

The

May 2020

W.A. Bush Poets

BULLY TIN



**There will be no May muster.
COVID 19 EDITION**



How Yer Goin Mate

" How yer goin mate ?" Old Bluey asked, as we met up,
down the bar.
I answered that, "I'm going well," as I ordered us a jar.
He asked again, and then he said, "I've heard that you've
been crook."
I drank down a second swallow, (and gave him a dirty
look.)
I'm going pretty well, I am, now that the flu's abated.
There's not a lot that's wrong with me, that isn't age re-
lated .
I know my knees have stiffened, and I've got a touch of
gout.
My left foot's got a heel spur, and my hip pops in and
out.
My back can be a nuisance, when it locks up on me.
Sometimes it's really painful, and near drops me on my
knee.
They tell me that my ticker, isn't really up to scratch.
And I must be getting taller, as I've grown up through
my thatch.
My eyes are getting dimmer, I need glasses now to read.
And I've noticed now my hearing, isn't really up to speed.
But I'm feeling pretty chipper, I still hear that lovely
sound.
That goes "clunk, clunk" each morning, when my two
feet hit the ground.
I still can make it to the toilet, if it isn't very far.
And each morning when I wake up, I get my teeth out of
the jar.
My shoulder gives me curry, it can give me lots of pain.
And when I'm in the garden, standing up's, (sometimes a
strain.)
But I'm really feeling pretty good, I really am quite hap-
py.
I wake up bright, and cheerful, I'm a bloke that's rarely
snappy.
I try to keep my problems hidden, locked away from
show.
For it is no use complaining, no one really wants to know.
Old Grumpy Harry Bestwick

The Game An Anzac Sonnet

An agonising, sleepless, nervous
wait,
long hours of training have them at
their prime.
A muffled conversation with a mate,
a few soft words, a shaken hand, it's
time.
A roaring crowd, the umpire's whis-
tles loud,
then down the player's race as one,
their side
will soak it up, in awe before the
crowd,
Grand Final day and there they stand
with pride.

The roaring, rumbling guns must
sound the same,
more whistles sound, they charge
into the night.
A trench, the player's race in all but
name,
they've soaked it up but now they
have to fight.
These young men thought that war
was just a game
and as they died they forged the AN-
ZAC's fame.

Peter O'Shaunessy

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Thanks to Greg Roberts for doing our printing.**

President's Preamble May 2020



Last month I wrote about change and the changes that were ahead of us as society prepared for the battle with Covid 19. Now we are all accustomed to social isolation, state and regional borders being closed, and all the festivals and events we poets thrive on being cancelled. Who would have thought we would be forced to endure such times. But swift and courageous action by our national and state leaders have given us the upper hand against this insidious enemy. As we understand more of the current circumstances and embrace the tactics required, I am finding widespread acceptance in our community and a willingness to do everything one can to ease the personal and social impact.

While our performances have been stopped in their tracks, the writers have been to the fore with a host of excellent poems and songs written on topics such as the great dunny roll saga. While we cannot meet for musters and festivals, we can still share through the pages of the Bully Tin and that old fashioned means of communication, the telephone. I have had many calls from members just to say "G'day". It is nice to feel remembered and does wonders to break the isolation. Who are you going to call today for no particular reason, just to say "G'day"?

Technology has given us new ways to connect via Skype, Zoom and a host of other programs that this technological Neanderthal is totally confused by. Fortunately Meg has a grasp on it so we were able to join the Goldfields Bush Poets for their regular meeting in April. Definitely not the same as face to face and I found it a challenge to recite while looking at faces on a computer screen, but I did get a feeling of being connected with our poets in the Kalgoorlie region. I will shortly be doing the same with a group in Brisbane I visited some time ago.

We have no way of knowing how long before current restrictions will be lifted and life can resume some semblance of normality. Meanwhile, we are continuing (maybe optimistically) with plans for our Bush Poetry Festival and State Championships in Toodyay 30th October - 1st November. Whether this goes ahead or not, the written competition, The Silver Quill, will go ahead, as will other written comps across Australia. And for those of us who are not up to writing for national comps, Christine has issued a challenge to write a poem for the Bully Tin now that we are not able to read at musters. And so, until we meet again....

