

I love writing

I love writing about forests, beaches and sun
Battlers, moms, daughters, dads and sons
I love writing about our brave Diggers present and past
Happy knowing my writings will be read and forever last.

I love writing, watching the awe on a young child's face
Listening as I transport them to their secret place
I love writing, adults mesmerised by a related story
Touching their heart whilst they relive a past glory

I love writing about the outback, heartbreak and pain
My family and the love I know will never wane
I love writing about loving our four-legged mate
Getting it wrong, starting again with a clean slate

I love writing about friends I have met over time
Those that passed on, still remembered in rhyme
I love writing about our wondrous animals and trees
Original custodians of our great land, the Aborigines

I love writing, not worried pleasing experts I meet
Knowing at times I miss the meter, rhythm and beat
I love writing, like other writers all over Australia
Anyone who writes should not be labeled a failure

I love writing, though not good with spelling and exclamation
But isn't it people like us who helped forge our great nation?
I love writing, the contentment and feeling so exciting
I now tell all, I love writing, cause, I love writing.

David J Delaney
06/12/2007 ©



Photo by Terry Cutting....email: cadtc@dodo.com.au

Drought

*Dawn heralds a new day
Breezes blow the same way
Dust builds on the fence rail
Homestead's dirty and pale.*

Teasing clouds pass on by
Too dry even for a fly
Machinery caked in dust
Chains coated in rust.

Willy-willy's continuous swirl
More dust they do hurl
Bleached skeletons dot the paddocks
Dead gardens hold rusty mattocks.

Old cockey gone to the city
Not looking for any pity
In his flat eyeing the sky
Alone the old man does cry.

*Dawn heralds a new day
Breezes blow the same way
Dust builds on the fence rail
Homestead's dirty and pale.*

For his home he grieves
Banks, calling them thieves
His plea's they find boring
Forced out that terrible morning.

Finishing his last beer
Onto the bed that's near
Dreaming of a lush pasture
Drifting to the hereafter.

Who'll know he's passed away
He will be found one day
They'll think "another old man"
Knowing not his life was grand.

*Dawn heralds a new day
Breezes blow the same way
Dust builds on the fence rail
Homestead's dirty and pale.*

David J Delaney
03/01/2008 ©

When Autumn Comes Again

Breezes blowing, your free spirit is in the air
Today won't be easy, as my thoughts turn to despair
This goodbye, how it will be such a mental strain
When Autumn comes again.

Thousands of leaves gently falling to the ground
Trudging through dragging my feet, not making a sound
Why is this day so hard, so tough, such a drain
When Autumn comes again.

Clouds overhead becoming so thick and so grey
Blue disappearing as darkness continues on its way
Trying to cover from the cold, seems only in vain
When Autumn comes again.

That cancerous disease came and took you from our life
Always in our minds, Mother, Aunty, partner, wife
Our friends know of, but they can never feel our pain
When Autumn comes again.

No more cuddling on the sofa by the fire warm
Snuggling in each others arms, till the early morn
Wondering about my life, is there anything to gain
When Autumn comes again.

I come to you this day; I leave flowers and a card
Future seasons now without you, will it be hard?
The state I'm in now, wondering if I will stay sane
When Autumn comes again.

Service will be nice; words spoken will be so sweet
Only place now I can hold you is deep in my sleep
In all the seasons your memories will vividly remain
Never more so,
When Autumn comes again.

David J Delaney
11/10/2007 ©

In memory of our cousin Vicki, 50 years young, passed away 11/10/2007 a victim of cancer.
RIP