

Townsville Eisteddfod 2022
Bush Poetry Ages 14 to 18 years

WHIP ON THE WALL BY BARRY ANDERSON

I sat there in awe as I listened some more,
To the tales as the old drover spoke.
He talked of the land with a wave of his
hand,
And the people and hearts that it broke.

He talked of the drought and how it
panned out,
And the years of the suffering pain,
As the bullocks fell dead or were shot in
the head,
Unable to deal with the strain.

He talked of the time when the paddocks
were fine,
And how nature had helped them to
cope,
With the plains long and green from the
drenching they'd seen,
And how rains brought a glimmer of hope.

He talked of the men who he worked with
back then,
And his voice seemed to beam out with
pride,
As he spoke of the way, throughout every
day,
They'd tackle life's hardships in stride.

He talked of the tracks headed way out
the back
Of Dajarra and old Camooweal,
And the cattle pads grooved from the
herds that he'd moved,
And the dust he could almost still feel.

He talked with a sigh and a glint in his eye
Of a life he yearned for still then.
The simple bush way, to live by each day
In a saddle and leading his men.

But he knew in his heart he had played out
his part,
His hat and whip on the wall;
But no one could take, or ever mistake,
Those memories, he'd finally recall.

OR

HORSE SENSE BY RHANA MAXWELL

They laughed when they saw him come down the
track,
With a stick for a horse and a swag on his back.
His clothes were all tattered and shabby to see
And the horse that he led, was the branch of a
tree!

He trotted those sticks as though they were real,
And patted them gently as if they could feel.
He called them fond names and rubbed them
both down,
And promised them oats when he got them to
town.

They bade him "G'day" as he tied up each steed
And invited him in for a yarn and a feed.
They plied him with food, which disappeared fast
And he talked as he ate, of some trips in the past.

For he and his horses spent weeks on the track,
Seeing scarcely a soul in the lonely outback.
He said he was travelling to town for the show,
And his horses, he'd sell, 'cos he needed the
dough.

They asked him to stay and camp there the night,
But he said he'd be off, and he'd camp on a sight
On that flat by the creek, if that was okay,
Where his horses could rest and be fresh the next
day!

"Sure" laughed the boss, "He's a harmless old
coot,
And those horses of his wouldn't cause a dispute"!
And they laughed as he rode away down the
track,

With his horses of sticks and a swag on his back
But that silly old coot was a wily old scamp,
With a hundred good reasons for choosing that
camp.

He wanted to rest where the grass was so good,
For not all his horses were fashioned from wood.

One hundred live horses he'd left down the track,
There were chestnuts and bays and a good
looking black.

A pony or two, a conglomerate lot
Content to stay put, they were weary and hot.

By the light of the stars, he moved his tired mob
And he rolled out his swag on completing the job.
He slept like a lamb, while his horses all fed
On that grass by the creek, which cushioned his
bed.

The men cantered down to the flat at first light
And the look on the face of the boss was a sight.
For he knew he'd been beaten by the neatest of
tricks,
By that silly old coot and his pair of old sticks.

Townsville Eisteddfod 2022
Bush Poetry Ages 11 to 13 years

LIPSTICK CAPERS BY NOEL STALLARD

Now lipstick was the latest craze with Year 6 girls at school
and to the toilet block they'd go to prove
that they were cool.
And when their lips were coloured thick
this daring Year 6 class
would then put lipstick kisses on the toilet's
mirrored glass.

"It takes me hours to clean this glass", the
janitor complained,
"and next day it's back on again, so
nothing's really gained".
As Principal I pondered on this problem
with the glass,
and then decided to the toilets I would
march this class.

"Now girls, your lipstick mirror kisses really
are quite mean
as it takes Jan our janitor so many hours to
clean.
I'll now get Jan to demonstrate what
cleaning is involved
and hopefully when you see this our
problem will be solved".

Then Jan picked up the toilet brush, gave
the bowl a rub,
and with water on the brush, gave the
mirror then a scrub.
Girls' hands went trembling to their lips,
their eyes on glass transfixed:
and I don't need to tell you folk, that
problem then was fixed.

OR

THE AUSSIE PIE BY MARCO GLIORI
(PRONOUNCED GLEE- OR- EE)

Australians might be famous for exotic brilliant
reefs,
Or the most exquisite sunsets one could spy.
But when you're really hungry, call the Baker
from the bush,
To serve you up a good old Aussie Pie.

For directions now are given over
segregating seas
By disciples who've experienced their styles.
*"If you ever go down under, grab a true-blue
Aussie Pie,
For down there you'll see 'em lining up for
miles".*

There's not a kid in my home-town who
couldn't boast a tale,
Of the time they did the down-town dash in
fright,
Just to see old Bluey smiling from his pie cart
by the pub,
Where he sells 'em by the dozen through the
night.

So hail to all us connoisseurs who mock the
changing trends
And pass on by the Gourmet Gang uptown,
Fiddling with their cutlery and menus a-la-
cart,
While we partake in mince and pastry brown.

I've met a hundred Bakers in the cities where
I've been
And I tell 'em that they needn't even try.
For no matter what they bake, they'd best off
stick to cakes,
Cause there's nothing beats a good old
Aussie Pie.

Townsville Eisteddfod 2022
Bush Poetry Ages 10 & under

FLIES BY STEPHEN WHITESIDE

This summer is an early one
For rotten, pesky flies.
They buzz around my nose and mouth,
They buzz around my eyes.

The buzz me here, they buzz me there,
They even buzz my ear.
I dread they might get trapped inside,
'Cos then I will not hear.

I simply can't escape them,
I have sailed across the sea,
I have climbed the highest mountain,
And yet still they follow me.

I fear that if I travelled to the Moon,
Or some such place,
There'd be flies in little space suits
Buzzing all around my face!

OR

THE CHEEKY FROG BY MARCO GLIORI (PRONOUNCED GLEE- OR- EE)

There was a green frog that lived in a log,
And only came out when there was a fog,
When no-one could see him, and guess what he did?
He used to jump up on the garbage bin lid!

Then, just before school when the children came out
To empty the garbage, you'd hear them all shout!
They'd reach for the handle, but what did they grab?
A fat slimy frog! Yes, a hand full of flab!

YUCK! It was awful! PEWK! It was sick!
The children ran crying and looked for a stick,
But when they came back there was no green frog -
He was home laughing - safe in his log!