Bill Gordon. President

Dear WA Bush Poets and Yarnspinners,

The Goldfields Bush Poetry Group held it's April meeting online, using the Zoom computer application for online meetings, which millions of people have recently discovered as a consequence of the Covid-19 lockdown.

We were delighted to have Bill & Meg Gordon join us, along with 4 or 5 local enthusiasts, some of whom made it almost to the end!

I gather there were some issues with people using Zoom for the first time, but I think it's worth persevering with. As one of my sons said; "Old people using unfamiliar technology – what could possibly go wrong!" "A bit less of the old if you care about your inheritance" was his father's somewhat lame response.

But, once we got used to the platform I think all five poets enjoyed it and we got through a wide range of poetry during the hour and a quarter session, each doing four or five poems ranging from classics from Lawson, Paterson & O'Brien to more contemporary poems from modern day greats like Peg Vickers, Bill Gordon, Rupert McCall & Murray Hartin as well as from our particular favourite up here, Claude Morris.

Best wishes to all our socially isolating bush poets and we look forward to some fabulous new pandemic poetry coming shortly. There has to be a silver lining.

If other members of the WABPYS would like to join us for our next online meeting on Weds 6 May, send an email to paul@browning.net.au and we'll make you are included.

Many thanks

Paul Browning

Eternal Toil



By the pallid glow of candles
or maybe smelly kero' lamp
sweating men burrowed after ore
and lived in rough bush camps.
Their rations too were basic,
just tea, sugar, salt and flour
to sustain them as they laboured
hour after aching hour.

With luck they snared a wallaby
or found a crayfish in a creek
for any food not backpacked in
would have been a welcome treat.

Fresh bread, or fruit and vegies,
milk, butter made from cream,
they would have been just images
of which those men would dream.

It must have been a daunting task
seeking metal ore and gold

with just barrow, pick and shovel
in stifling heat or bitter cold,
and then to find so little
that was precious or of worth
after slowly shifting hillsides of
worthless rock and earth.

Still found in bush clad gullies
where few now care to tread
are remnants from those mining days
though the men themselves long dead.

Rusting relics of their mining gear,
mossy rocks stacked in a row
once forming a foundation
or re-directing water flow.

Only those with a taste for history
remember these forgotten men
for rarely were there photographs
or records taken 'way back then.
Yet those souls were our pioneers
who lived hard and lonely lives
devoid of all home comforts
and very seldom even wives.

Maybe their eerie presence
still stirs on moonless nights
to search and search eternally
(they need no miners rights)

retaining still that dream and hope
carried in their hearts in vain
to find that lost, elusive wealth
which in life they failed to gain.

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TIME TA STAND TOGETHER
willthomasbushpoetry ©
I'm perched on me veranda,
cold beer in my hand
wonderin' 'bout the future
of our magnificent land.

A future that will test us
just like a green broke horse,
so let's keep our mind in the middle
we'll get through this o' course.

Cause we are bloody aussies
and we faced hard times before,
so now it's time ta saddle up
go in to battle once more.

A battle of a different kind
but still a fight, nonetheless
time ta dig in and stand together,
like aussies do the best.

Yeah it's time ta stand together
back our mates just like before,
and share a beer 🍺 once it's over
when we have our freedom once more.

Dear Members,

April's challenge was "**I couldn't help but laugh**".
However, no one remembered and I didn't send any
reminders. So I propose we have another chance
for the May issue. June's challenge is "**Until we
meet again**".

We are blessed at present in WA, as we seem to be
more than reducing the curve, but restrictions are
still around for a while...I haven't been productive
on the poetry front but have painted my way around
the house. Still more to be done, of course, but I
have declared a moratorium for a while.

Thank you to the people who have sent in poems
and to John Turnbull for his input on the Anzac ma-
terial. Thanks to Roger who is doing the mail out
and ,as always, we thank Greg Roberts for his help
with the envelopes and printing.

The ABPA is on a membership drive so check out the
website and the forum. The forum is particularly
good for new poets.

I have included poems from several sources. I trust
that copyright is permitted as they have all been
sent electronically to me in newsletters or via Face-
book.

Thanks to all poets for sending in their great poems.

