

ABPA

Australian Bush Poets Association
Volume 28 No. 1 February/March 2022



*I Look Silly?
At least I
remembered to
renew my ABPA
Membership!*



It took three years, but Jack's new book is finally in print - a history of Queensland's Frontier Wars that debunks the myth that Australia was settled peacefully.

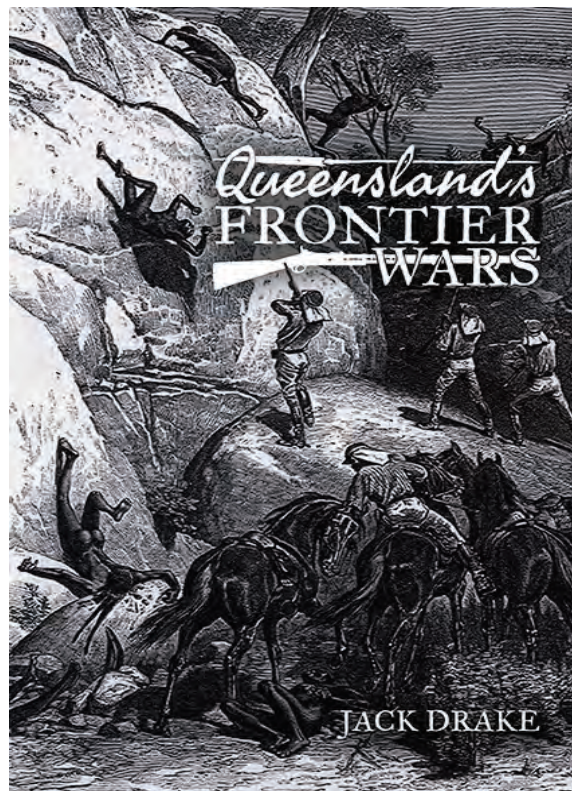
When asked to write this book in 2018, I began researching. I had a good idea of what had happened through previous reading, but as evidence began piling up, the scope of atrocity from colonial times, was truly appalling.

As the title suggests, the book is about Queensland's experience but the same thing occurred Australia wide. The image of the hardy settler tackling the wilderness armed with little more than a stockwhip and pocket knife, was carefully nurtured by successive governments and early historians.

From the late 1960s, some historians began getting the truth out. They were ridiculed and labelled "Black Armband" by politicians and others who wished to preserve the status quo. However, it is heartening to see their efforts have not been in vain.

Queensland's Frontier Wars is written in the style of a storyteller rather than a dry academic tome. Nobody could say its subject is enjoyable or palatable, but it is a story that needs to be told.

Reconciliation will simply not be possible until the real story of settlement is available to Australians of all races and creeds.



The book is available from the publishers, direct from Jack, Outback Books and selected book stores.

MILTON SHOW SOCIETY BUSH POETRY

8AM POETS BREAKFAST WITH WALK UPS WITH A DIFFERENCE. PRIZE'S

\$100 1ST \$60 2ND \$40 3RD ENTRANTS MAY RECITE OR SING A SONG UNACCOMPANIED (WITHOUT MUSIC)



milton show
society

OPEN PERFORMANCE COMPETITION TO START AT 11AM
TO BE HELD AT THE MILTON SHOW
IN THE JNA THOMPSON PAVILION
SAT 5TH MARCH 2022

OPEN COMP CARRIES A TOTAL OF
\$1500 PRIZE MONEY

1ST \$600 2ND \$ 350 3RD \$250
PLUS 3 HIGHLY COMENDED AT \$100 EA

MAXIMUM OF 15 PERFORMERS ACCEPTED ON FIRST IN FIRST SEERVED BASIS

Entries postmarked no later than 5th FEBUARY 2022 Entry fee \$15

Entries to Poetry Coordinator John Davis 37 George Avenue Kings Point NSW 2539

POEM CAN BE SERIOUS OR LIGHT HEARTED AND CLASICAL, CONTEMPORY OR ORIGINAL
COMPLIMENTRY TEA & COFFEE WILL BE AVAILABLE AT THE VENUE.

DOWNLOAD ENTRY FORMS FROM ABPA WEBSITE OR www.showdayonline.com and follow the prompts
OR

Contact John Davis 37 George avenue Kings Point NSW 2539

Ph 02 44552013 email jda76436@bigpond.net.au

Well, Tamworth didn't quite work out as expected for a second year running, although we do hope that the postponement to April may save a few shows, although many artists already have bookings and obligations that they cannot afford to drop after two years of barely working, so the success of the decision remains to be seen.

The Longyard will hopefully go ahead with Poets Breakfasts on Thursday 21st to Sunday 24th April.

A big thanks to Longtime Member and Contributor, Jack Drake, who has given so much of his time over the years to review Australian Novels for the ABPA Magazine. Unfortunately, due to Jack's passion for research and publishing his own works, he is no longer the time to read to the extent he used to.

Thanks for all the great articles, Jack, and good luck with your future endeavours. Your contributions will be sadly missed

Cheers
Neil

ABPA Committee Members 2022

Executive:

President	-- Tim Sheed	president@abpa.org.au
Vice-President	-- Ray Essery	essery56m@bigpond.com
Secretary	-- Meg Gordon	meggordon4@bigpond.com
Treasurer	-- Christine Middleton	treasurer@abpa.org.au

Members on Committee:

Manfred Vijars	manfred@rocketfrog.com.au
Tom McLveen	thepoetofoz@gmail.com

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Bill Kearns (NSW)
Jan Lewis (Vic)
Irene Conner (WA)

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ABPA Magazine Advertising Rates

ABN 17 145 367 949 ARBN: 104 032 126

Black and White Ads

Full page \$95
Half Page \$55
Quarter Page or less \$35

Full Colour Ads (Space limited and applicable to Printed Magazine only)

Full Page \$240
Half Page \$140
Quarter Page not available

Poets Calendar and Regular Events free (one or two lines only)

To help offset costs, articles regarding a festival or event would be appreciated if accompanied by a paid Ad. Send all details in plain text, Word or PDF Format to editor@abpa.org.au

All payments to be made within 14 days to

The Treasurer - Christine Middleton

P.O. Box 357 Portarlington
Victoria 3223

treasurer@abpa.org.au

or via Direct Debit to ABPA Account

Bendigo Bank

BSB: 633000

Account: 154842108

Please put your name/club/invoice as reference so Treasurer can identify who the deposit is from.

Ad Payments have been suspended during Covid for all but Personal Merchandising Ads until further notice from the Committee,

Next Magazine Deadline is March 27th 2022

For Magazine Submissions can you all please note.

Articles, Poems, Stories, etc. need to be submitted in either Word (.doc or .docx) format or PDF (.pdf) format. Old Publisher files and .odt and .windat files can not be used due to being outdated.

For Photos, PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE send Pics that are of a high quality and most importantly IN FOCUS! A lot of readers tell me 'That photo was a bit blurry!'. But when receiving one photo from an event which has not been captured well, it does not matter what programs, filters etc. you put it through, it cannot miraculously be put in focus.

I appreciate all efforts of those members submitting to the magazine, so they are just a couple of important hints to help me publish your articles and poems with the respect that they deserve.

President's Report

Happy new year to all our members and families. I believe we have turned the corner on the health issues facing us but there is a long track ahead.

Unfortunately, as people would be aware, Tamworth Country Music Festival has been postponed to April.

The Banjo Paterson Poetry Festival is still going ahead in Orange from the 12th to the 20th of February, however we have had to postpone the National Bush Poetry Performance Competition yet again as Western Australian members would not be able to attend and things are still volatile.

A link I received from Jim Lamb says it all and "verbatim I will quote him".

"There are plenty of opportunities for poets throughout the week starting February 12 and the information about events and times are available by looking up Orange 360 or Banjo Paterson Festival 2022.

The first event is the Poetry Brawl on the 12th Feb at the Freemasons Hotel in Molong with Robyn Sykes judging. Next day and just up the road at Yeoval there will be a full day of poetry walk-ups and music at the Banjo Paterson Museum, no bookings required. Start up is 9am on Sunday 13th of Feb and all poets are welcome and can be assured of plenty of time at the microphone until 4pm.

There are morning poetry walkups throughout the week along with other events at various hotels and wineries." (Thanks Jim).

