

Nature's Lament

A Taggerty writer

Commended, Poetry: 2024 Marysville BookNest writing competition

In the stillness
And the meditation
Of my wandering,
I am awakened.

Sweet rebirth of nature . . .
A story in colour adorns the landscape –

A feast of flowers bursts from the winter
As the silver wattles march across the mountains, glowing gold,
And prickly heath gives way to delicate blooms of white and pink.

Eucalyptus hangs in the air, heavy and sweet;
Droplets on leaves glisten in the morning sun;
Cobwebs, crystal clear, drape elegantly over delicate grasses.

Tranquility and light;
Morning sounds and songs
Dance through the trees,
Filling the bush
With gladness and grace.

Blue wrens chatter excitedly in anticipation of new life;
A captivating chorus of stolen songs
By the master of mimicry
Demands attention;
Yellow-tailed black cockatoos screech and squeal in the treetops,
In a kind of contagious cacophony!

Vibrant green carpets soften the forest floor,
As mosses creep across rocks and logs,
And lichens wallpaper the tree trunks in silver, green and gold.

Nature's tune is simple
And strong.

Nature sings to us every day,
Patient
And
Forgiving,
With a knowledge so raw and powerful.

The message is clear if we choose to listen . . .
Oh, that we could all sing the same tune.