

Bev Floyd

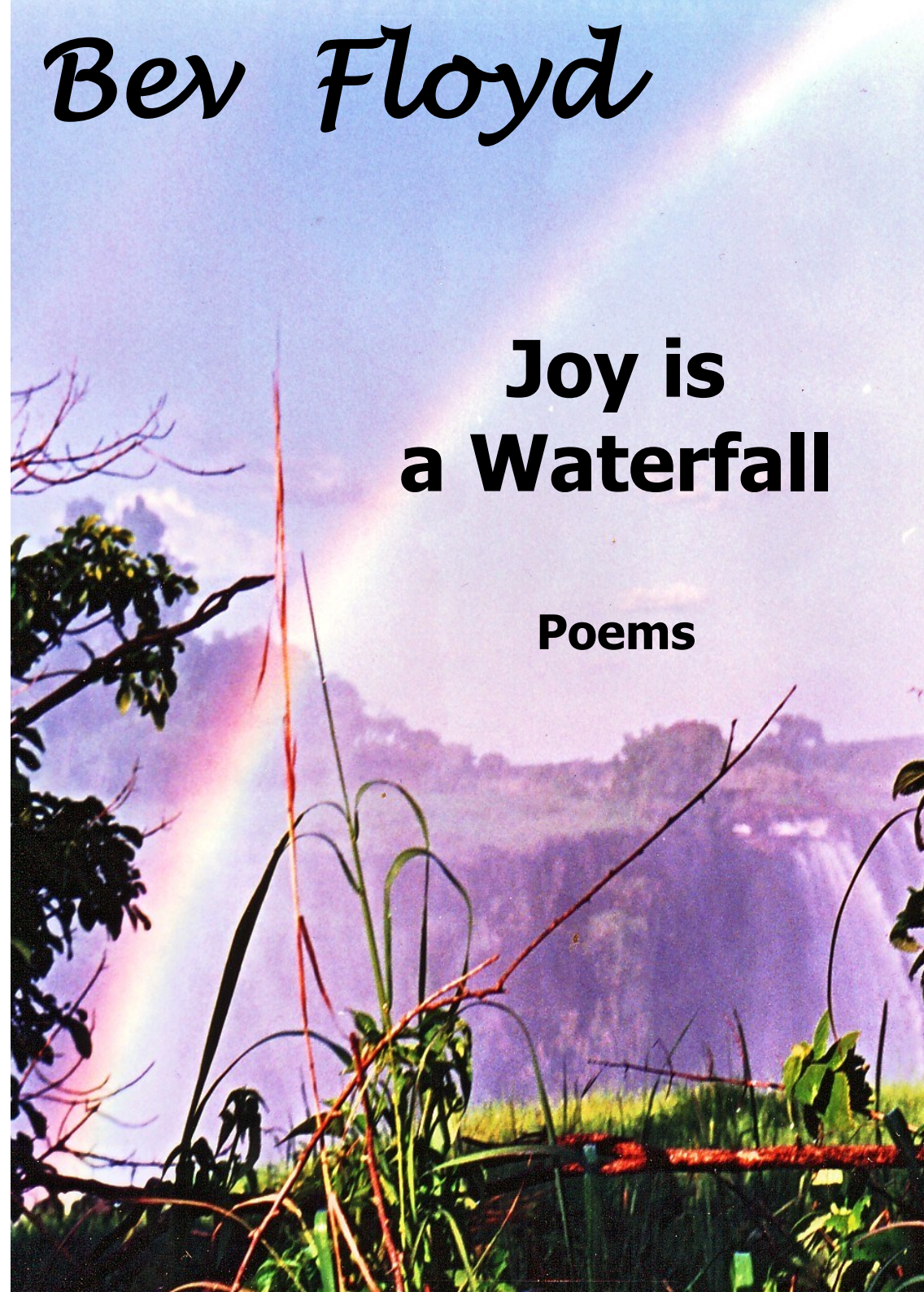
Joy is a Waterfall

Poems

Books in this series:

Animal pals and other creatures
A Sunburnt country
Minky—a cat with an attitude
Joy is a waterfall
Silly nonsense
Off the edge of Australia
Philosophical rumination1
Philosophical rumination2
Mothers and fathers and family trees
Admonitions and advice
Poetry and music and art
Musing on morality
Friendship is a treasure
Work can be heaven or hell
The Democrats and me
It's moments like these
A home should be..
My father, the orphan

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Bev Floyd
lives in Brisbane,
Australia with her
animal pals
Ben and Oscar.
They love the bush, the birds
and other beautiful things.