The Australian Bush Poets Association Annual General Meeting is being held on Wednesday 16th of February at 1.00pm EDT and will be conducted via Zoom. People wishing to take part should contact treasurer@abpa.org.au.

ABPA members are encouraged to consider nominating to be elected to the committee as new ideas are always welcome.

An important initiative being undertaken at the moment is the digitizing of all past ABPA magazines with a view to putting them up on the ABPA website and sending a copy to the National Library of Australia.

Christine and I will be travelling to Orange and hope to meet up with many of you there.

Tim Sheed
President ABPA



and Visit Our Website
www.abpa.org.au

IN THEIR FOOTSTEPS

© Terry Piggott

Winner, The Cervantes Poetry Award 2021

I have followed in their footsteps from the Gulf down to the Bight,
over miles of sunburnt country with fierce summers at their height.
And I've seen the sad old ruins where so many dreams were crushed
and the now abandoned goldfields where the hopeful had once rushed.

I have trekked that rugged landscape where the daring chose to go,
through a hot and arid vastness in those days of long ago.
It was here that many perished in this harshest of all lands
and I swear I've heard their voices in the songs of singing sands.

I have shed a tear while standing by an infant's grave outback,
just another sad reminder by a near forgotten track.
Where our pioneers had ventured as they sought to work this land,
but had paid the price in heartaches that so few now understand.

And I've viewed the ghostly remnants where the old towns used to be,
now abandoned to the wilderness with little left to see.
There's an eerie feel about them, though there's not a thing in sight,
just a whisper in the silence of an outback summers night.

There's a sense of sadness always when you think about the past,
as you view the scattered remnants of old dreams that didn't last.
For although these towns had thrived once they were doomed right from the start,
way back in those days when boom and bust were never far apart.

I have also seen those dust bowls writhing in the grip of drought,
where the settlers faced starvation as they tried to last it out.
Fighting daily to survive with not a penny left to spare,
watching dying stock and withered crops and no one seemed to care.

Yet despite the disappointments they had found the strength you need,
as they fought back from adversity determined to succeed.
Dreaming still about a future that they hoped one day to share,
while their women somehow kept them fed with cupboards all but bare.

I have thought about the sorrow felt for fallen sons in wars,
when so many young men lost their lives on distant foreign shores.
Leaving families to grieve for them throughout the years ahead,
as despair had swept this country and so many hearts had bled.

For I've seen the scrolls of honour that adorn each country hall
and have felt a stab of sadness for those men who gave their all.
Love of country and its people saw them join up for the fight
and they gave their lives while fighting for a cause they knew was right.

Never now forget the lengths to which our pioneers had gone,
as they worked to build a future that one day they could pass on.
They had faced up to the challenge in this land of drought and flood
and have fought to keep us free, in battles soaked with Aussie blood.





Photos courtesy of Manfred Vijars

A look back to our very first ABPA Magazine from February 1994.

This was a time when Australian Bush Poetry went through a revival. Where so many towns in Australia prided themselves on holding Competitions and Concerts to promote the Craft of Aussie Storytelling through Rhymed Verse and meter.

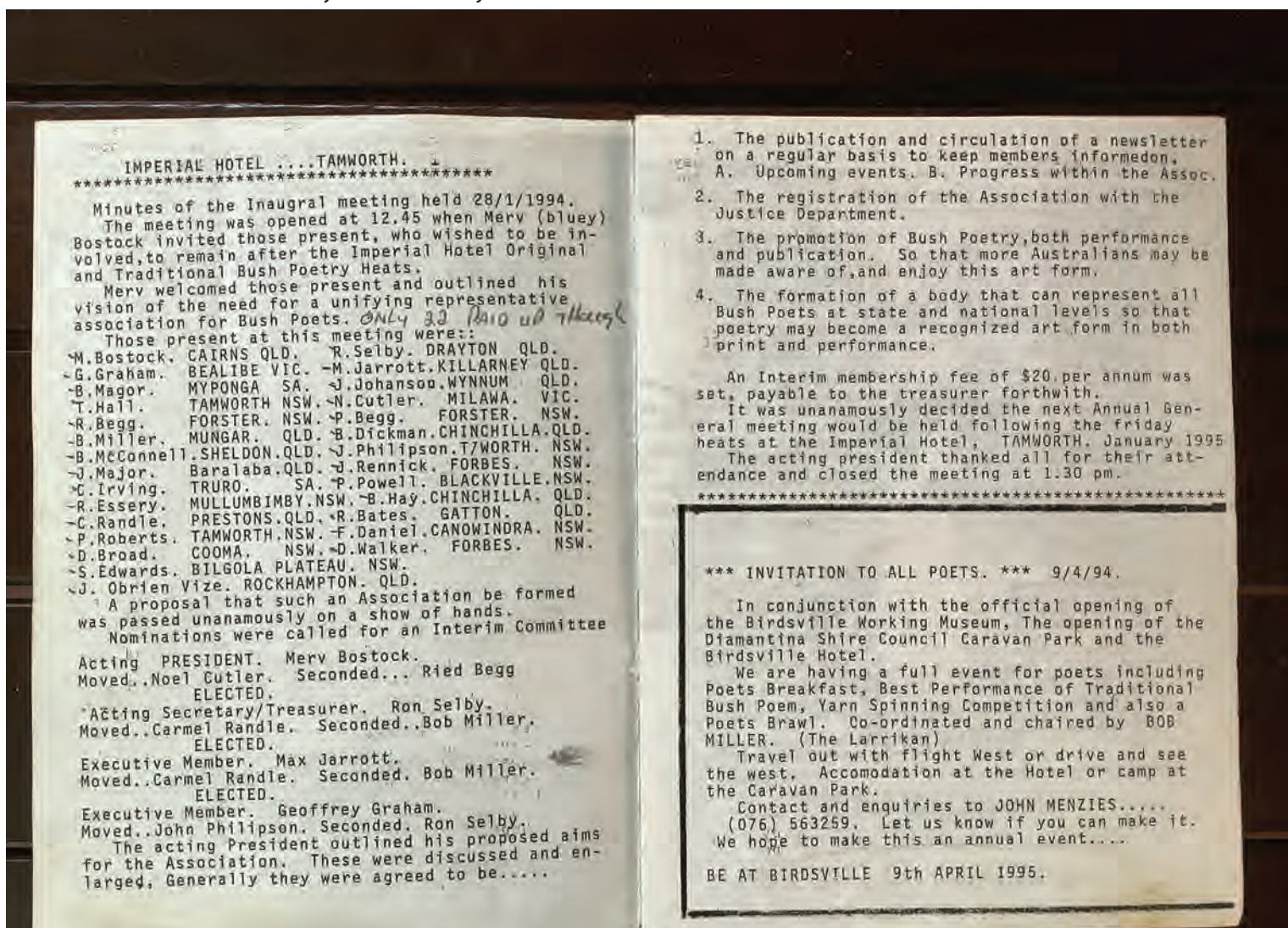
Where State and National Championships were a much sought after event to win the rights to hold.

Some legends of our Art form feature in these pages and were responsible for taking Bush Poetry to the people of Australia and even Internationally.

Yet here we are in 2022, and our Membership numbers are at an all time low. Our Magazine submissions are but a trickle of poems from a handful of Poets and even though we are going through tough times in the performing side of things, I look back at how strong we started, how passionate we were and wonder if we have the interest still to drive this Association forward.

Back then the Magazine was the mouthpiece of the Movement. Please don't let it become a just a whimper from the mouth of but a few.

Remember why we became Bush Poets and Storytellers!



Beating around the bush

with
John Morris

● Bush poets at Tamworth

At the recent Australian Country Music Festival at Tamworth, bush poets gained even greater recognition than in previous years when three of Australia's best were invited for the first time to recite at the Australia Day concert.

Around 12,000 rose to give a standing ovation when Queensland Bob Miller recited his original poem, *What Makes a True Australian?*

The theme of Miller's poem was that mateship was not just confined to the bush, and that real Australians were everywhere.

Toowoomba bush poet Carmel Randle was there, and said the standard of competition was extraordinarily high in both the original and traditional competitions.

People lined up for 1½ hours before the opening for the poets' breakfast. Many had to bring their own chairs.

