

**SECTION 224 – Australian Bush Poetry - Ages 14 to 18 years**

**A SEA CHANGE** by Carmel Randle

There's a hint of the desert for memory  
and a cool breeze blows in from the sea...  
where the white foam laps gleaming gold beaches...

That's where I am longing to be!

Where the rivers run wild from the mountains  
through rain forests, down to the sea  
And there's tropical birds in profusion...

That's where I am longing to be!

Where the white sails dot languid blue harbours,  
and birds ride the thermals for free,  
where you wander for miles when the tide's out...

That's where I am longing to be!

Where the waves lash the rocks on the headlands  
like a demon that chortles with glee,  
and the wild wind whips foam from the ocean...

That's where I am longing to be!

For the sea is an ocean of mystery  
when it's tame – or as rough as can be,  
but I love it through all of its seasons,

for I am a child of the sea!

**OR**

## ROGER THE LODGER by Bob Miller

Old Roger the Lodger lives down in my shed –  
You have to be careful and watch where you tread!  
You have to be wary and look upwards too –  
He'll swing from the rafters and smile down at you!  
He'll catch all the mice that run round in the hay –  
Old Roger the Lodger sure earns all his pay!  
He climbs on the benches and slides on the shelves...  
    Can you guess why Roger is not like ourselves?

He's lived in my shed since long, long ago  
and now he's grown up... near three metres or so.  
He has two big eyes and a check-coloured coat,  
some white pointy teeth, and a very long throat.  
He swallows his lunch when he's out on a spree,  
and he's nice to his friends... that means you and me.  
He comes out each year in a shining new skin...  
    Can you guess why Roger wears such a big grin?

Old Roger the Lodger has no legs or arms.  
His Uncles and Aunts live on neighbouring farms.  
His Mum and his Dad moved away with no fuss –  
they knew he'd be happy to live here with us!  
He's calm and contented. He sleeps quite a lot,  
and sometimes you'll wonder if he's there or not!  
Did you guess he's a python who's not underfed?  
    And he's happy as Larry down there in my shed!

## Section 225 Australian Bush Poetry – Ages 11 to 13 year

OR

**STRAWBERRY MILKSHAKE** by Carmel Randle

Have you ever dreamt about a Strawberry  
Milkshake  
when you're lying half awake in bed at  
night  
and wondered could you creep down to  
the kitchen  
and make one – without turning on the  
light?

Inside your head you visualise the layout  
of the kitchen – where you'd find the malt  
and milk...  
in your mind's eye you can see the  
strawberry flavour –  
feel it running on your tongue like sweet,  
red silk...

You swing your legs from underneath the  
covers,  
feel bare toes as they touch down to the  
floor –  
and that's the moment that you **MUST**  
remember  
that the kitchen cupboard has a squeaky  
door!

Perhaps you think you'd better wait a  
moment  
till all the family are in bed asleep,  
in case your mother hears the squeaky  
floorboard  
in the hallway, as down there you try to  
creep!

You lie and plot your plan a little longer,  
and picture Strawberry Milkshake in your  
head...  
Oh Heavens! Could that be your mother  
calling??? It's **MORNING** – and you must  
get out of bed.

**MUTTABURRASAUROS** by Milton Taylor

Where the swamp is green and slimy,  
where the ground is black and grimy,  
that's where **HE'LL** be – Oh, Blimey!  
**MUTTABURRASAUROS**.

And if he comes to track us  
he'll use his tail to whack us,  
he'll jump on us and crack us,  
**MUTTABURRASAUROS**.

He'll use his teeth to gnaw us,  
His long toe-nails will bore us,  
he'll chew and chomp and claw us.  
**MUTTABURRASAUROS**.

He's really so gi-normous,  
His fiery breath will warm us,  
into blobs of glob he'll form us.  
**MUTTABURRASAUROS**.

We'll quietly go a-creeping,  
and hope he won't be peeping,  
then roaring, come out leaping.  
**MUTTABURRASAUROS**

If we see him there before us,  
Let's hope he'll just ignore us.  
We'll say he never saw us.  
**MUTTABURRASAUROS**.

## Section 226 Australian Bush Poetry Age 10 and Under

### **IT'S NOT ME** by Zita Horton

Something lives inside my desk,  
something never seen...  
It breaks my pencils, tears my books,  
so that when my teacher looks  
inside my desk, there's such a mess,  
although I keep it clean!

Something lurks inside my desk,  
and when the school is quiet,  
it empties shavings everywhere,  
puts chewing gum beneath my chair,  
wrecks my pen, or ruler, then  
it hides back out of sight.

This 'something' that's inside my desk,  
hiding 'neath the lid,  
gets me in trouble every day!  
Although, "*It's not my fault,*" I say,  
"*That there's a mess inside my desk,*  
*'Cause I'm a tidy kid!*"

**OR**

### **FROGS** by Bob Miller

When I was playing down the creek last week with my friend, John,  
this speckledy blob of jelly we found floating in a pond.

It looked like little eyeballs there just bobbing in the water.  
I said, "*I'm gunna take it home!*" and John said, "*Should we oughter?*"

So I took it home and placed it in this old tub out the back.  
I studied it for days and days – those eyeballs all turned black.

Then suddenly one morning when I went to look in there,  
my tub was full of tadpoles – they were swimming everywhere!

I watched them grow for several weeks – their tails were getting stronger,  
then next some little legs popped out and soon became much longer!

Today, alas, I went to check – I'm feeling quite bereft.  
They've changed to frogs and hopped away, and now there's nothing left!