



The Outback Track

As this black road disappears into the distance
To our left and right salt bush eeks out an existence
No rain here for years, not even a sign
It is so dry some locals say, "It's a crime"

The heat is oppressive, driving in this midday sun
This old truck has no air con. It's not much fun
We take a chance, open all the windows to catch a breeze
While keeping a eye out, in case of a swam of "bush bees"

Eagles glide in the thermals looking for their fill
Won't take long for them to see that Kangaroo road kill
A half metre "Frilly" sits atop a small mound of rocks
Making sure the road is clear before scooting across

Galahs and Cockatoos line the edge of the long road
They're picking grain and seed left by a road trains load
One can drive for hours along this lonely inland track
Before you see any people or houses here in the outback

Way in the distance we see a large cloud of bull dust
A road train is coming, move over and slow down is a must
We acknowledge each other on the long range C.B.
And how quickly, the change of the landscape, to this we agree

At last in the middle of nowhere a roadhouse comes into sight
We pull in to have a brew and a delicious country bite
Some driver's say it's raining up north, this I know is true
Have to drive all night, to beat the rising rivers just to get through

Hours have past, the sun is almost down and it's starting to rain
Have to be careful not to slide off into the table drain
Now with spotlights on, we see the bull dust has turned to mud
Then across the road a sow runs followed closely by her two bubs

Tomorrow as the sun is rising, I will be home in north Queensland
Where the rainforest meets the beach, I rest my weary feet in the sand
Have a few days off, unwind and take a load off my back
Because I know soon, I will travel back down that outback track.



MY MATE

I remember I lost a good mate some time ago.
It was so dam hard to give the nod to let him go.
Then brought him home to a spot I knew he would like.
Placing him in the ground was a wrenching sight.

Burning his name on a post, before it got to dark.
It will last a long time, this remembrance mark.
Remember, I sure will, the words that he heeded.
And when it hurt me inside, when discipline was needed.

All the games we would play, oh! So much fun.
A walk down to the park, or a good long run.
Or when he wasn't looking, I'd hide in tall grass.
Hearing him circling until he pounced, oh I would laugh.

Playing with an empty plastic bottle, and lasting for ages.
Until enough was had, he would lay while I read papers.
And on a balmy summer night always etched in my head.
Us, resting on the driveway, his head resting on my leg.

He's memory in my heart, I will hold so close, so near.
As do my family, he was one of us and so dear.
He still is talked about today, and every now and then.
Someone will tell a story, at how he touched them.

I know I can't write all the humorous times in his life.
The fun, the laughter, from myself, Daughters and Wife.
So this is a tribute to him, the memories that won't abate
This bloke that gave unconditional love, our four-legged mate.