● Bush poets winners

Here are the winners of the Tamworth Imperial Hotel Bush Poets Competition for performance:

ORIGINAL POEMS — Mark Giori, Warwick 1; Ray Essery, Mullumbimby, NSW 2; Bob Miller, Mungah, Qld 3.

TRADITIONAL POEMS — Ray Essery 1; Noel Cutler, Victoria 2; Geoffrey Graham, Victoria 3.

● Bush poets organisation

A steering committee was elected at Tamworth to form an Australian Bush Poets Association, with Cairns bush poet Bluey Bostock as acting president and Toowoomba's Ron Selby as secretary.

Among other things, the organisation will notify members when festivals are held and organise book publishing.

If you write or perform bush poetry, you can join by writing to Ron Selby, 9 Gipps Street, Drayton, 4350.

● Drunk story

A drunken man staggered into his front yard at Chinchilla and collapsed just as police were driving past.

They stopped and stood the man on his feet, asking him what he was doing there. He told them that he lived there.

"They all say that," said one of the two policemen.

"I'll show you," said the drunk.

He opened the door of the house and waved his arm around, saying, "This is my house, and over there is my lounge chair."

He walked up the staircase: "And this is my staircase in my house."

He threw open the bedroom door and pointed to a woman asleep in bed: "And that is my wife."

Pointing to the man lying beside her, he said: "And that's me!"

WANTED.

NEWS ITEMS
FOR
THESE PAGES.
ANYTHING ON
POETRY
EVENTS
COMPETITIONS
BOOKS
ECT ECT ECT.

THE
LARRIKIN RETURNS

Australian Bush Verse
by
Bob Miller

Available from:
2 PILERWA RD MUNGAR
QLD 4650.
\$10. post free or both books \$12.

Kindly reprinted with permission
of the TOOWOOMBA CHRONICLE.

INTERIM MEMBERSHIP. \$20.00 Due Now.

*** SECRETARY/ TREASURER REPORT ***

May I first thank all who supported my nomination to this position and say that I will do my best to fulfill my obligations.

This Association will undoubtedly go ahead in leaps and bounds with the vast and diverse talents of its members.

YOU! the member are in the box seat to place the AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETS ASSOCIATION to a pinnacle of success, where we should gain the recognition of our form of poetry, be it serious or humorous but always uniquely Australian, to where it deserves.

Bush Poetry has enjoyed a meteoric rise in the past two or three years, where most venues have trebled in public attendance.

BUT! This Association can only fulfill its aims and ambitions with the complete backing of its members. That is INPUT, by YOU the member on ideas and information on coming events, no matter how small.

Remember you may not want to attend a certain event, But other members may be only too willing to attend and support all and any events.

As editor of your news letter, I will only be able to pass on to other members, the information I receive on anything that may be happening around the country. I will need the Name of the event, the Date, Times and Contact name. Or if there is an article in your local paper concerning Bush Poets send it in, there may not be enough time to contact other members, but it may be noted for mention in next years calendar.

We have events happening all over from TAMWORTH to TOOWOOMBA, LONGREACH to BIRDSVILLE, MALANEY to ORANGE.

Written Competitions such as the BANJO PATTERSON AWARDS OF ORANGE, (entries closed 31/1/94) may not interest you but may be of great interest to other members. A letter from our association to the organizers of this event should supply us with much earlier notice should the event be held again next year.

I have been a member of a variety of other clubs (car clubs, Golf, Fishing Motor racing ect) that have existed on a mundane level mostly due to a

lack of support and involvement, by its members like Joe blow saying "I was going to do that job but I thought Somebody Else would do it" Or "I couldn't find an envelope or a stamp to send my entry in!"

In each news letter I propose to include some information on books ect available from other poets, where to get them or a postal address to order them from. So if you have a book on the market or wish to buy another poets book, you will be able to do it through this association.

Information on publishers, where to get the best deal, who to talk to, where best to sell your book who to see about illustrations, ect ect.

This is all information that can be passed on to other members through this association.

REMEMBER:: The more input the better info. The postal address, (for the first 12 months)

*** THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETS ASSOCIATION ***

PO Box 77 DRAYTON NORTH.

QLD. 4350.

Telephoning enquiries. (076) 301106.

ps. Drayton is on the edge of TOOWOOMBA.

NATIONAL OUTBACK PERFORMING ART FESTIVAL.
(In conjunction with the RINGERS MUSTER)

LONGREACH... 28th APRIL to 1st MAY.

PO Box 518 LONGREACH QLD. 4730.

JIM HAYNES WORKSHOP.

Thur. 28th 6.30... 9.00 pm

\$10. per session Sat. 30th 9.30... 12.30 pm

Sun. 1st 9.30... 12.30 pm

SUNDAY NIGHT DINNER. \$20. Bookings needed.

open sessions of Singing, Instrumental, Poetry

yarn spinning and Annual Poetry Cup.

For Info. Pres. TIM BUTLER. (076) 581477. BH.

(076) 581544. AH.

REGIS. FORMS. DAVID SELL. (076) 583601.

WORK SHOP. HELEN AVERY. (076) 581718.

VICTORIAN Bush Poetry Championships

at the Man From Snowy River Bush Festival

Thursday 7th to Sunday 10th April 2022
All the usual swag of Poets Breakfasts, walkups,
Competition and camaraderie at Corryong,
Written and Performance sections

Main Judges: Rhymer from Ryde, Mel and Susie

Entry forms and info at
www.bushfestival.com.au and www.abpa.org.au
Adult entries close 18th Feb, Juniors 18th March

Enquiries to Jan Lewis 0422848707



"IF IT'S NOT NAILED DOWN"

© Peter White, "The Eagleby Elegist", 2022

Australians have a well known penchant for the collection of 'souvenirs'.
We are all guilty of it. It's been known about us for years.
On trips we gather our photos and gifts for people to thank.
But the biggest souvenir I've heard of is a World War One German tank.

In April of 1918 the tank was abandoned in France.
Men of the 26th Battalion came upon it by chance.
The 26th were mostly Queenslanders keen to souvenir the tank.
It lay there slightly damaged, deserted when it rolled down a bank.

On transport it went first to Amiens, then Merlimont and then Dunkirk.
From there it was shipped off to London. It just seems a lot of hard work.
From London to Tilbury to Brisbane aboard the SS "Armagh".
Who would have thought on its journey this tank would travel so far.

Outside the old Queensland Museum it was proudly displayed.
In the years of the 21st Century many a change has been made.
First to a new home in South Bank, it was later removed for repair.
Off to the old Railway Workshops for restoration carried out there.

Then on display in Canberra for the Centenary of the Great War.
Now back at home in Queensland where it's displayed as before.
Restored in original colours it has a particular fame
as the world's only surviving example. "MEPHISTO" is its name.

Now when you go on vacation, to help you remember your trip,
mementos will aid your recall when memory starts to slip.
So in choosing your souvenirs take a leaf from the 26th's book.
Wherever you go on your travels for the biggest souvenir please look!

KEMBLA FLAME WRITTEN BUSH POETRY COMPETITION

presented by the Illawarra Breakfast Poets

COMPETITION CONDITIONS

PRIZES

Total prize money \$900, all prizes are cash with certificate. Winners to be announced on January 21st, 2022. The decision of the judging panel is final.

OPEN

First place - The Kembla Flame Trophy, \$300 and certificate.

Runner up - \$200 and certificate

Two positions of Highly Commended - \$100 each and certificate.

NOVICE

\$100 and certificate. For poets over 18 years who have not been awarded any prize in a written bush poetry competition.

JUNIOR

\$100 and certificate. New section for 2022 for poets under 18 years.

HOW TO ENTER

Closing Date 24th December 2021. Late entries will not be accepted. There is an entry fee of \$6 per poem or 3 poems for \$10 and must be paid before judging.

Entries are posted to the Competition Secretary. Fees are payable by bank transfer. More details are found on the form (available on website abpa.org.au)

Please complete the fillable form and then print it and sign it.

Please send 3 PRINTED copies of each poem accompanying your form. These copies must not have your name on them. There is no limit to number of poems entered.

You may enter multiple sections, but the same poem cannot be entered in both sections.

