

## Beaudesert Bush Bards Bush Picnic

The Beaudesert Bush Bards held their second bush picnic on 16th June. The idea of taking bush poetry back to its origins – in the bush – started with “Poetry In The Round-yard” last year. This year’s event “Poetry By The River” was most successful despite giving Ian Gasking, the event organiser, concern about the predicted weather. It turned out to be a nice day and 35 people joined in the fun in beautiful Darlington Park, situated 30k’s south of Beaudesert. Poems relating to the river were featured and one is attached in case you wish to use it.

Both local and visiting poets performed and the Beaudesert Bush Bards thank those who travelled quite a distance to attend. Next year’s event is already on the drawing-board. We hope to see even more of our poetry pals there.

Pamela Fox, President, Beaudesert Bush Bards

### THE FLOOD

by Pamela Fox

The rain poured down for forty days  
I felt like poor old Noah,  
but lucky bloke, he’d been forewarned,  
His ark it was a goer.

But I just watched the river rise,  
the water creeping higher,  
And when it rushed through my front door  
I knew my plight was dire.

I’d really brought it on myself,  
I’d prayed to hear it raining.  
But now God wouldn’t switch it off.  
Oh how I hate complaining.

I’d need to make myself a raft  
out of the old stepladder.  
I grabbed an empty cask of wine,  
pulled out its silver bladder.

Now when the last heat-wave had struck  
We all went to the weir.  
My neighbour’s kid left his swim float.  
Thank God it was still here.

That yellow duck would help it float  
although it did look funny.  
I blew the wine soaked bladder up,  
knew I was ‘on the money’.

I couldn’t leave my cat behind  
I’d had her many years,  
I’d slip her one whole Valium,  
alleviate her fears.

I popped two more into my mouth  
I didn’t want to waste ’em  
and took a sip of Bundy rum  
just so I couldn’t taste ’em.

The river now was very wide  
Just like the mighty Congo.  
I should have left home long ago;  
I felt a stupid drongo.

I launched my craft into the stream  
my cat and I reclining.  
I’d not been warned as Noah had,  
my raft needed refining.

It also had a strong appeal  
to snakes who hated swimming.  
One curled itself around the raft  
as past it we went skimming.

I grabbed a stick and took a swipe  
but hit the rubber duckie,  
I heard the air hiss from the thing.  
I never have been lucky.

Now pussy’s Valium wore off  
The hissing made her panic,  
Her claws they raked the silver float.  
We sank like the Titanic.

The cat grabbed onto my poor skull  
The snake wrapped round my middle  
and as I struck out for the bank  
I warmed myself with piddle.

Was then I heard a harsh alarm  
and rudely was awoken.  
I was relieved it was a dream  
but my bed sheets were soaking’.

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