

## BUSH POETRY AGE 10 AND UNDER

### **BOUNCY JUMPING CASTLE**

by Allan Cropper

Bouncy, bouncy, jumping castle  
never have to move a muscle.  
People bouncing everywhere  
tossing me into the air.

Bouncing, bouncing, up and down  
chasey, chasey, round and round,  
birthday party, pass the parcel  
in the bouncy jumping castle.

Bouncy, bouncy, lots of fun  
jumping, jumping, everyone.  
Rumble, wrestle, jostle, tussle  
in the bouncy jumping castle

**OR**

### **BING BANG WALLOPY BOOM**

by Allan Cropper

Bing bang wallopy, boom  
the marching band came in my room.

Round and round and round my bed,  
pounding, pounding, in my head

Bing bang wallopy boom  
the marching band marched out my room.

I never heard another peep.  
I closed my eyes and fell asleep

## BUSH POETRY AGE 11-13

### **CHOOK CHOOK**

by Bob Pacey

I've got a little chicken and she thinks that she's a dog,  
she fossicks round the yard looking for a tasty worm or frog.  
She lines up at the back door for her breakfast every day,  
she pinches food from off dogs and then quickly runs away.

The other chickens in the coup just look at her and cluck  
as she scratches in the gardens through the dirt and muck.  
I search around and find her eggs sometimes it's quite a feat  
but cooked up on toast for breakfast they make a tasty treat.

She comes and goes just as she likes the fence won't keep her in  
to curb her daytime escapades would seem like such a sin.  
But when the sun is setting and she has checked out all the nooks  
she makes her way back to the pen with all the other chooks.

**OR**

### **GRANDPA'S FARM**

by Jenny Erlanger

My Grandpa rang this morning.  
He's just bought a farm, he said,  
and so I've started dreaming  
of the fun that lies ahead.  
I see myself with bottles  
helping feed the baby lambs,  
I'm saddling up the ponies,  
catching yabbies in the dams.

I glimpse a pretty orchard  
filled with trees for me to climb –  
the apples smell delicious  
so it must be picking time.  
I hear a rooster crowing  
as it struts amongst the chooks  
near a cosy little cottage  
like the ones in picture books ...

But now the vision's fading  
thanks to what I've just been told.  
My dreams of country living  
I may have to put on hold.  
I won't be catching yabbies,  
won't be riding through the scrub.  
My Grandpa's little farm is ...  
just some worms inside a tub!

## **BUSH POEMS AGE 14 - 18**

### **WHERE THE PELICAN BUILDS HER NEST**

by Mary Hannay Foott

The horses were ready, the rails were down,  
but the riders lingered still --  
One had a parting word to say,  
and one had his pipe to fill.  
Then they mounted, one with a granted prayer,  
and one with a grief unguessed.  
"We are going," they said, as they rode away --  
"Where the pelican builds her nest!"

They had told us of pastures wide and green,  
to be sought past the sunset's glow;  
of rifts in the ranges by opal lit;  
and gold 'neath the river's flow.  
and thirst and hunger were banished words  
when they spoke of that unknown West;  
no drought they dreaded, no flood they feared,  
where the pelican builds her nest!

The creek at the ford was but fetlock deep  
when we watched them crossing there.  
The rains have replenished it thrice since then,  
and thrice has the rock lain bare.  
But the waters of Hope have flowed and fled,  
and never from blue hill's breast  
come back – by the sun and the sands devoured –  
where the pelican builds her nest.

**OR**

### **A DOG'S MISTAKE**

by Andrew Barton (Banjo) Paterson

He had drifted in among us as a straw drifts with the tide,  
he was just a wandering mongrel from the weary world outside;  
He was not aristocratic, being mostly ribs and hair,  
with a hint of spaniel parents and a touch of native bear.

He was very poor and humble and content with what he got,  
so we fed him bones and biscuits, till he heartened up a lot;  
Then he growled and grew aggressive, treating orders with disdain,  
till at last he bit the butcher, which would argue want of brain.

Now the butcher, noble fellow, was a sport beyond belief,  
and instead of bringing actions he brought half a shin of beef,  
which he handed on to Fido, who received it as a right  
and removed it to the garden, where he buried it at night.  
'Twas the means of his undoing, for my wife, who'd stood his friend,  
to adopt a slang expression, 'went in off the deepest end',  
for among the pinks and pansies, the gloxinias and the gorse  
he had made an excavation like a graveyard for a horse.  
Then we held a consultation which decided on his fate:  
'Twas in anger more than sorrow that we led him to the gate,  
and we handed him the beef-bone as provision for the day,  
then we opened wide the portal and we told him, "On your way."