For enquiries, contact EMAIL: zondraeking@gmail.com or PHONE: 4283 7061 or 0401 160 137 or the Australian Bush Poets Assn abpa.org.au (events page).

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION

This is a written Bush Poetry competition and therefore is for poems written with consistent rhyme and meter.

There is also the requirement that the theme or subject matter must be

The Trial Version Australian by nature. For example, horse riding in the mountains would only be considered "Australian" if the mountains were named e.g. The Snowy Mountains etc. Such detail as this may be the deciding factor.

Write well and good luck!



Our Poetry Kids

More beautiful nature poems by Kate Nicholas Edgar, age 13 of Traralgon, Victoria. Congratulations Kate and also on your win in the National Cherry Festival, Lambing Flat FAW, NSW in the Secondary School Poetry with your poem Forest.

with Brenda Joy

OUR EARTH by Kate Nicholas Edgar

Rolling azure blue skies
full of clouds so soft and white,
coiled black desert snakes, coloured dark as night.
High mountains with swirling mist
smothering the point,
rainbow fish swimming at the river's parting joint.
Flocks of birds, multi coloured, flying up so high.
White cliffs so tall they almost reach the sky.
Deep blue lagoons,
where the scaly water creatures swim
and down below the ground,
where it's damp, dark and dim.

Across red soil deserts and wide, open plains
over rolling hills of grass
that thrives when it rains,
from the tallest mountain peak
to the deepest valley of the sea –
this is where my home will forever be.

Across the Arctic tundra
of snow so fresh and white,
over sandy yellow beaches
where the sun shines so bright,
from the coldest Winter gales
to the Summer air, wild and free –
This is where my home will forever be.

Many wide brown trees, thick with juicy, ripe fruit,
in the darkness of the forest, a lone owl gives a hoot.

Copper coloured shells,
smooth around the speckled rim,
the salty ocean water,
where sharks and whales swim.
The basking heat of the hot, red desert sun,
dew drops in a spider's web, delicately spun.
Shimmering coral reefs
of colour deep below the sea,
fast currents of air
set the brown leaves of Autumn free.

Across red soil deserts and wide, open plains
over rolling hills of grass
that thrives when it rains,
from the tallest mountain peak
to the deepest valley of the sea –
this is where my home will forever be.

Across the Arctic tundra
of snow so fresh and white,
over sandy yellow beaches
where the sun shines so bright,
from the coldest Winter gales
to the Summer air, wild and free –
This is where my home will forever be.



Wild sunsets streaking colours,
purple, red, pink and blue.

Grassy green hills, wet from night-time's dew.
Open savannas where the mighty, proud lions stalk
and in the sky above, keen-eyed, is a hawk.
In the outback, cattle lie under the few trees,
new flowers bloom, seeds sent by the breeze.
In Spring, many young animals are born
and the time comes for farmers
to harvest the golden corn.

Across red soil deserts and wide, open plains
over rolling hills of grass
that thrives when it rains,
from the tallest mountain peak
to the deepest valley of the sea –
this is where my home will forever be.

Across the Arctic tundra
of snow so fresh and white,
over sandy yellow beaches
where the sun shines so bright,
from the coldest Winter gales
to the Summer air, wild and free –
This is where my home will forever be.

All that we love in our Earth will be lost,
warm Summer breezes and the Winter frost.
We must love it and appreciate it with all our hearts,
never break up our world into shattered little parts.

We must never let our planet
be polluted or harmed
and protect our land,
whether it's played on or farmed.
We must always protect our beloved Earth.
We must protect the environment
for all that it's worth.

WILD BEACH by Kate Nicholas Edgar

Golden sand dunes shine with warmth
as the hot sun beats down upon them.
Blue-green water shimmers in the sunlight like a
sparkling crystal-clear gem.

The fresh, salty scent of the sea
flies softly through the air.
Shimmering tide-pools, and glittering shells and
the salty wind whips through my hair.

Rainbow coral and iridescent shells,
colourful fish swimming free,
behind me, the trees sway peacefully.

This is where I'm happy to be.
Where the seagulls sound and fly
up above in the endless blue,
the wild beach will stay my home
and will be forever true.





WHAT'S HAPPENING IN WA

Australia day 2022



W.A. Bush Poets



Thirteen poets entertained a very appreciative crowd at Wireless Hill in Perth on Australia Day .

(l to r) Bill Gordon, Bev Shorland,, John Hayes, Christine Boulton, Alan Aitken, Meg Gordon, Cobber Lethbridge, Chris Taylor, Roger Cracknell, Stinger Nettleton (MC) and in front Rob Gunn

It was a glorious day for the 27th annual event for WA Bush Poets. Foundation members (left) Jeff Swain, Lorelie Tacoma and Stinger Nettleton were present and we remembered another foundation member, Rusty Christensen , who would have been 95 today. The ever popular 103yo Arthur Leggett also performed to the delight of the crowd.

WA Poets are now preparing to conduct four shows on the Crystal Swan as part of the Perth Fringe Festival which is going ahead with only local artists participating.



Bush Poetry on the Swan

One hour show starting at 4.30pm
on board the 'Crystal Swan', Perth's floating function venue
Barrack Street Jetty

Four Shows Only
Friday 28 January
Sunday 30 January
Thursday 3 February
Sunday 6 February

Crystal Swan

Tickets at www.fringeworld.com.au

Never Been

© C.J.Taylor

Y'know, I've never been to China where they walk upon the wall,
But I've walked our own Blue Mountains 'neath her eucalyptus tall.
You'll never want for fresher air or clearer running streams;
And that view to the horizon lasts forever so it seems.

I've never been to Switzerland where the mountains touch the sky,
but I've been up by Kosciusko, her rugged battlements on high.
I've walked her snow-capped reaches where the Billy Buttons grow
And down below her ridge and valleys where the snowy waters flow.

To Italy I've never been to try their coffee while in Rome
but I've tried it down in Melbourne where the hipsters make their home
With a latte or a mocha or espresso late at night.
Baristas all with funny beards, gor'blimey what a sight.



I've not been down to New York town, they say it feels like hell
but I've walked around in Sydney town and up through the Cross as well.
I've sailed beneath the harbour bridge, I've soaked up sun on Bondi sand,
I've suited up at the Opera House to see that philharmonic band.

I've never been to Wembley where they decide the F.A. cup
but I've been inside the MCG where Roy Cazaly once went up.
I've heard that God Almighty roar when Jezza took a mark;
even watched young Dougie Walters tonkin' sixers out the park.

I've never flown to Paris to try their fancy French cuisine
but I've been to Harry's Café, yes, you know the one I mean.
Café De Wheels he calls it no bloody fancy names for us.
No Maître d' or tables, just form a line out at the bus.

I've never been to no Greek islands where the rich folk like to go
but I've been up along the Queensland coast, they've got islands too y'know
There's Heron, Dunk and Daydream and I know Straddys up that way
There's Frazer and Magnetic, God I could rattle on all day.

Then they've got the Sunshine coast and there's that one that's made of gold;
where if you don't allow for schoolies the average age is bloody old.
They've got a little bit of coral runs up north along the coast
That's what they're like in Queensland, they don't really like to boast.

Have I been surfing in Hawaii on waves two stories high?
Nah, never tried it, but let me tell you why.
We like real danger when we're surfin' out where the great whites lie in wait,
And the locals get a giggle sending tourists out as bait.

Have I been across to Africa where the animals are king
Well no, I have never been but see that's the funny thing.
While their beasts are big and scary and will eat you when they're done
Ours are small and sneaky and will kill ya, just for fun

There's creepy little spiders and heaps of snakes with lethal strikes,
Or horny magpies slashing ears of riders on their bikes.
There is of course the drop bear and while these tales are rarely true
I like to warn the foreign tourists, for their own good, wouldn't you?

Never Been....continued

I've seen the beauty of the Kimberley, been round Kalgoorlie chasing gold.
Went to Tassie for the summer, God that place is bloody cold.
I've even seen the twelve apostles, although four must have been away;
Called into Adelaide when I found out it was open for the day.

Lived underground in Coober Pedy, Walked the Daintree in the rain.
Stopped to watch the Melbourne Cup and saw the Diva win again.
I've done a lap around the mountain where Brocky was the king;
Stared in wonder at the sight of wedge tailed eagles on the wing.