If the chance occurs
They go
roaming about,
feeling the breeze
on their faces
and enjoying
whatever
comes their way.



Joy is a waterfall

A COLLECTION OF POEMS
by

Bev Floyd

Design and Layout by Information Services
Illustrations by Vonnie Clearsky

For members
of my poetry group
Ros, Vonnie,
Melissa, Babs, Anne,
Mary-Lou and Gail
who have been unstinting
with their support
and encouragement

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Joy is..

For me, the world of '*nature and sense and sound*' is a tremendous source of joy.

The wind, the rain, the birds, the sky, the trees.. speak to me of meaning and beauty.

To see a tree destroyed or animals harmed is painful. What we are presently doing to the world of nature is very sad. Perhaps we will realise in time and try to reverse some of the damage.

Meanwhile, let us celebrate the infinite variety and attractiveness of the world and find food for our souls.

I wish you joy in reading these poems.

Yesterday's rain

Yesterday the rain came..
Dripping gently from a grey sky
Misting the air
and soaking steadily into the
thirsty grass
The sound on the window pane
of friendly rain
was comforting..
relieving us from drought
and smoky haze
and cold dry days

Today it's coming down
with might and main
A hurricane
is coming up the coast

Tomorrow we'll all be glad
we had the rain
The grass will be emerald green
The trees and roofs and
window panes will all be clean
I'd like it to rain for a week or more
but maybe it could become a bore

I am.. I am

A leaf falls in the forest
rippling the silence
A bird calls in the morning
before the world is awake
I whisper softly
I am.. I am

A wave crashes on the beach
scattering the sand
Wind rushes through the trees
whipping the branches
in its path
I cry aloud
I am.. I am

Lightning flashes through the
evening sky
shattering the dark
Thunder growls in the air
like a tiger disturbed
in its darkened lair
I shout with joy
I am I am
Alive!

30.82

Misty morning

The mist is everywhere
It twists around the trees
tantalizing..
mysterious..
and fine
It puts a shine
on the leaves

When it starts to lift..
the haze stays around..
you can almost
smell it

And as the light
settles in
you can see the trees
By degrees
they are defined..
no longer twined
around the mist
but kissed
by the morning sun

4.11

A blue-black dawn

It's a blue-black dawn
It doesn't fawn
It's stark
and uncompromising

The darkness hasn't departed
Morning hasn't started
It's an in-between time
The rhyme is suspended
Night isn't ended yet

Kookaburras are still asleep
There's no cause for laughing
It's deep
and sombre
and gloomy

There's a certain beauty
in a stark blue-black dawn
There's a promise
of pleasure to come
and things to be done

4..24

I'm grateful for grass and green trees

The most glorious green
ever seen
has settled on our city
since the rain
It's a glorious green..
a happy sheen
to complement the sky

It's the greenest green
I've ever seen
It's deep dark green
It's sparkling green
It's green of every hue
You couldn't imagine
how different it is
from the straggly green
before

The rain has soaked down
to the roots of the trees
and satisfied their thirst
How grateful we all are for the rain
and for the grass..
and for the green..
green trees

30.73

An ancient place

It was a deep green
death-defying gorge
carved by aeons long gone
Traversed by waterfalls
and wind..
Still..
thoughtful
and supreme..
No visitor could lightly
tread upon
this ancient place
without a trace of mystery
and awe

Its silent
features
softly wake
the sleeping spectres
of our minds
For we are not here
alone.. unclad
but wrapped in the
mysteries of the past
vast ages..
endless ritual of water
and rock
and wind and fire....