Stay safe

Christine (Ed)

COMPETITIONS AROUND

AUSTRALIA

For more details and entry forms please go to the ABPA website www.abpa.org.au

and Writing WA



JUNE

26 June - Closing Date - Adelaide Plains Poetry Competition, Redbanks SA.

JULY 2020

30 July - Closing Date - Nandewar Poetry Competition, Narrabri NSW.

17th July, Closing date, Drover's Camp, Camooweal Bronze Spur competition,

AUGUST

31 August - Closing Date - Betty Olle Poetry Award, Kyabram Victoria

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www.abpa.org.au

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On A Roll

By Peter Blyth

We heard Coronavirus had been knocking people down , and local rumour had it, it was heading for our town. The mob went into panic mode and hurried into Coles, and Woollies and the IGA to purchase dunny rolls.

They fought each other tooth and nail and nearly wrecked the shops, security was overwhelmed; they had to call the cops. It didn't solve the problem though, it just seemed to worsen, till finally they made a rule - two bog rolls per person.

I couldn't really come to grips with this silly caper, if they weren't stocking up on food, why buy dunny paper? I guess the penny must have dropped, they worked it out themselves, for suddenly the grocers' shops had rows of empty shelves.

I'd washed my hands so many times, I'd used up all my soap.

I tried to do some shopping, but I really had no hope. I'd heard about bush tucker and survival in the bush, so that's when I decided it was time to make a push

I loaded up my camping gear, my gold detector too, a dozen tins of Heinz baked beans, that oughter see me through.

I thought I'd do some prospecting to see what I could find, a bit of gold, an ancient coin; I didn't really mind.

I fossicked for about three months, but hardly found a thing, a pocket knife, some bottle tops, a rusty curtain ring. I was about to pull the pin, but then, upon my soul, I found the most amazing thing, a brand-new dunny roll.

The plastic bag was still intact, the label shiny bright, the paper was immaculate, unmarked and extra white. I handled it quite carefully; made sure it didn't tear, I knew my chance was slim to find another anywhere.

When I got back to my home town, the world had just run out, this dunny roll was worth a mint, of that there was no doubt I put it on the market, just to see what it would fetch. I hoped to get myself one of those limo's that they stretch .

It's in the State Museum now, they've got it there on show, and if you've never seen one, well , you really oughter go. We have to use newspaper now, but then, who really cares? I got more for that dunny roll than all my Telstra shares.

So, those of you who made the rush; to be the first in line, you might think I'm a loser, but in fact I'm doing fine, And just to rub salt in the wounds; I find this quite funny; I made a fortune from one roll, yours went down the dunny.

True story, only the facts have been changed! PB

Outside the R.S.L. on ANZAC Day

An unlikely couple caught my eye
unashamedly I eavesdropped
when I should have walked on by.

One had an empty sleeve pinned up
and medals lined across his chest,
he was speaking to a younger man
who stood slouched and
roughly dressed.



"I met up with your grandad
while we serving there in 'nam.
though we hadn't much in common
that's where our friendship first began.
Both being in the same platoon
we soon became the best of mates
side by side on leave, or duty,
and sharing in some nasty scrapes.

Our patrol was wading through a paddy
and came under heavy fire,
that's where I took one in this arm
and fell drowning in that filthy mire.
Your grandad dragged me out of there,
down on his guts in stinking slime.
Some bodies may be left there,
but thanks to him, one wasn't mine.

We never did meet after that
so it was years before I knew
he'd saved my life, but not his own
'cos he'd been wounded too
and while dragging me to safety
his wounds had bled and bled.
When unloaded off the chopper
I was crook, but he was dead.
So you see how your old grandad
was a hero through and through
and as I look at you right now
I see those qualities in you."

Then he left the lad still standing there,
with his tat's and bright hair dye,
but his back was straight, his head up,
and a tear glistening in his eye.

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WHY can't I write Poems like that..

I've been sitting at home trying to write a new poem
But I find that I lack inspiration.
I'm going nowhere so I'll say a quick prayer
That I can get out of this situation.
The poem should be in time and have rhythm and Rhyme
It must make people chuckle or cry.
Not like some of the crap, th'o I'm quite good at that
That I've written in moments gone by.

It should come from the heart as I strive to impart
Stuff like old Terry would write
About being freezing cold while searching for Gold
In language that's most erudite.
Then he'll carry on about day's that have gone
Prospecting on old Rabbit Flat.
How He'd have a dream he'd hit a gold seam
Why can't I write poems like that.

