

# **B Woodland Walters**

**Presented at Abuzz!**  
August 30 2024



B Woodland Walters retains all copyright.

Please do not copy or distribute without seeking written agreement.

Send us an email and we will follow up - [nillumbio@email.org.au](mailto:nillumbio@email.org.au)



## **What is wrong with this town?**

Looking down the shiny irons essing into the grey hail  
My fellow passenger grumbled at the 12 minute wait  
'In Moscow', he said, 'the trains run every half minute'  
'What is wrong with this town?'

On the journey I tallied the sprayed miles, the castoffs  
The ripped earth, the stumps, the ballast  
What is wrong with this town?

Out on the Western highway  
800 time-sentinels lie beached  
Together on scraped Earth

Their Red carcasses glistening after rain  
As dead Whales glisten in a stranding  
What is wrong with this country?

The Djab Wurrung paint their bodies in protest  
Can they turn the highway by showing their way?  
What is wrong with this country?

On the Yunta Track the fracking trucks  
Bilge their chemicals to split the artesian rocks below  
What is wrong with our system?

Who didn't read the knowledge?  
Who fabricated the reports?  
Who didn't hear the Earth sighing?

Now I can count the grass from Ararat to Stawell  
As quick as a blink, as quick as a Bullet train  
What is wrong with our system?

Angry, not insouciant kids  
Lie in the road; Die-in the road they say  
Shaking the sleepers and the sightless

What is happening to our Planet?

Extinction Rebellion is happening  
But will it be enough?  
Will it be soon enough  
To save anybody's town?

## Currawong

That grey of the south-east  
The muffled chink-chink of Currawong  
Through mist and stem  
Only gum-bark promising light above the boles  
The damp blanket of ground  
Hiding the odd fugitive  
Nodding bells of *epacris* defiantly glow  
Jimmy Blacksmith passed this way

In the grey, but not part of it  
That yawning silence  
Even in summer  
Thrumming an unheard Om  
Music for a picnic at Hanging Rock

You can hear one hand clapping  
In Tasmania  
In all air the anguish of the condemned  
Dolerite is such hard rock

After impact, on a gun-barrel track  
Wind settles sand, cooling ticking metal  
Desert eases back to its millennial state  
Preachers, poets and drunks stumbled this way

In winter cities at 5, long lines of lights  
Making for the sanctuary of home  
Informed by shock-jocks  
Comforted by entreaties to purchase salvation  
Relaxed, smoothed, having a nice day  
The castle and TV guiding like sat-nav

Beyond the camps of the grey nomads  
At the unvisited edge  
The ear of the country thrills to the Dreaming  
Always was, always will be  
Sing the Currawong  
For those who travel quietly  
A glimpse, a zephyr, a resonance

The long song until everyone comes home

B Woodland Walters  
On the 5:01 Hurstbridge to Westgarth  
July 19, 2016



## **Flying the Pelican**

If only I were a Pelican  
no need at last for a jerrycan  
just the sun, the sea and the air he can  
fly to the rim of the world

Loaded with fish and  
one Christmas wish  
that the planet comes first  
in the final plan

B Woodland Walters  
Boxing Day, 2018



## Sugar Glider

Was it the Lion Moon  
Or the raking staccato of a Possum  
That woke me  
To the dawn  
  
Stillness outside holding night sounds  
In muffled hand  
Indoors, close with sleep  
A finite Keep  
  
What was that?  
Another in the room  
Insistent, a thief?  
A dreaded Rat?  
  
The sway of a coat-hanger  
Eased my fear  
The softest brush  
That nimble acrobat  
  
I called a half-whispered *Dook*  
Again, *dook*, silence, *Duk*  
A tinkle and plop  
Then a closer note struck  
  
*Tuk* came the hello  
A musical note  
*Tuk*, she said softer  
How does He know my quote?  
  
We exchanged greetings  
She, from my jacket  
Stared wide-eyed  
At this large linguist  
  
I moved slowly  
So not to insist  
We *Tuk*-ed and bowed  
Outside, the mist  
  
She found a vent  
I, my warm bed  
Pulling the covers  
Together we went  
  
To reflect on our meeting  
An encounter that lent  
To the day a new prospect  
Of belonging  
To Gaia's sweet breath

## **Gertrude Street**

Sitting on a city bench  
Still the mind in motion  
Let the tide of humankind  
Blur to one devotion

All lives are connected  
The lives of others lived  
What common binding law abides  
The Earth and what it gives

Turn the pages over  
Trudge now through the past  
Rosie in the dungeon  
Or rolling on the grass

City streets are sunny  
City streets are bleak  
Striving for their loved ones  
Striving for the sweet

Look into the faces  
The tortured and the meek  
Earth's disassociation  
Earth beneath their feet

Hear the indij singing  
Hear the loss, the pain  
Archie knows in Gertrude Street  
That hope can rise again

B Woodland Walters  
Gertrude Street  
March, 2017



## **Nillumbik prayer**

Some hold land for thirst, some for hunger.

Some feel spirit, some see numbers

Land gives life, cast not asunder,

Hold not for greed and not for plunder

In common wealth we all are humble

Care with love and care with wonder

Our future lies in leaf and bramble

B Woodland Walters

May 2018

Dunmoochin