30.43

Bird sounds at dawn

The delicate sound
of a bird waking up
Its sweet note
breaking the silence
and then a response
from its mate
a little later

So humble and soft
and gentle
not harsh
like the sound of a car
Before the dark has departed
its art is coming out
it's sweetly up
and about

The only bird in the world
that has that note
is here
in my little forest
and singing softly
for me
at just past three
in the morning

7.58

Spring is..

I love Spring
It's my favourite time
I'm sure the rhyme
will flow like sap

It's warmer and fresher
and lighter and brighter
The trees are aflame
with flowers

It's yappy and sappy
and people get happy
The wattle is blooming
The thunder is looming

And it will be spring
tomorrow
The sorrow of Winter is over
The clover is bursting out
Without a doubt
Spring is my favourite time

5.29

Half heard.. half seen

Half heard.. half seen
amid the forest's deep
grey green
corroded stone
wind-worn and blown

Was that a bird
I saw.. half heard?
or was it a flaky leaf
purposed along by
a wayward breeze?

A bird
half seen.. half heard
chances upon my eye
then flickers away
from bough to bough
Elusively.. seductively..
only to appear
a moment on
with every hint of modesty forgone
Superb.. elite.. designed to thrill

My breath suspends and
for the instant of its flight
I am in paradise....

30.42

Leaves fall when they must

Why do leaves fall?
One by one
Silently and not so silently..
leaves fall
The sap withdraws
more silently still
as more leaves fall..

I had a friend
We were as close
as leaf to tree
until the sap withdrew..
silently invisibly
and leaf and tree were parted
in a gust

Once connected..
now rejected
Once bright and green
filled with life and merriment..
now dusty and brown
curled on the ground.. detached

Leaves fall when they must..
when the sap withdraws
the leaf will fall....

30.17

That Sunday feeling

I was impressed with how bright
the light was over the city
It's a pity that Spring
couldn't stay about forever
The buildings glistened
and gleamed
It seemed they were afire

A Sunday feeling was in the air
a slowly-flowing..
knowing kind of day
Away from the rush and the bustle
a shine appeared to hover
over the city
and it glistened and gleamed
and seemed to be alive

The sunshine came in the windows
The curtains were stripped away
just a day ago
the water sparkled and shone
the ornaments glistened and
gleamed.. until it seemed
as if the world was alight

7.47

October.. stormy weather

A smudge of blue
in the Jacaranda tree
October is nudging September
out the door

October
King of the stormy weather
grey and thundery
and strong
You wouldn't be wrong
if you thought I loved
this time of the year
No fear
It's terrific..
stimulating..
brings you alive
with a hive of
expectations

Rain-washed trees
and air that is
sparkling clear
It's fair to say this
time of the year is
one I treasure
beyond measure....

8.12

The sun's first gleam

The sun's fire
steals across the silent rim
Lighting up the morning dew
Falling through the dancing leaves
like sheaves of tiny silver eyes
feeding on bright callistemon

The kookaburras' song
far off in the forest deep
farewells the fading moon
Cool breeze...cool light
as lorikeets and sulphur-crested cockatoos
sip honeyed sweetness from Myrtace trees

High overhead in the old dead branches
of the eucalypt
a pied butcher bird with self-complacent air
distils its clear melodious tune
While down from the mountains
the currawongs sing their warbling songs
and long for their morning meal

Dawn in the bush comes alive with the sound
of the lilting bushland songs..
But soon when the birds have eaten their fill
silence will fall again
The sun's first gleam will have turned to gold
The cold dark night will have faded away
and a new day will have begun....

30.9 (Revision of 27.92)

Dusk

The evening light is
coming in muted..
weakened..
gentling shadows on the
leafy trees..
falling aslant through
cracks in the eaves..
burnishing surfaces
with soft shade

Soon it will fade
still more
and streaky sunset
will appear..
a space between
the daylight and the dark
livened by quick flashes
of colour
and extremes
until it too completes
its sure decline
and turns
to night....