Then we have Cobber I don't know why I bother
Trying to act like a bard once again.
'cause he's got it all, hear Wungundie Hall
This poet just drives me insane
He's got that special touch I envy so much
As tales of the bush he can tell
He'll give you some tunes on mouth organ or spoons
Why can't I do all that as well.

We've Billy and Meg and Peter and Peg
Gunny and Greg Joass too
There's Stinger and Haysie It's driving me crazy
It's a complete Poetic Who's who.
There's Bev and there's Gem we see lots of them
Al and Arthur still knock them all dead
And to experience Bliss we have Irene and Chris
I think I'll go stand on my head.

So I'm here is this chair sort of getting nowhere
But I know that I'll not give up trying
For I reckon this time I'll write lines that will rhyme
And this will be most satisfying.
The crowd I'll engage as I walk on the stage
All prepared to give it my best
But the lines I've been writing I'll forget while reciting
I think I'll just give the whole thing a rest!

Roger Cracknell

And the sentence for social madness is - everyone loses

It's hard to explain why there's no common sense;
With no bombs a dropping, no guns at our fence.
Fresh in our memory the drought and bush fires
Did not cause such panic or madness stockpiles.
It's good to take notice, prepare for yourself.
It don't mean you grab every roll off the shelf.
Please set an example for others around.
Show we can keep order, our feet on the ground.
Pandemic's a worry; no sentence yet passed.
This mad panicked buying's a pain in the arse.

© DM-InVerse (Deb McQuire) 5th March 2020

JUNE CHALLENGES

8 LINES: "I couldn't help but laugh

16 LINES: "Until we meet again".

NB: These can be on any
topic. Please email me your
poems by 16th May.

Holding pattern

We're going in circles; our life quite restrained.
Each day now re-patterned, restyled or re-framed.
The threat still surrounds us, but here we remain.
Our island of safety; these measures retain.

So much time together in households we spend.
Few ways to let steam off; could go round the bend.
Keep head space for reason; hold anger at bay.
Be careful to think first the words that you say.

When feeling uncertain or pissed off a bit
Concerned for your finance or still keeping fit;
Please open your eyes up, view sadness world-wide.
Be grateful for measures to hold back this tide.

There's constant news broadcast of losses abroad.
The teams of those working, we all should applaud.
Our limited options for getting about;
Is small pain endured to keep Covid out.

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Lock down in Aus.

We're living with lockdowns, true lives now on hold.
It's tough just to stay home, hold on to resolve
As feelings of panic and strength fluctuate;
Minds tire, hearts struggle; our feelings deflate.

It's time now to settle, that this is new norm;
In order to last out; best weather this storm.
There are countless folks fighting this battle with us.
Let's simply all take stock; count blessings, not fuss.

We're in for a slow haul; not known is how long.
Make positive moments; perhaps sing a song.
With sad eyes wide open; embrace your own space.
Find moments of sweet joy, yourself give love's grace.

No need to be whinging; unhelpful is that.
Don't sit in your lounge room, alone feeling flat.
Get up and do something, try drawing or clean.
Explore through your old pics, write down what you dream.

Pull weeds in your garden, re-pot some tired plants.
Watch clouds as they float by, phone chats with your aunts.
Play games with your children, share waves 'cross the fence
Express joy for living, our world's best defence.

Recovery's now growing across distant place;
Pandemic is slowing; we've hastened its pace.
In time we will lower these boundaries fresh.
Again time to gather; rejoice; press the flesh.

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Shared battles

We all have two choices; two ways we can move.
To work well together or separately lose.
Do all that we can do to slow down this race
Of pandemic sadness, this viral threat chase.
With stress elevating, mass risk of disease;
It's time to take action best outcomes to seize.
Stay close to your home; send all hearts fond embrace.
Find ways to hold strong 'gainst the battles we'll face.
World's people in panic, the pressure still grows.
There's none of us certain the future it sows.
Some look to the past for the role models there.
As country's close borders, strong bridges prepare.
Same thoughts echo loudly cross countless platforms.
It's time we step up; heal old wounds, bind reforms.
For triumph we will if we hold our resolve.
So many researching mixed problems to solve.
Take time now refocus bring forth all man's best
Though tired hearts are bleeding we'll pass this test.
With all people striving, great power and zeal;
Our paths moving forward, a strong world reveal.

