

THE GOLD SEEKERS

Terry Piggott - Winner - Boyup Brook Written Competition

All Bleary eyed I stretch and yawn and seek the strength to
face the dawn,
then stumble out still half asleep and shiver in the morning
chill.

And stealthily the shadows creep to wake the outback from its
sleep,
just as the morning chorus starts to echo out around the hill.

The ashes have been coaxed to life - the billy's boiled - I call
my wife,
and soon the smell of toasted bread wafts through our camp to
tantalize.

We huddle by the glowing coals while eating muesli from our
bowls,
then watch the last stars fade away before the sun begins to
rise.

As daylight starts to gather speed, the fading shades of night
recede,
and sunshine soon will flood the land and bathe the earth with
warmth again.

A golden glow has touched a hill then shines on leaves that
shimmer still,
to sparkle just like precious jewels that brighten up this harsh
terrain.

Then off we go to search for gold - an occupation for the bold.
My love and I for years have toiled and found enough to just
survive.

But little do we really care, we're happy with our meagre
share,
reward enough this life out here where freedom blooms and
dreamer's thrive.

Excitement comes with each small bit we find among the
stones and grit,
and spurs us on to search for more throughout a long and tir-
ing day.

Our smoko's bring a chance to rest - compare our finds and
joke and jest,
and then sit back, enjoy the views, and let our minds just drift
away.

We love this land of clear blue skies where outback beauty
greet's our eyes;
the breakaways and sun burnt plains, gnarled mulga trees and
ghostly gums.

An ancient land of weathered hills with winding tracks and
creaking mills,
now warmed by beams of autumn sun, before the chill of win-
ter comes.

We dream of course we'll make a hit, instead of just the odd
small bit,
with nuggets laying all around, just waiting for that special day.
Reality though soon returns; it's not like that one quickly
learns,
persistence is the thing you need, then lady luck might smile
your way.

(Cont page 6)

The Gold Seekers (cont from page 4)

We pause to watch the setting sun; then head for
camp now day is done.
Excitedly we weigh our gold and see just what the
scales reveal.

We tidy up as daylight dims and soon will rest our
aching limbs,
but first the oven's placed on coals and left to
slowly cook our meal.