30.7

Flowers all over the place

Flowers all over the place
Bougainvillea and Bauhinia
Hibiscus and spaces
where yellow runs riot

Masses of blooms
tend to chase
the glooms
away

Fiery patches of red
and fabulous yellow
colour the garden beds
All the trees are pleased
with their colourful show

They seem to know
how smart they appear
and what good cheer
they bring to the rest
of us

8.13

Birds sing

The cuckoo sings
in Spring
It's a well known thing
but a feeling of surprise
begins to arise in me

Along with the flowers
and rings and things
to hear birds sing
is a joy I explore
in my mind
and I find it
exquisite..
delightful
and fine

It settles on me
like a mantle of peace
I never cease to
wonder
at the newness
the brightness
the rightness
of it all

8.35

Honeyeater

A honeyeater
sat poised and still
upon the tallest bough
of a tree
And there as it sat
it sang its song
loud and long
and melodiously

Whoever has heard
a song so true
as sung by that small
brown bird
in its tree?

Some passersby
took little note
Just hurried along
their morning route
But the tiny brown bird
continued to sing
Its golden sound rang
loud and clear
so that all who would
could easily hear

28.41

Do we care?

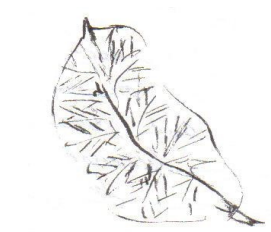
Do we care
that an indiscriminate
bulldozer
will carve away
the reedy homes
of fairy wrens
and delicate
little finches?

Shouldn't we care
a little more
Try to save a small store
of ground
for these innocent creatures
whose homes in the grass
might soon be a thing
of the past..?

Couldn't we care
just a little more..
Speak out
and ask for a pause
A breathing space
for our little mates....?

28.39

Just a stray leaf



Just a stray leaf
but there is beauty
in everything..

The wing of a bird
is heard in the
heart

8.39

Sudden rain

Sheets of lightning
danced across the sky
high above the trees
which swayed and tossed
and the rain came
hurtling past
rattling across the
window panes

The thunder grumbled
and growled
the lightning hissed
and spat
and the wind hurled
the rain across
the sky

And then it went
as soon as it had come
It left a silence behind
a fresh.. cool.. sweet..
damp silence
and only the drops on
the jasmine
showed that it had
been....

10.11

The small brown bird

The small brown bird
heard singing piercingly
in this tree
was a morning greeter..
a honeyeater..

Loud the sound it made
as it bade the sweet
Spring day '*Good Morning*'

Its tiny frame
came fleetingly
to the silvery bough
Sat poised and stilled
while golden sound
round and sweet
filled the fair Spring
morning air and
its delicate curved bill
trilled.. loud and long..
a golden song
for a golden day

28.37

Whistling kite

A whistling kite
Light of wing
Glorious thing
Soaring on an unswept breeze
Beyond the bay
Beyond the crowd
Up there in cloud
and blue
It's me.. it's you..
that excellent bird
It's word
and truth
and substance
and thought
It's how the eternal mind
has wrought
the universe
It's terse and spare
and very fine
down to the last
dynamic line
The skiving dive
The wily slip.. the dip
The joy of it all

28.6

After the storm

How fresh and sweet is
the air after rain
The storm has thrashed around
and gone again
and everything is clean..
and fragrant..
and delightful

The pressure has lifted
the heat has departed
a breeze has started
to wander about
and gently move the
leaves.. up and down
and around

It's cool and easy..
and nice and spicy
It's grand after the storm
to just enjoy the peace
and cease from the tension..
the dissension of
the lightning and thunder
that tore the sky asunder
the night before

10.18

Steady soaking rain

The rain bird has
been heard
singing its doleful tune
The moon has pulled
the tide aside
and all is ready
for rain

Steady soaking rain
The kind that fills
the gutter
and doesn't sputter
out after a drop or
two

We'd like some rain
We'd prefer no hail
as our cars are in
the open and
we're hoping they
won't be in
danger of
getting smitten

11.28

Far off in the forest deep
the kookaburra's song
farewells the fading moon
Lorikeets and sulphur-crested
cockatoos
sip honeyed sweetness
from myrtace trees
Cool breeze..
Cool light..
seems to chase
the tardy night

