

k...Then He Was Hit By A Major Stroke...

Down a Country Road

Many years ago when I was just a boy I walked down a country road.
A city boy was I, and it was quite strange to be walking this loose metal road.
The soles of my shoes were thin and the metal on the road was sharp.
To walk on the grass between the road and the barb wire fence,
Meant the hairs on my legs were covered in paspalum seeds.
The hairs on my legs were coated with a sticky, itchy glue-like substance – nature's way of spreading paspalum grass and other roadside weeds.
Other grasses were dry and like the bracken pricked my bare legs.
I walked through the red clay-lined cuttings with the sun straight up above me,
It was as hot as a Summer's day can be.
To walk to the top of a cutting meant walking through bracken and other sharp weed, adding more scratches to my legs.
But they were forgotten when I looked at the view.
The paddocks with the cows in the shady spots
Or drinking from round concrete troughs.
Tall trees around the red roofed farmhouses and barns threw little shadows over the ground.
In a few paddocks the grass grew tall,
Awaiting the grass cutter to make the hay.
Up by the fence the smell of new mown hay mixes with the hot air, and some of the paddocks are patterned like newly cut pastures always are.
I came down the road and back to the noisy chatterings of the cicadas.
I looked at my dusty shoes as I rubbed my sticky, itchy legs.
I know that if I am to walk a country road again, I will not wear short pants and sox.
Even with my scratched legs and sunburnt neck I really enjoyed my walk down a country road. A sunburnt neck and scratches were a small price to pay to walk amongst tall grasses and to walk down a metalled road.

R.N. Shaw

The Dance of the Cordylines

Through glass to grass the unseen
Cold winter wind blows this day
The flax-like skirts of cabbage trees
Dance about upside down and the paddock
Grasses bend toward the north
The winds blowing strongly
Bring mountains cold to this door of mine
In the paddock dead trunks and bare branches
Stare down at clumps of green below
The cock pheasant shelters from the wind
And stares at the heron walking slowly
Horses by the wire fence face the north
Letting the wind blast right over them
The wind, a winter's wind from land below
Blows strong and mountain top cold
Winter's wind, like the heron, is gone
The cabbage trees lie motionless
The cock pheasant pecks the ground
While the horses graze noisily
The winter wind no more travels the land
Only the weak warmth of winter's sun
Touches cabbage tree leaves today

R.N. Shaw

The Real World or Life on the Internet

Internet is in the computer over by the wall
--- just a few feet away
The front door, the way to the real world
--- to real people and love
--- is out of this bedroom --- and then to the end of this main hallway --- To enter the real world I will need --- a shower and a shave --- you see --- I have spent four days --- on the internet --- to hell with a shower and a shave --- I think I will spend the day on the Internet --- The girls can come on the screen --- don't care if I am unwashed and smell --- and dressed --- only in my old underwear --- I climb out of bed and switch on the set --- that's funny, it's not humming --- guess who was meant to pay --- the power bill the other day --- A flick of the light switch --- no power --- that means unpressed clothes --- a cold shower and shave, purgatory for someone like me --- No Internet girls for me --- no girls of any kind --- while I am dressed like this --- If you want to use the Internet --- be sure to pay your power bill --- *R.N. Shaw*



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