

Memories: Bush down the Road

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Down the bottom of the road, to the right,
there was bush.
It fronted on a side street,
I no longer recall its name.
It was odd: a street, a gutter,
perhaps a pavement,
but instead of a house, like further on,
Just bush.

There was sweet spidered brown boronia,
And yellow, yellow eggs and bacon,
and gum trees, and low, grey-green bushes,
and wattle's round, hairy balls.
Banksia's strange knobbliness
evoked a faint dread, with its
many eyelids pursed closed,
tightly sealed mouths.

There were box trees on the street,
With small cupped berries,
and strip gums and white gums,
flowering gums and more gums.

There was a pond in there,
I do not remember how far,
Where tadpoles and wrigglers swam.
We caught them to put into jam jars.
And a brown sandstone outcrop
where we would sit.

The talk among us small fry,
— six and seven-years olds —
that in the bush, further in,
was a tin-roofed hut,
where a swagman lived.

It seemed very big,
and a little bit frightening,
the bush just down the road.