After nights of steady rain
tall green grass abounds
Dogs sniffle..
Frog sounds ruffle
the silent moon
and dawn has passed
once more

27.93 (Begin 27.92)

Dawn has passed once more

The sun's first immaculate gleam
streams across the silent hill
lights up the morning dew
falling through the dancing leaves
like sheaves of tiny silveryeyes
feeding upon the bright callistemon

High overhead in the old
dead branches of the eucalypt
the pied butcherbird
displays its clear
melodious tune
and sits—like Santa Claus at noon
waiting to be loved and admired

While down from the mountain
the currawong
sings a warbling song
and longs for its morning meal
So it must be time to head home
from my morning walk

(Cont. 27.93)
Far off in the forest deep

Hope comes like the rain

Hope comes like the rain
sweet and plain
washing away the doubt
letting out the pain

And the cool gloom
leaves room
for sweeter thought
not fraught with worry
or hurry
but calm.. a balm
for the soul

The rains have come..
The drops are tumbling down..
The frown is gone..
The long drought that
laid upon us all has fled
and we have shed our concern
The sweet.. sweet rain
is such a balm for pain

The healing rain

I love the land
after rain..
it is so silent
Even the bird's refrain
is absent
A single drop
falls from a leaf
and bark creaks
as it expands
Birds chatter
but a long way off

It is a magic space
with a trace of
mystery
the grace of life
falling for an instant
into my sense..
sweet recompense
for the struggle
the pain
the profane

I have felt
the rain....

13.20

Morning walk

Don't think about it..
just do it
Walk across the floor
and out the door..
smell the crisp scent
of the peppermint
and petunia..
then be on your way
up the hill

What a thrill
to come upon
a flock of fig birds
feeding on fruit
and when you turn
the corner into the Drive
you'll feel alive
and excited
Down past the guava tree
and the squabbling lorikeets
Up round the bend
then wind your way
across the creek
to seek the elusive
Oriole...
Orri-orri-ole....

27.91

Red desert dune

Red desert dune
Shy mound of pubescent
scrub
covering bare flesh
split and ready for rain..
parched under the blue
vermilion sky
the endless why of existence

Red desert dune
surprised by visitors
Disturbed in your
pristine
smooth
unchanged space..
Previously no trace
of footprint
or mark or scar
to show that anyone
had passed
save perhaps
a wisp
of air
or a pair of black banded
snakes twinning
there....

27.90

The tree.. all silvery..

Tree all silvery grey
and light..
shadowy shady
moving sight
I love your grace
and height

Now you're still
but in a moment
I know you will
move again
gently in the breeze
Shimmering..
Glimmering..
with all the other
friendly trees

Sparkling.. shining..
and gold
untold mystery of grace
Through many years
it appears that you've
just kept growing
knowing all there is to know
and keeping it to yourself

13.89

Townsville at dusk

Squadrons of parrots
dark against the milky-blue
mountains
gentle hazy light..
backdrop to the river
and the city as night falls
This is what I'll remember
of Townsville

Dusk and the chattering
birds in the mangroves..
Aboriginal people
in the park

Woman I met on the bridge
and then in the mall
morning and night
same spot
what for I'm not sure

Hardly any hurry
or scurry
a restful kind
of place....

14.24 (1)

Diamond firetail

A diamond firetail
beautiful..
slight..
and elusive
eating unconcernedly
by the side of the road
seeds of grass

And we pass
in a flurry
lives tossed by hurry
and greed for experience
carried along
by technology
and the Theory of Everything
Needing to know.. be part
of a meaningful universe

Yet as we pass
that delicate feather-wing thing..
we pause to observe
a minute's silence
for what we have lost
and note how
the shiny diamond firetail
carries in its tiny presence
the essence of vitality....