So no I've never been to London to stroll upon the strand;
But I've lived and worked and strolled about in Kakadu and Arnhem Land.
I've never been to Timbuctoo or other places you could name,
But I've been way out past the back of Bourke and loved it just the same.

I've seen sunsets out at Uluru and hoped to see the Min Min lights.
I've hitched across the Nullarbor and I've spent some awesome nights
just laying back and counting stars, waiting for the break of day;
The morning star, the Southern Cross, that glorious Milky Way.

Think about it, all this stuff is in your own backyard,
Get off ya bum and go and see it all, it's really not that hard.
Get a four wheel drive and a caravan or like me a coaster bus.
It's not that hard to organise with very little fuss.

Then head out and see the country, meet the people in the towns.
Get back near to nature, see the sights and hear the sounds.
There's so much country out there for you to come and see.
Keep an eye out, I'll be out there, you might run into me.

We've got the Great Dividing range and the Great Australian Bight.
We've got the Great big Barrier Reef although it's slowly turning white.
We've got the Greatest Island nation for the whole damn world to see,
So in the words of Miss McKellar "It's this wide brown land for me".





In my wild erratic fancy visions come to me of Clancy
Gone a-driving "down the Cooper" where the western drovers go;
As the stock are slowly stringing, Clancy rides behind them singing,
For the drover's life has pleasures that the townsfolk never know.

And the bush hath friends to meet him, and their kindly voices greet him
In the murmur of the breezes and the river on its bars,
And he sees the vision splendid of the sunlit plains extended,
And at night the wondrous glory of the everlasting stars.

EXTRACT FROM
"CLANCY OF THE OVERFLOW"
BANJO PATERSON

WELCOME TO THE 2022 BANJO PATERSON AUSTRALIAN POETRY FESTIVAL

Join the community of Orange, NSW and its surrounding villages in a week of bush poetry events for their annual Banjo Paterson Australian Poetry Festival in February 2022. This will be a special festival as the Rotary Club of Orange is partnering with the Australian Bush Poets Association (ABPA) to host the National Bush Poetry Performance Championship competition in association with the Festival.

Banjo Paterson was born in Orange on 17 February 1864 and what more fitting way to celebrate than to gather the best bush poets from across Australia in competition, entertainment and storytelling.

Put the dates in your diary and book accommodation early, as Orange has become a sought-after getaway destination. It offers great scenery, food and wine experiences, historic villages and lovely parks and gardens.

For more information about the Festival and for up-to-date booking information go to www.orange360.com.au

Mention @orange360 on Social Media to share your Banjo moments with us.

[/orange360](https://www.facebook.com/orange360) #banjopatersonfestival

THANK YOU TO ALL OUR PARTNERS

PROUDLY SUPPORTED BY



THE ORANGE AND DISTRICT HISTORICAL SOCIETY
MOLONG HISTORICAL SOCIETY
BANJO...MORE THAN A POET MUSEUM

For more information on the Banjo Paterson Australian Poetry Festival accommodation and packages

orange360.com.au

ORANGE NSW

BANJO PATERSON AUSTRALIAN POETRY FESTIVAL

12th-20th FEB 2022

www.orange360.com.au



SATURDAY 12 FEBRUARY 2022

BOOK LAUNCH - A B PATERSON BY CLEMENT SEMMLER 1963 (2022 REPRINT)

An informative digest of the great author's life. Cliff Crane will outline the history of the Buckinbah property from the 1840s. A short walk from the main entry gate to the ruins of the original homestead where Banjo lived as a child. Morning tea will follow at the Banjo Paterson...more than a Poet Museum/Exhibition and the Book will be on sale.

Main Gate Buckinbah Property, Molong Street, Yeoval 10am - 11am • Donation • No booking needed
Alf Cantrell 0427 208 913

AFTERNOON ENTERTAINMENT IN MILLTHORPE

Hosted in the beautiful gardens of Rosebank Guest House, enjoy local performers bringing to life iconic Australian bush ballads. Live music, poetry, food and drink available. Limited seating so please bring a chair or rug to sit on.

Rosebank Guest House and Gallery, 38-40 Victoria Street, Millthorpe • 12pm - 5pm • \$5pp • Make a booking
Richard Beach 0407 784 539 or rosebankmillthorpe@gmail.com

BOREE NYRANG HISTORIC HOMESTEAD AFTERNOON TEA

The Molong Historical Society invites you to join them for afternoon tea at Boree Nyrang Homestead, the home of Banjo's grandparents. Join them for entertainment and history at Boree Nyrang.

'Boree Nyrang' 154 Peabody Road (off The Escort Way)
Boreenore • 2pm - 5pm • \$20pp • Make a booking
Elizabeth Griffin 02 6361 1920 or 0437 868 595

POETRY BRAWL

The Molong Advancement Group, Molong Players and Freemasons Hotel present the Poetry Brawl. Judged by National Champion Bush Poet Robyn Sykes. Entrants must perform a one-minute original poem/lyric/limerick. This poem can be recited, sung or rapped.

Family Courtyard, Freemasons Hotel, Bank Street, Molong Under 18: 7pm - 8pm, Open: 9pm - 10pm • Under 18 Free, \$5 Open • Make a booking
Jude Taylor 0405 021 265

SUNDAY 13 FEBRUARY 2022

POETS' BRUNCH AND LUNCH AT YEOVAL

Relax in the shade of the trees for real country hospitality. Free entertainment, open mic, poetry and bush music along with an opportunity to visit the Banjo Paterson, more than a Poet Museum.

'Banjo - More Than a Poet' Museum, 43 Forbes Street, Yeoval 10am • Donation • No booking needed
Alf Cantrell 0427 208 913

MONDAY 14 TO WEDNESDAY 16 FEBRUARY 2022

POETRY PERFORMANCES AND WORKSHOPS IN SCHOOLS

Professional bush poets (Noel Stellard, Bill Kearns, Marion Fitzgerald) entertaining and inspiring local school students with creative verse and performance. Book your school class in for a free performance at your school.

Debbie Smith 0468 107 123

MONDAY 14 & TUESDAY 15 FEBRUARY 2022

ROTARY BREKKY & POETRY ON THE PAVERS

Organised and run by the Rotary Club of Orange, a BBQ breakfast and entertainment from local youth and walk-up poets. Drop in on your way to work or after your morning walk.

Civic Centre, Southcourt, 147 Byng Street, Orange 7:30am - 9:30am • No bookings needed
Dudley Isles 0417 416 932

TUESDAY 15 FEBRUARY 2022

LUNCH AT THE IRONBARK HOTEL, STUART TOWN

Stuart Town was originally named Ironbark - of "The Man from Ironbark" fame. Enjoy lunch and poetry at the historic Ironbark Hotel. Catch the XPT train from Orange at 12 noon and return to Orange at 4 pm.

Ironbark Hotel, Stuart Town • 12:30pm - 3pm
Bookings and train information call Renee Wykes 0458 157 650

WEDNESDAY 16 FEBRUARY 2022

ROTARY BREKKY AND YARN TELLING ON THE PAVERS

BBQ breakfast and yarn telling competition. Enjoy the good old campfire storytelling tradition with tall tales of Australian life. A great way to start the day. Register at the event to participate and judging will be by audience popularity. Drop in on your way to work or after your morning walk.

Civic Centre, Southcourt, 147 Byng Street, Orange 7:30am - 9:30am • No bookings needed
Dudley Isles 0417 416 932

BLACKENED BILLY VERSE WRITING COMPETITION PRESENTATION

The presentation of the 32nd Annual verse writing competition will be a hybrid event combining in-room and online attendance to accommodate entrants and enthusiasts from across Australia. Attend at the historic Dundry League Guest House or link in (Zoom link to come) for some live poetry performances and announcement of the winner of the Blackened Billy Verse Writing Competition.

Dalton Room, Dundry League Guest House, Woodward Street, Orange • 4pm - 5pm • Janine Keating 0417 648 125

WRATH OF GRAPES

A fun night of walk-up wine poetry competition, entertainment and a meal, along with local wines in the barrel shed.