© DM-InVerse (Deb McQuire) 27th March 2020



Strange new dance

As the weeks move along we are learning new dance.
In lines we all queue; at a distance hold stance.
This pattern still raw works against viral threat
So hold your nerve strong; we will win this I bet.

There's arrows to follow, thin lines mark out space.
It's slowed down our world; now we work at strange pace.
But options still open though held at arm's length.
Shared smiles and some stories can build our group strength.

The world has new purpose; joint works bring an end
To pandemic menace; world's people defend.
This power now growing may bring forth great change.
A chance to move forward; fresh views to exchange.

These steps set to music sweet melodies make.
Let tensions, some madness and panic forsake.
Events are on hold till we can all embrace.
Please keep safe, together this threat we'll efface.

© DM-InVerse (Deb McQuire) 12th April 2020

SOCIAL DISTANCING MADE EASY

Social distancing wasn't a problem for that skunk they called Pepe Le Pew
Instead of invading his personal space, people ran when he came into view
It wasn't his looks, he was most debonair and quite cute and cuddly as well
No the reason they left his vicinity was his strong odoriferous smell
It was way beyond bad, even horrid won't do, it was vile, it was putrid and rank
Though he never noticed, well one never does, but to put it quite frankly he stank
And I think that's the pattern we all should adopt to improve social distancing now
Our new strategy is to be on the nose, the only question remaining is how
Now myself I suggest a three ponged approach, but together, not one at a time
For they all have their own strength and weakness, but combined they'd be something sublime
First eating raw garlic and onions is good to clear and maintain your own space
Most efficacious up close I have found and especially when face to face
It's better than facemasks for prevention, if people are holding their breath
For they cannot inhale any virus and being whiffy is better than death
The next step is a strong body odour, and the garlic may help us some more
For a strong enough dose if ingested will sweat out of the skin through each pore
And in order to enhance the aroma try a regime of strong exercise
If you want to deter space invaders you need a pong that bring tears to the eyes
You will of course need to stop washing and flushing all that aroma away
Except for your hands, which don't sweat much, and hand washing helps keep bugs at bay
One drawback that results from not washing is you may find you're itching a bit
On the plus side with regular exercise, you'll wind up incredibly fit
I know this regime will be easy and most teenagers will find it a breeze
Well perhaps all the exercise will be a chore, but not washing they'll handle with ease
Last of course is a diet designed to enhance what polite folk call 'cutting the cheese'
Or 'breaking the wind' which we ought to encourage to be done as much as we please
No more should we try to be silent, no more should the source try to hide
It's only fair to give others a warning, so let rip with gusto and pride
We'll do away with all silent stinkers, that elevator users all learnt to fear
As well as confined space it's effective against encroachments that come from the rear
Though it's not about volume and frequency, we need more than duration and length
If we want it to be a deterrent we should focus on aroma and strength
So we'll need to adjust the diet a bit to achieve more than just volume of gas
For the plan to succeed we will of course need a truly odiferous mass
I know curried eggs always worked well for me with blue cheese to give it some bite
And some chillied beans to provide extra lift and raise it all to a new height
It caused strong men to faint and it blistered the paint so might have been slightly strong
Still I'm sure of my ground and the principle's sound get the dosage right, what could go wrong
If the government gets with the program, social distancing would be a breeze
No more need to police public spaces and self isolation accomplished with ease
Sniffer dogs could all be re-purposed to identify those whose aroma was weak
Then the police could spray on an odorant and then sniff them again so to speak
There is culture of course to consider, to avoid causing extra offence
We could tailor the smell to where folk used to dwell, it would make olfactory sense
Those from South Asia might be more at home with the odour of durian fruit
While for those further North, who don't know the fruit, the essence of kimchi might suit
Many folk who came out here from Europe they really know and appreciate cheese
So for them a strong dose of limburger or stinking bishop is certain to please
While the Yankees they just might prefer to have a little dead skunk on their clothes
A bouquet that ought to bring tears to the eyes, lots of homesickness there I suppose
There should be some tolerance for religions, the Hindus won't like bloated cow
And it would insult all Moslems and Hebrews to spray them with wallowing sow
If a universal aroma is sought for, there's straps that have been worn by jocks
Or maybe the wiff of old army boot and side order of worn athletes socks
But what about a unique Aussie aroma one we've all learnt to know and to hate
I'm afraid unwashed pommy won't cut it, not if nobodies showering of late
Perhaps long drop dunny is safer, it's an insult to the nose and the throat
Either that or the reek of week old road kill, strong enough to make vultures choke
It could be the start of a new industry making cans of spray on odorants
Then instead of all smelling of roses we'd smell of corpse or carrion plants
Air fresheners would change to air foulers, with insidious assaults on the nose
Reduce the risk of congregations collecting in venues we don't want to close
But we'd have to ban all use of nose plugs and pegs on the nose any time
Cause social gathering is now anti-social and worse it's considered a crime
So just think of our new proposed normal, where we all start to stink and to smell
Is it a new social distancing Nirvanah, or perhaps a small foretaste of hell
Prevention is reckoned much better than cure and extreme measures bound to be needed
As long as these new social distancing rules are continually being exceeded
Greg Joass 8/04/2020