27.60

Insensitivity

You crash about in the trees
with your bulldozer of change
spoiling the new grown buds
knocking them down
to the ground
and wondering then
why nothing seems
to expand and grow

Ah so..
This is no way to behave
Why instead don't you
seek to save each curling tendril
and green-trace way?
Why do the things you do
seem to you to take preference..
establish a totally different
reference point of belief

27.48

The not so silent night

There's a curlew calling
at midnight
right out the back
of my house
and the cat is lying
curled up on my bed
her head almost
touching her paws
with little tiny
purring snores
coming out..
Sounds of the night
and my pen
scratching across the
sheet
rushing to meet
the words
as they appear
Across the way
I hear cars
changing gears
as they race down
the hill
and the clock keeps ticking
in the not so silent night

18.13

Lazy poetry

Lazy poetry
at a table by the sea..
a delicate little breeze
and seas
that are quite persistently
rolling in from the east

Pandanus spliced
and drooping..
children trooping off to
the beach..
adults asleep in their
cabins
away from the din

Gritty sand
and fibrous palms..
legs and arms and eyes
tired from walking
and talking
and not being able
to sleep

Lazy poetry
lazy people and the sea....

18.20

Triptych

The triptych
of my window
renews each morning
and each dawning
like electronic page
it limns then glows
brightens then goes grey
and every minute changing
sets my mind ranging
through the ages of art
and the pages of history

I'm not alone looking
into their triple space
Bushman of old
with mild wife and child
Russian Tsarovich and
icons of gold..
Characters of myth
and truth unfold..
hold forth in my
glassy classy window pane..
float in and out
and disappear..
leaving the window
perfectly clear....

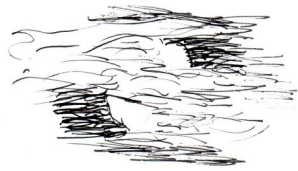
27.38

**The age-old moon
is a modern-day hit**

That blue-grained sky
hung out for the night
might just be the setting
for a starry parade
or perhaps a meteor or two
But you and I are
prepared to admit
that the age-old moon
is a modern-day hit
as it rises on an autumn night
round and golden
and agleam

It seems quite supreme
hanging like a fiery ball
high over all below
as fiercely as it can..
stronger than
any wind has
ever blown before
but the moon will just
ignore its puny strength
and sail along
intent on its own
sweet merriment

27.16



Feeling sleepy

Presently
the lazy lull
the soft mew of the gull
and the thumping
swishing hissing
sound of the sea
began to make
me
s
l
e
e
p
y.....

Two little birds
with yellow stripes
on their beaks
peeked out of the tree
while I was trying
to sleep
and the sun came out
which made me think
we should all
be up and out..
and about.. too!

18.22

Nature rules

The world of nature is
not cruel
but it certainly
doesn't
fool around..
Cause and effect
exact their toll
You get back
what you invest
only if you're plucky
and also very lucky

Nature's got its own future
which it pursues..
You can use the same
kind of rules..
Avoid fools
and keep your mind
on finding
your own particular goal
The whole thing depends
on your focus
Can't have anything to do
with hocus-pocus....

19.15

A great round orange moon

A great round orange moon
Hanging in a smart blue sky..
hardly higher
than the tops of the trees..
and as we drove along the
road from the west..
we were full of zest
and enjoyment
made even better
by catching a glimpse
of that great round orange ball

Its power fell on church and house
'til even a mouse
could be heard to exclaim
*'What fame.. what fame..
your name has been
blessed for a thousand years
and all who watch are
reduced to tears
because of your mystery
and loveliness...'*

27.15

How silently the heron sits

A heron in a tree
sat silently
and stared at me
What was it doing there
so still.. so chill
and austere
sitting alone
upon a quiet branch..?
And what good chance
lead me to see
this stripe-down
tan-brown ghost
almost invisible
in the moving light..
hiding in near night..
upright..
erect..
Commanding respect.
with its silent
composure....

26.89

The hay was really...

The hay was really
sugar cane mulch
smelling warmly
of molasses
and green spikey
cane
Warm earth
encompassed
in bundled..
crumbling
grass
And when I pass it now
near my path..
a vague
and tremulous
thought
appears in my mind
a whiff
a scent
a trail to follow
back to blue skies
and waving green
cane
and the earthy brownny
tawny soil....