Heifer Station Wines, 1034 The Escort Way, Orange • 6pm
Bookings required heiferstation.com.au or 02 6365 2275

THURSDAY 17 & FRIDAY 18 FEBRUARY 2022

NATIONAL BUSH POETRY PERFORMANCE CHAMPIONSHIP

Enjoy the best bush poets from across Australia perform in 4 categories of original (humorous and serious) and borrowed (traditional and modern) verse. This highly entertaining national competition is brought to Orange by the Australian Bush Poets Association and the Rotary Club of Orange. Presentation of winners on Friday at 4 pm. To enter, go to www.abpa.org.au/events.html

Orange Ex Services Club, 231-243 Anson Street, Orange 10am - 5pm • Audience entry by donation • Tim Sheed (ABPA) 0438 861 271 or Len Banks (Rotary) 0428 459 117

THURSDAY 17 FEBRUARY 2022

BANJO'S BIRTHDAY TWILIGHT CELEBRATION

Celebrate Banjo's 158th birthday. Enjoy music, poetry and stories about Narrambla Vale. Opportunities for walk-up performances. Please bring your own chairs and rugs. BBQ food will be on sale or BYO picnic and drinks.

Banjo Paterson Park, Ophir Road, Orange • 6pm - 8pm
Elizabeth Griffin 0437 868 595

FRIDAY 18 FEBRUARY 2022

FOOD AND WINE NIGHT MARKET

The iconic Night Market with over 30 food and wine stallholders creates an outdoor playground in Robertson Park and is fun for all the family. Kick back to the sounds of Chloe and Jason Roweth with Bill Browne and poetry in the park!

Robertson Park, Orange • 5:30pm - 8:30pm • \$5
Bookings required • orange360.com.au

SATURDAY 19 FEBRUARY 2022

YOUTH POETRY COMPETITION

Individual performances of original poetry by students. Beautiful family entertainment! Competition details and entry form available online at orange360.com.au. Competition entry FREE. Everyone welcome.

Orange Conservatorium of Music Auditorium, Hill Street, Orange • 9am - 12:30pm • Audience entry by donation
Len Banks 0428 459 117

SUNDAY 20 FEBRUARY 2022

ROTARY COMMUNITY MARKET DAY

Craft and produce market, with entertainment and open mic for poets. Stallholder bookings rotarycluboforange.org.au

Showground arena, Leeds Parade, Orange 9am - 2pm • Gold coin
Rotary Club of Orange, Sue Patterson 0427 588 805

For more information on the Banjo Paterson
Australian Poetry Festival visit

orange360.com.au

Check Out all recent Poetry Competitions Results at www.abpa.org.au

Three Ages of Cycling

By Hugh Allan

With apologies to A.B. Paterson

I was rather young and daring when my father, though despairing,
condescended to my wishes when he bought his boy a bike.
And my mother feeling happy with her youngest little chappie
gave encouragement for me with, "Not too fast is what I like!"

Sometime later I got silly, on a road not far but hilly,
when the speed I was enjoying was perhaps a bit too fast.
For I found myself disturbing some old lady on the kerbing,
then I hit a garden fence and landed grunting on the grass.

Notwithstanding I'd been speeding, I had very little bleeding,
and approaching me the lady asked if I was quite alright.
I admitted being shaken, that the grass had saved my bacon,
and apologising, hoped I hadn't given her a fright.

When I grew a little older, getting bigger and much bolder,
I went riding where I'd never been and went a bit too far.
So I found myself a-talking to a swagman out there walking,
and I said to him, "Excuse me mate, I don't know where I are."

He was mildly sympathetic, though he said it was pathetic
how the city folk can get themselves so lost in Narrabeen.
But I said, "It isn't funny, I've just got to find a dunny!"
So he pointed to the river and some bushes thick and green.

Now the years are passing quicker and my hair's not getting thicker—
it's the fashion that I've noticed in my friendly Probus club,
where the cyclists and the walkers and the jokers and the talkers,
all appreciate the fellowship, including at the pub.

How the cyclists keep on going makes me wonder, as they're growing
so much older and the effort can be challenging for all.
At the rate they pump their pedals they're deserving of some medals,
but exuberance in excess could see someone have a fall.

So they found an innovation to enhance their recreation,
and increase the safety level of their sport for years to come.
On electric bikes now riding, with a smoothness close to gliding,
they explore the hills and by-ways with an effortless aplomb.

Now it's fair to make a mention of a second'ry intention
of the cyclists, being a team of money-raisers for the ill.
They are proud to be supporters of the sons, and of the daughters
who are fighting their diseases with great fortitude and will.



HOURS IN HELL

© Maureen Stahl, Elliminyt

(A true story of a neighbour who survived the Ash Wednesday fires.)

Although he liked the heat today it seemed an evil kind.
His house was in a gully, bushland stretching out behind;
he knew that bushfire was a threat.
With down pipes plugged he hosed and filled the gutters to the brim,
relieved he'd had some foresight giving nearby trees a trim;
there was no need to panic yet.

A fire car pulled into the drive, "It's time to get out mate,"
they said. "We're telling residents they should evacuate."
Then with a wave they drove away.
He stood there indecisive, thinking, "This does not feel right.
How can I leave my home to burn and not put up a fight?
What should I do? Go now or stay?"

He looked down at his veggie patch where things had grown so well.
He saw no sign of smoke and could detect no burning smell;
instincts to stay, defend were strong.
Then suddenly from out of nowhere came a mighty roar
and airborne debris landed, bouncing on the forest floor.
He knew he'd lingered for too long.

He knew he must get out. His van was ready in the drive,
but there were things he needed first in order to survive,
so into action now he flew.
His woollen rugs and towels in the basement room were kept.
He flicked the switch, the power was off, his torch was where he slept.
He knew exactly what to do.

Put towels in the sink ensured they were completely wet.
Outside the hot air blasting him was like that from a jet
as he hurried towards his van.
A piece of roofing iron crashed to ground from overhead.
"If that had fallen down on me," he thought. "I would be dead."
In fright he dropped his water can.

The van was battered by the wind that shook it like a rat.
He narrowly avoided fallen trees all lying flat
and made it out onto the road.
He started climbing up the hill while keeping in low gear
He saw power lines across the road causing him to veer,
He swerved crazily, then he slowed.

A fallen power pole on the road forced him to turn back
to then go through a gully on a rarely used bush track;
he hoped and prayed it would be clear.
He rolled back down the hill and felt the fear inside him churn,
but when he glimpsed his house and saw it had begun to burn,
he felt anguish replace his fear.

A flying piece of heavy debris on the bonnet crashed.
He thought, "If that had hit the windscreen, then it would've smashed;
for me a deadly consequence."
He had the windows wound up tightly but could still smell smoke.
The sun was gone and darkness settled round him like a cloak
to test his driving competence.



The fire front hit the road behind, near twenty metres high
then terrified he dived beneath his rug where he could lie
with wet towels around his head.
Now trembling on the floor and praying, "Please do not explode,"
So grateful for protection that the woollen rug bestowed
and assailed with a sense of dread.

He tried to guess how long the fire would take to run its race.
He moved his cramping limbs and put his hands up to his face;
the towels were now drying fast.
He lay there suffocating thinking, "I'm about to die,"
He was so dehydrated now he couldn't even cry,
and how much longer could he last.

His lips were stuck together and his tongue was dry and stiff.
Then he recalled the water dropped in haste and wondered if
his home had burned right to the ground.
He lost all sense of time and in a semi-conscious state
he lay inert, now quite resigned to his impending fate,
unaware of decreasing sound.

Eventually he noticed the fierce roaring sound had died.
He raised his aching head and the bleak landscape he espied;
it seemed that everything was black.
He found the strength to rouse himself and stumble from the van;
to reach the main road seeking help was his impromptu plan
as he staggered along the track.

He reached his destination there collapsing in a heap.
He thought he heard a vehicle but he was half asleep.
It was the local CFA.
"Oh Mate we thought we'd lost you," said his friend with brimming eyes.
"You must have perished in the fire was all we could surmise.
You knew it was folly to stay.

The damage is extensive, so much property destroyed.
It was a catastrophe we weren't able to avoid;
a fire that no one could survive."
"But," he embraced his mate and said, "thank God it did spare some."
The survivor wanted to speak but words just wouldn't come.
He was relieved to be alive.



