

Australia

Slowly, gently it pulls you back.

Misty mountains,

hot arid summers,

dry red dust blows across the
deadened earth.

A few miles away the humid
rainforest drips with moisture
as the kookaburra cry with laughter.

Sheep mill about the paddock
as the black and brown snakes slither
past never noticing.

On hot nights old men snuggle up
to the bar to tell rotten jokes and
will the worries away with a cold stubbie.

A breeze filters through the
gum leaves as the garbled chirping song
of the magpie drifts on the air.

It's a yearning, a yearning to breathe the
eucalyptus filled air,

hear the song of the magpie,
travel down irrigation ditches
on horse back and

sweat till you wouldn't think there
was moisture left in you.

Walk along the river as the
Southern Cross weaves its spell into
everyone that sees it.

The river leads you on,
but one thing never changes,
the people.

So strong, so proud, so unconditionally
human it makes you envious of
their natural ways.

In this land, the backbone runs
so deep, that time has no meaning.