19.43

The Aussie bush

Walking along in the bush
the Aussie bush
It's not Kensington Park
and neither is there
a lark singing
high up in the
English sky
No—and why?
Because it's the Aussie bush..
Crackling leaves and branches..
Butcher bird high above
calling sweetly tunefully
to the sky..
And its mate
waiting until we walked away
before it sang its song
And the throng of bees
or flies or whatever
murmuring in the drowsy day
would never ever be heard
the same way
in Kensington Park

20.11

The nightjar has a secret

Nightjar..
Silent witness
from afar..
so still..
Will you eventually grow
to be all-knowing and wise
full-sized and throaty

Perhaps..
yet chaps like you
who do not move but
just sit silently on a limb
and watch..
send a chill
a certain thrill..
with your almost too perfect
stillness and repose....

26.88

Waking to bird song

The little wattle bird
is heard
of a morning
sitting in the Grevillea tree
Oh who wouldn't be
a wattle bird
singing its song
for a mate
late in the morning

From the balcony
we see this dear
little chap
and think perhaps
we'd like to be free
to fly about the
Grevillea tree

But no.. we decide
it's much too nice
being us
and like Pegasus
we'll soon
fly away to the moon

26.74

Patterns in nature

Mandelbrot
set up a theorem
which rebounded
and confounded
the mathematicians

At every level
it revealed
detailed images
of nature
re-iterating through
bend and twist
into the mist
of time

Infinity in a set
of numbers
infinitely splendid..
Nature
for the sheer delight
in life
repeating itself
in a wealth of
glorious patterns

20.39

Shapes.. colours.. shades

Shapes
Colours
Shades
Glades of contented cows..
Houses and mountain ridges..
Hedges coming across
the clean green hills..
Rills and shining bushes..
with glossy grey leaves..
Sheaves of vibrant flowers..
Pohutukawa trees..
brilliant pink
and blue as ink
vermilion and gold..

Startling colours
splashing across the senses..
penetrating the eyes' defences
reaching a point within..
A centre of reflection....

20.46

Northern Tasmania

Sweet rolling hills
where the breeze fills
each captive space
with a trace of
delicious perfume

Gardens where roses
and bottle brushes
are a home
for wattle birds
and thrushes

A vagrant breeze
coming from northern seas
gives it all a tousled look
and brings a fragrant aroma
to every nook and cranny

26.72

A spider spins its web

So delicately spun..
one of nature's miracles
curliques and whirlyques
I'm considering the
spider's web
Relatively speaking
a spider web is tuff
It's made of extremely
powerful stuff
(relatively speaking !!)
But whether or no
we (or the spider)
may think so
It's surprising how often
the spider web
comes to grief
The spider's belief in its web
is no guarantee (at all)
that the web
won't eventually fall
The only (and best) defence
the spider has
is to spin
its intricate..
delicate..
beautiful web..
again and again....



26.70

New Zealand in spring

Bursting thrusting buds
and up-sharp leaves
weave a magic spell..
They tell of fresh
rich soil.. unspoiled..
breath pink tips
and golden broom which
colour the memory..
Solid shade-swept hills
folded firm.. melt into
white blue sky

They murmur of a
distant past when
gold-brown mariners
from sea-swept
shore to shore
walked amid
golden upgrowth
distant rough-edged ridges..
grey-green gorse and fern..
never to return to their
palmy island homes....

20.55

Joy is a waterfall

Joy is a waterfall
doing what it must
tumbling down from crag
and crest
with extraordinary zest

Joy is the dawn
Its sweet scent
and muskiness
trickling into our
consciousness

Joy is the passing
of the sun
as it runs each day
from East to West
doing what it does best
as it goes on its
predetermined way

Joy is wind and rain
and sound
and a round yellow moon
at night
Joy is a whole new year
filled with the possibility
of poetry

20.71

Guardian of the rock

Wheeling overhead with
anguished cry..
an angry bird
screaming its territorial
imperative
Was it simply protecting its young?
Or was it saying
'Beware..
You tread on holy ground..
Secrets abound at every turn
I am the guardian of the rock
You cannot share these secrets
Unless you pass by me
I am the spirit you
cannot see..
the energy of all that
has been and gone
I am the one left behind
in case some unworthy
venturer
should find the mysteries
of the past
with a mind to destroy them
Beware.. you tread on holy ground..
each sound you make..
each step you take..
must be measured'