The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.

Inaugurated 1994 ARBN: 104 032 126 ABN:17 145 367 949

www.abpa.org.au

Treasurer: Christine Middleton, PO Box 357 PORTARLINGTON VIC 3223

Email: treasurer@abpa.org.au Phone: 0419 526 550

Membership Application Form 2022

You may pay via direct debit (see below for details)

☐ Renewing membership

☐ New member

Membership is for a calendar year from 1st January to 31st December.

Annual membership includes all magazines (including back issues) for the current calendar year.

Members joining after 30th September will receive the year's remaining issues as well as membership for the following calendar year.

Name:

Postal address:

..... State:.....Postcode:

Phone: Mobile:

Email:

Signature: Date:

ABPA Membership Fees: (AUD)

- | | | |
|---|------|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Single membership | \$45 | (posted magazine) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Single membership | \$35 | (emailed magazine only) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Dual family membership | \$60 | (one posted magazine) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Dual family membership | \$50 | (one emailed magazine) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Junior membership | \$20 | (under 18 years – emailed magazine) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> International member supplement..... | \$25 | (for postage - not for emailed magazines) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Public Liability Insurance | \$95 | (\$20 million PLI cover 31/01/21- to 31/01/22) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Membership badge | \$10 | (includes postage within Australia) |

Total: \$

☐ Receipt please

☐ NO receipt thanks (your magazine address label will show your receipt number and membership expiry.)

Cheque Payable to:

The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.

Credit Card:

Contact Christine direct on 0419 526 550

Or pay by direct deposit to:

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BSB:

633 000

Account Number:

154842108

Account Name:

Australian Bush Poets Association Inc

Reference:

Your NAME

Please include **your NAME** as the EFT reference and send advice to treasurer@abpa.org.au

Or send cheques and completed forms to P O Box 357, PORTARLINGTON VIC 3223.

"FAIR CRACK OF THE WHIP!"

© Peter White, "The Eagleby Elegist", 2022

Arriving at our camp site beside the old Barcoo,
we pitched our tent to take advantage of the splendid view.
We lit a fire and settled down for billy tea and cake,
then from the log we sat upon emerged a brown 'Joe Blake'.

I was so stunned I just sat there, totally dismayed.
Dave stood up and said to me, "Pete! Grab the spade!
We cannot have a deadly snake beside us in the camp!"
It seemed to me my trousers' fork appeared a little damp.

The brown turned and hissed at me, I rose up to my feet.
It slithered back towards the log we were using as a seat.
I had to shift and get away to a safer patch of ground.
Suddenly, my strength and my will to move I found.

It turned again and veered away and headed for our tent.
We'd be stuck out here all night if, in there, it went.
Dave spoke up, "Hey, Pete! Don't let it give the slip.
Grab its tail and crack it, as you would a whip."

Gingerly I grabbed its tail and whirled the brown around.
The whirring of its body produced a mournful sound.
Then I spoke up, "Hey, Dave! What do I do now?"
"Crack it like a bloomin' whip!" I said, "I don't know how."

"Don't tell me that you've never cracked a whip in all your life!"
I said, "I never learned." Said Dave, "Well! We're in strife.
I thought you would have learnt that skill, in the bush, like me?
You'd better let it go and we'll both climb up a tree."

I thought I'd let it go in the direction of the trees,
but then I saw that Dave had fallen to his knees.
"Flamin' hell!" said Dave. "It nearly hit by heck!"
If Dave hadn't ducked it would've wrapped around his neck.

Having had enough excitement, the 'Joe Blake' moved away.
Dave said, "Pete, I mean it in the kindest possible way,
but before you and I plan our next camping trip,
I'm giving you a lesson or two on how to crack a whip!"



"JACKO'S UTE."

© Peter White, "The Eagleby Elegist", 2022

Every man's life's not complete unless 'e 'as a ute.
I went to town the other day 'n' bought one. It's a beaut!
I wanted somethin' different. With the usual brands I'm bored.
It isn't a Toyota, nor a 'olden, nor a Ford.

All these utes can easily cart two-fifty pounds of 'og.
If I'm lucky I can cart me old blue 'eeler dog.
These utes can fit a drum of fuel 'n' several bales of 'ay.
I can fit a kero tin 'n' cane mulch in me tray.

The other day, while shopping, I parked me ute in town.
It was seen by Jimmy Watts 'oo thought 'ed put it down.
" 'ave a look at Jacko's ute. It's a Dinky Toy!"
"Don't you dare 'eap scorn on me Suzuki Mightyboy!"



NAILS IN THE MANGO TREE

© Kym Eitel

Winner, 2009 Charlee Marshall Festival - Golden Cockatoo Award, Banana Shire, Queensland.

Beneath the giant mango tree, a young boy sadly stood.
A patch of shining nail heads scarred the mango's trunk of wood.
The young boy held a hammer and a single, silver nail.
He added one more nail head to the bumpy metal Braille.

He dropped the hammer to the ground and stared at what he'd done.
A hundred times at least before, he'd struck the nail, then run.
He'd run till he could run no more, with tear streaks down his cheek,
then hide beneath the ghost gums, throwing rocks across the creek.

Today though, he felt calmer and he didn't want to hide.
He stood and studied all those nails, felt sadness deep inside.
Each nail had been his punishment. Each angry, hate-filled word
resulted in a hammered nail through vision teared and blurred.

Behind the boy, his Grandad stood. The young boy slowly turned.
"I've said a lot of hurtful things." At last the child had learned.
The old man nodded slowly, he had waited for this day.
Perhaps the boy would understand the words he had to say.

"Angry words are weapons, son, they're poison, they're a knife.
They hurt your loved ones' tender hearts and leave them scarred for life.
See, words, they are invisible, just sounds that we can hear
and though they are intangible, we feel them, right in here.

Harsh words become indelible when placed inside a heart.
Those hateful words can grow and spread, rip friendships right apart.
Once spoken, words are permanent. They're etched on someone's mind -
eternal scars you can't erase, so always, son, be kind.

Apologise. They might forgive, but never will forget.
Cruel words will haunt the two of you. You can't undo regret."
The old man hugged the young boy close, then touched each shining tack,
"Be sure to think before you speak, you cannot take words back."

The young boy made apologies to Grandma, Mum and Dad,
the kids at school, his teacher and his brothers, Greg and Brad.
For each regret and insult, each offense and tattle-tale,
for each and ev'ry "sorry" said, he pulled out just one nail.

Yes, Grandad's patient wisdom helped that very angry boy
to turn his gloomy life around, find laughter, fun and joy.
He's grateful for that lesson, treasures ev'ry memory,
but knows there'll always be those scars on Grandpa's mango tree.



VICTORIAN Bush Poetry Championships
at the Man From Snowy River Bush Festival
 Thursday 7th to Sunday 10th April 2022
 All the usual swag of Poets Breakfasts, walkups,
 Written and Performance sections
 Competition and camaraderie at Corryong,
 NE Victoria
 Main Judges: Rhymer from Ryde, Mel and Susie

Entry forms and info available 5th December at
www.bushfestival.com.au and www.abpa.org.au
 Adult entries close 18th Feb, Juniors 18th March.
 Enquiries to Jan Lewis 0422848707



Campbell always knows where the good times are!



James Thomas, Lawrie Sheridan
 Encouragement Award



Heather Casey, Jan Lewis Encouragement Award



Lisa Ride winner Carol Reffold Memorial One
 Minute Poem award

A CROSS BESIDE A LONELY ROAD

© Ellis Campbell

Winner, 2010 Cervantes Arts Festival, WA.

he shimmered sunrays quaintly dance—create a vision to entrance –
and ripple molten tar beneath my gaze.
Mirages gleam like phantom lakes—a stretching asphalt ribbon snakes
to disappear into horizon's haze.

Beside the road's a tiny cross—portraying someone's tragic loss –
it rests beneath a shady cabbage gum.
Its flowers withered by the sun, and burning winds that everyone
finds wearisome and hard to overcome.

The cross is sadly tilted now—perhaps been bumped by 'roo or cow –
its isolation causing its neglect?
I'm saddened by the heartbreak here—for loss of someone no doubt dear –
I mourn the moment with an awed respect.