Clancy @ the overflow.

(What Banjo would write today.)

I had written him a text
Which I'd sent, hoping the next
Time he came in mobile coverage
He'd have time to say hello.
But I'd heard he'd lost his iPhone,
So I emailed him from my smart phone,
Just addressed, on spec, as follows:
clancy@theoverflow

And the answer redirected
Wasn't quite what I'd expected
And it wasn't from the shearing mate
Who'd answered once before.
His ISP provider wrote it
And verbatim I will quote it:
'This account has been suspended:
You won't hear from him any more.'

In my wild erratic fancy
Visions come to me of Clancy:
Out of reach of mobile coverage
Where the Western rivers flow.
Instead of tapping on the small screen,
He'd be camping by the tall green
River gums, a pleasure
That the town folk never know.

Well, the bush has friends to meet him
But the rest of us can't greet him:
Out there, even Telstra's network
Doesn't give you any bars.
He can't blog the vision splendid
Of the sunlit plains extended
Or tweet the wondrous glory
Of the everlasting stars.

I am sitting at the keyboard,
I'm too stressed out to be bored
As I answer all the emails
By the deadlines they contain.
While my screen fills with promotions
For 'Viagra' and strange potions
And announcements of the million-dollar
Prizes I can claim.

But the looming deadlines haunt me
And their harassing senders taunt me
That they need response this evening
For tomorrow is too late!
But their texts, too quickly ended,
Often can't be comprehended
For their writers have no time to think
They have no time to wait.

And I sometimes rather fancy
That I'd like to trade with Clancy:
Just set up an email bouncer
Saying 'Sorry, had to go.'
While he faced an inbox jamming
Up with deadlines and with spamming
As he signed off every message:
clancy@theoverflow.

Sent in by Lorelie Tacoma

Strange times

Strange times now surround us; with minds in a whirl.
No peaceful escape from our thoughts as they swirl.
Each day we wake up to sad tales 'cross the world
Of insidious spread; into chaos we're hurled.

All countries now battle, as viral threat grows.
Lands fighting this madness, as boundaries close.
The losses are mounting, great grief we now share.
It's tough to look forward, step on our despair.

Our world's been upended, no end date yet clear.
We hold tight the stories of good news we hear.
We'll push down our panic, watch new plans revealed.
Our fates held in all hands, joint power can wield.

Keep standing together as more ways we find.
Sit bears in your windows, good thoughts post online.
Take care in your own lives; keep threat at arm's length.
Applaud all those fighting up front with full strength.

Put egos and anger in locked box away;
Your good thoughts unleash, let bold actions hold sway.
With emotional growth and connection resurge;
A new sense of purpose worldwide may emerge.

While battle's not over some wars have been won.
As strength grows inside us and more pull as one.
We'll not go down quietly; we'll all hold our own.
Despite isolation let not one stand alone.

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BREAKING NEWS

The Australian Bush Poets Association has been approached by **Rotary Club of Orange NSW** asking for help to run a **National Performance Poetry Championship**. After a couple of meetings with Rotary Club representative, Len Banks, the competition format has been decided and agreed to by both parties.

The competition will be held during the **Banjo Paterson Festival in February 2021** and be part of the week long program to celebrate the birthday of one of Australia's favourite poets, AB Paterson.