25.53 (Begin 25.52)

White Rock

An imposing boulder
appeared at the end of the trail..
We could not fail to see
that it was older than
you or me
Older than the trees
Just about as old
as the breeze
and steeped in mystery
Shuddery juddery rocks
and cracks..
Smooth white sworls
and long black streaks
of root juice mingling with
the heady aroma of eucalypts..
the steady smell of
the past..
Vast ages of flesh and bone
encapsuled in stone but
meshed with the here
and now..
the how and why

25.52 (Cont. 25.53)

Joy is blue

Joy is blue
Iridescent bright
Kingfisher wing
Pinpoint of light

Beauty all around..
The shape of the ground
Running water
Breeze on the skin
Birds and people and sound
All making excellent patterns
for the eye and the mind and the ear

It's hard to ignore such a feeling
of contentment and pleasure
When it hovers about
like a fluffy cloud
you just feel glad
somehow.. to be alive..
You thrive on the variety
Enjoy the ambience
Breathe in the scent
and gently decide
to take pride in all you do
and try to make it
beautiful too....

21.28 22.7

Brisbane

The town where I was born
has not been torn
by war or strife
Life here is pleasant
It's usually fine..
blue skies.. sunshine
You can ride on a ferry..
it's carefree.. and merry..
watch the water churn..
see windmills turn and
seagulls swooping overhead..
Sometimes it's difficult to believe
you'll ever really be dead

It's oh so relaxing..
not taxing at all
especially after walking
quite a few miles
It does bring smiles to this
poor old face.. to think
what an excellent place
I was born in....

22.8

A tiny breeze played with me

Hey presto!
It's Saturday morning
The sun is shining
yet a chilly breeze
is twining around my room
making me sneeze..
It ruffles the curtains
and then it hides
I can tell it's still about
and hasn't gone out
The air is crisp and chill
and a gentle puff of ethereal stuff
is wafting near my face
Outside a passing gale
disturbs the trees
They sway and shift
with each lift of invisible force
and then are still
while inside my bedroom cocoon
the little breeze stays
and plays with me....

25.34

Approaching Brisbane

Over the brow of the hill..
appearing suddenly
above the rim
Brisbane sits poised
and still...

Dorothy's Emerald City
or the City of Gold
we're told about
in the bible
could not be much
more fine
than the elegant line of
buildings
sitting carelessly there
just over the brow of the hill

I tell you
it will make goose bumps
and shivery lumps
come up on your skin
and you will begin
(if you haven't already begun)
to admire this amazing place....

25.15

Green growing grass

I'm grateful
for green growing grass
and other growth
wispig about in the breeze
seizing every opportunity
to come alive.. to thrive

Green leaves
and fronds.. and blades
alive and thriving..
writhing with energy
and certainty..
smelling of newness
yet also dark.. and rank
and old.. and mouldy
as old as the oldest
living thing
They bring a feeling of
strength from
the long
ago....

22.48

Carry me out

When I'm just about
to die
I'd like to be carried out
under the sky
(the beautiful blue sky)
And I'd like to look
for one last time
at the breeze moving
in the fronds of the trees
Hear the birds fluttering..
chattering
Watch the green goodness
of leaf and limb..
Enjoy a last whim to reach
out and touch the clouds..
It's what I love most
The Holy Ghost moves
into my soul
I feel whole
and connected
not subjected to all
the inconvenience
of daily experience
That's how and where
I'd like to die..
under the beautiful wide blue sky....

22.50

A fresh clean shower

It rained for a moment
and the fresh sweet scent
came in with the breeze
It rained and I heard
the sound of it falling
on the grass

It rained then passed
and all I could hear
was the silence of the night
The cool fan whirring
stirring the page
of my book..

It only took
a fragment of time
until I had it captured
with rhyme
delicately poised
at the tip of my pen..
rolling down
the white crest
of the sheet
and meeting its
Moment of Truth

22.58