far right. Brenda Joy Pritchard. 3rd in Written section.



Below:

Jan Lewis and Jenny Markwell at the 2010 Man from Snowy River Poetry and Bush Music Festival



Poetry pages

You Will Find Our Dust	Tomas Hamilton	2
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