Let's hope travel plans can be made by then and anyone who would like join our present Male (Cobber Lethbridge) and Female (Sue Pearce) Champions of Bush Poetry for this prestigious title, please mark your diaries for **13th – 21st February 2021**.

This event unfortunately clashes with Boyup Brook Country Music Festival but a National Championship doesn't happen every year so poets are encouraged to take this opportunity.

Categories for the competition will be **Traditional, Modern, Original Serious and Original Humorous** and prize money will be awarded in each category with Overall Male and Female Winner decided using aggregate points.

Other attractions during the week include – birthday celebration dinner on 17th February, winery evening, Yarnspinning, Poet's Brawl, ample walkup opportunities, unveiling of statue of Banjo at Yeoval (where he spent his early years), market stalls to showcase local products – making it a wonderful reason to make the journey.

Being held a couple of weeks after Tamworth where ABPA will hold its usual events of **Golden Damper, Frank Daniel Award, AGM**, this is a good chance to participate in both events, which doesn't happen often.

Meg Gordon Secretary ABPA

ANZAC

I sit here staring at the ocean as it rolls upon the beach.
The waves they rumble slightly as onto the sand they reach.
My mind it drifts as here I sit to the shores of Suvla bay.
Where Australia's finest young men lay slaughtered in the spray.

To those beaches of Gallipoli where through sweat and tears and blood.
They charged the Turks defences in an unrelenting flood.
Young men from every state and territory prepared to give their lives, their all.
To defend the right of freedom they responded to their nations call.

T'was there the legend first was born as they wallowed in the mire.
Mateships forged that would endure, outstanding courage under fire.
The landing there at ANZAC cove saw young bodies ripped and torn.
But out of that horrible carnage the ANZAC legend then was born.

Twenty thousand of Australia's sons charged through blood and fire and water.
But Johnny Turk was primed and ready as they gave and asked no quarter.
Their feats will never be forgotten as we honour them each year.
Thank them for their sacrifice as we quietly shed a tear.

There are those who would discard it, they say it glorifies all war.
But they gave their lives for freedom, their sacrifice we can't ignore.

So to those who would not honour them and have us cast their feats aside.

You will not break our ANZAC spirit it is a badge we will always wear with pride.

'Lest We Forget"

Bob Pacey

A Mate can do no Wrong Henry Lawson, 1914

We learnt the creed at Hungerford,
We learnt the creed at Bourke;
We learnt it in the good times
And learnt it out of work.
We learnt it by the harbour-side
And on the billabong:
"No matter what a mate may do,
A mate can do no wrong!
"

He's like a king in this respect
(No matter what they do),
And, king-like, shares in storm and shine
The Throne of Life with you.
We learnt it when we were in gaol
And put it in a song:
" No matter what a mate may do,
A mate can do no wrong!"

They'll say he said a bitter word
When he's away or dead.
We're loyal to his memory,
No matter what he said.
And we should never hesitate,
But strike out good and strong,
And jolt the slanderer on the jaw –
A mate can do no wrong !



Corona Blues

Ah mate my new year was going crackers
things just fell into place.
Lots of fishing every weekend
I was going off my face.

A good run on the pokies
Yeah I was reaping in the cash.
Then we hit the Ides Of March
and everything went bloody SMASH !

This Corona virus hit the news
but that's overseas I said.
Nothing there to worry us
they're not right in the head.

Then people started joking
putting funny memes up on the net.
I saw one with Corona Stubbies
the best joke that I've seen yet..

Hey but then people started dieing
and others really getting crook.
They said this virus was a killer
with no vaccine in the book.

People started hoarding stuff
of all things Dunny rolls.
The posts that hit the internet
were as bad as any trolls.

So they put us into lockdown
and I'm going up the wall.
I'm in the high risk age group
so I just can't go out at all.

Not that I go out gallivanting
no life Nigel is me name.
But the tellies bloody awful
the soapie shows are all the same.

Now people line up to go shopping
and that's to just to get in the door.
They spray the bloody trolleys
wipe the fixtures and the floor.

I can't even go down to the pub
cause the bastards went and shut.
I've now started talking to the chickens
I think I'm going off me nut.