Does smallness of the cross proclaim that here—perhaps—a child became
a sad statistic of the toll we bear?
A precious, innocent young child—possessed with manner meek and mild –
denied the chance to cherish all we share?

Perhaps the driver fell asleep—I know it's very hard to keep
alert on roads monotonous and straight.
And did they hit another car, or does a tree still bear the scar?
A lifetime of regret is someone's fate.

No one could claim a lack of view—or did they swerve to miss a 'roo
and misapplied—in panic—faulty brakes?
What heartache someone surely shares, their guilt a burden swamped in cares –
some pay a hellish price for their mistakes.

This tiny cross will represent so much distress that some lament,
and sadness linger on through troubled tears.
This brooding mass of silent scrub guards secrets in each stoic shrub –
its mysteries defy the passing years.

The cross is long accepted here—no trace of unfamiliar fear
or anything promoting sense of loss.
I slowly walk toward my car—aware of fate's incessant scar –
I cast a farewell glance upon the cross.

Above rosellas calmly cling to flimsy limbs while twittering,
and gaudy lorikeets are flitting free.
Their graceful darting swiftly weaves among the sunlit, mottled leaves –
there's beauty in their lilting song of glee.

There is no sense of sorrow here, but blitheness in the atmosphere –
the forest creatures happy as they fly.
So much, of course, I'll never know—it happened many years ago –
but someone surely asks the question—why?



This Page could have featured your Poem, your Club Events, an Ad for your Book or CD, or an article of interest to share with other members.

But, no.
Instead, all it has now is a
sausage.



Neil McArthur

Presents

Tamworth's Funniest and Most Popular Show

The Longyard Bush Poets Breakfasts

8am till 10am

Thursday 21st, Friday 22nd, Sat 23rd & Sunday 24th
April 2022

Featuring

Neil McArthur
Ray Essery
Alan Glover
Errol Gray
Greg Champion
Bill Kearns
Joey Reedy

plus Special Guests



Longyard Hotel

Goonoo Goonoo Room

Gates open 7am

Limited Numbers!!

\$10 per head

Breakfast Available

Tickets can be prebooked at

Bottleshop

or available at door

Regular Monthly Events

NSW

Illawarra Breakfast Poets meet every Wednesday at 7am at Marco Polo facility at Woonona. Ample parking, everyone welcome.

"Laggan Bush Poets." The Laggan Pub, Laggan NSW. The 1st Wednesday of every month, starting at 7.30pm. For further details contact Mike or Elaine on (02) 4837 3397

Gosford Bush Poets meet at 7pm the last Wednesday of every month at the Gosford Hotel, crn. Mann and Erina Streets Gosford. All welcome. Contact Vic Jefferies 0425252212 or Peter Mace (02)-4369356

Milton Ulladulla Bush Poets and Yarn Spinners Group First Sunday Every Month at Ex Servos Club Ulladulla 2pm start visitors welcome contact John Davis 02 44552013

Binalong - A Brush with Poetry @ Cafe on Queen, 15 Queen St. In the studio by the Balgalal Creek. Last Sunday of every odd month (except January), 2-4pm Open mic. Contact Robyn Sykes 02 6227 4377

The Queanbeyan Bush Poets meet at 7pm on the fourth Thursday of the month in the Old School House at Christ Church, 39 Rutledge St, Queanbeyan. Enter via Church Lane. Contact Laurie McDonald on 02 6253 9856

Port Macquarie Minstrels , Poets and Balladeers meet fortnightly; 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month at 1pm in the Pioneer Room, Senior Citizens Hall south end of Munster St, Port Macquarie . Contact Tom Mcilveen 0417 251287

2nd Sunday - 2:00 pm Poetry at the Pub Katoomba Blackburn's Family Hotel. All forms poetry, free entry.

Contact Denis Rice 02 4782 6623 tdrice3@southernphone.com.au

Singleton Bush Poets. Meet at the Albion Hotel, John Street Singleton. 7pm on the first Tuesday of each month.

Contact Neville Briggs 02 65711398.

Wombat Bush Poets meet at 1.30 pm at the Young Hotel for poetry, music and open mic. Last Sunday of even months except December. Contact Ted Webber 0459 707 728

QUEENSLAND

North Pine Bush Poets Group meet at the rear of Coutts Cottage, Old Petrie Town, Dayboro Road Kurwongbah, on the 1st and 3rd Sundays of every month from nine a.m. to twelve noon. Contact the President Ian on 0427212461 or the Secretary Mal on 0417765226.

Kuripia Poets - last Sunday of the month 2pm to 4.30pm, Croquet Hall, 91 Codelia St. Sth Brisbane.

Contact Marilyn 0458 598 683

Geebung Writers - 9.30 am every 2nd Wednesday of the month at Geebung RSL. Contact Jean (07)32654349

Bundaberg Poets Society Inc. 2nd Saturday of the month. Rum City Silver Band Hall, Targo Street. Contact Jayson (07) 4155 1007 Edna 0428 574 651 or Sandy (07) 41514631.

Beaudesert Bush Bards meet on the **Second** Friday of each month from 9.30am at the Beaudesert Arts & information Centre, Mt.Lindesay H'way, Beaudesert. Phone 07 5541 2662 or 3272 4535.

Russell Island Writers Circle - 2nd Thursday of the month at 9.30 am. St. Peters Church Hall (Next to IGA). \$2 donation.

Contact Trish (07)34091542

Shorncliff "Poets of the Park" "Poets of the Park" meet at St Margaret's Church Hall in Sandgate, beside the primary. every 3rd Tuesday from 5-45 pm contact 042 15 14 555

Townsville Bush Poetry Mates Inc meet every the first Saturday of every month at 1pm at Aitkenvale Library Meeting Room at 7:00pm. Loads of fun. All welcome. Contact Barry on 0487 195 156

Bribie Island Bush Poets meet at 6.30 pm on the 4th Monday of each month in the Conference Room of the Blue Pacific Hotel, Woorim on Bribie Island. Contact Cay - 07 34083219

Logan Performance Bush Poets - meet 2nd Sunday of every month, 9 to 11am at the Beenleigh Historical Village. 205 Mains Road Beenleigh. All Welcome. Breakfast available Ring Gerry 0499942922..

Victoria

Kyabram Bush Verse Group- First Monday, every second month, namely Feb, April, June, Aug, Oct, Dec. at the Kyabram Baptist Church meeting room, crn Fenaughty Street and Lake Road Kyabram 7.30pm. Contact Mick Coventry 0427-522097

Gippsland Bush Poets meet Monthly, 7.30pm on the 2nd Thursday of the month at the RSL Hall in Hood St. Rosedale

Top of the Murray Poets and Bush Storytellers (TOMPABS) meet Monthly (mostly Tuesdays in Corryong) for writing workshops, Monthly on 3rd Sunday for Music and Poetry at Maurie Foun's 'Poets' Paradise'. Contact Jan Lewis (02) 60774332

Bendigo Goldfields Bush Poets - Third Sunday even numbered months, except December when second Sunday. Bendigo Club, 22 Park St, Strathdale (Bendigo) 1pm to 4pm. Contacts: Geoffrey Graham 0412725470 or Ken Jones 03 5441 5121

Henry Lawson Memorial & Literary Society Inc. - Meet third Saturday each month/except January.

Monastery Hall St. rear St. Francis Church. Lonsdale street. Melbourne. All Welcome. From 1-30pm till 4-00 pm. Contact: Maree Stapledon: 0408 100 896

Mansfield Bush Poets Group - Second Tuesday of the month 1pm - 3pm, Mansfield Library. Contact Val Kirley 0400 654 596

WA

Perth 1st Friday monthly 7-9.30pm The Auditorium, 26 Plantation Drive, Bentley Park. Contact Rodger 0419 666 168 or Sue 0418 941 016

Albany 4th Tuesday monthly. Contact Peter 08 9844 6606

Bunbury 1st Monday even months 7pm. Rose Hotel. Contact Alan 0400 249 243 or Ian 0408 212 636

Geraldton 2nd Tuesday monthly. Beliar Caravan Park. Contact Roger 0427 625 181

Kalgoorlie 1st Wednesday monthly. Kalgoorlie Country Club. Contact Paul Browning 0416 171 809