I wear my Pjs all day long
and my teeth stay in their jar.
Now they tell me it's a Thousand bucks
if I go out in me car.

I brought a mask and rubber gloves
just to keep the germs at bay.
But no one ever comes to visit
so I don't wear them anyway.

I've got a lot of food in stock
cause I keep a bit on hand ya know
but I start drinking around lunch time
so my grog stocks are getting low.

I always dreamt of my retirement
yeah it was gonna be a treat.
Sitting home and doing nothing
a life that can't be beat.

But Now I can't wait to go back to work
with this Job Keeper scheme.
and if this is what retirements like
Well it's just gonna stay a dream.

Bob Pacey

Committee Members—WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 2018—2019

Bill Gordon	President	0428651098	northlands@wn.com.au
Peter “Stinger” Nettleton	Vice President	0407770053	stinger@iinet.net.au
Rodger Kohn	Secretary 93320876	0419666168	rodgershirley@bigpond.com
Sue Hill	Treasurer	0418941016	suzi.tonyhill@bigpond.com

Committee

Irene Conner	State Rep APBA	0429652155	iconner21@wn.com.au
Meg Gordon	Toodyay Festival Secretary, ABPA committee	0404075108	meggordon4@bigpond.com.au
Bob Brackenbury		6250 0861 0418918884	brack123@gmail.com
Robert Gunn	Sound gear set up	0417099676	gun.hink@hotmail.com
Rhonda Hinkley	Librarian	0417099676	gun.hink@hotmail.com
Bev Shorland /Jem Shorland		61430127 0487 764 897	shorland@iinet.net.au

Not on the committee, but taking on the following tasks:

Christine Boulton	Bully Tin editor	0893648784	christineboulton7@bigpond.com
Tony Hill	Supper BT Mail out	0418929493	
Fleur Mead	Webmistress		
Robert Gunn	Sound gear set up	0417099676	gun.hink@hotmail.com
Rodger Kohn	Bully Tin Mail Out	93320876 0419666168	rodgershirley@bigpond.com

Regular Events

WA Bush Poets 1st Friday of each month Bentley Park Auditorium

Albany Bush Poetry group: 4th Tuesday of each month Peter 9844 6606

Bunbury Bush Poets: First Monday of every second month Alan Aitken 0400249243 Ian Farrell 0408212636
Rose Hotel cnr Wellington & Victoria Sts Bunbury

Geraldton Bush Poets: Second Tuesday of the month. Contacts: Roger & Jan Cracknell 0427 625 181
or Irene Conner 0429 652 155. 6pm at Recreation room, Belair caravan park, Geraldton. Bring and share snacks for tea.

Goldfields Bush Poetry Group: First Wednesday of the month. Contact Paul Browning 0416 171 809
Kalgoorlie Country Club, 108 Egan St. Kalgoorlie 6.30pm

If you would like to be part of a forum—post your poetry, see what other contemporary bush poets are writing, keep up to date with poetry events throughout Australia—visit www.abpa.org.au or www.bushverse.com

Address correspondence for the “Bully Tin” to: Bully Tin Editor, PO Box 364, Bentley 6982 or christineboulton7@bigpond.com

Address correspondence for the Secretary to: WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners Assoc, PO Box 364 Bentley 6982

Correspondence re monetary payments for Treasurer to: WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners Assoc, PO Box 364 Bentley 6982

Bank Transfer: Bendigo Bank BSB 633 000 A/C#158764837 Please notify treasurer of payment : treasurer@wabushpoets.asn.au

Members—Do you have poetic products for sale? If so please let the editor know so you can be added to this list

Members can contact the poets via the Assn. Secretary or visit website -Go to the “Performance Poets” page

Don't forget our website www.wabushpoets.asn.au

Please contact the Webmaster, if you would like to see your poems featured in the Members Poetry section.

Members' Poetic Products

Terry Piggott	Books	Frank Heffernan	Book	Arthur Leggett	Book
Peter Blyth	CDs, books	Christine Boulton	Book, CD	Keith Lethbridge	books
John Hayes	CDs books	Pete Stratford	Books	Val Read	books
Tim Heffernan	book	Roger Cracknell	Book, CD	Peg Vickers	books & CD
Brian Langley	CD's books	Bill Gordon	CD	Terry Bennetts	Music CDs
				Jach Bock	book