

Grey Gum

Do you ever find the time
To look in wonder at a grey gum, ancient, straight & tall,
A sheen so soft in the soft light of rain, but alight in the morning sun?
A blaze of russet reds & ember golds,
Hugged, tracked & traced with possum & koala's signs.
So why clear lands like there's No Tomorrow?

Aged "five star" hotel for ten thousand creatures,
That myriad of insects on which we all depend.
So why clear lands? Is there No Tomorrow?

Grand homes for birds that colour our days with life,
With sparkling sights & sounds sublime.
So why clear lands, for our kids love more tomorrows?

Twelve hundred litres, water, drawn from our soils each day,
One huge tree effort, that falls as rain another day.
So why clear lands, for there may be No Tomorrow?

Now silent, harsh the salt-laced soils of treeless, lifeless plains,
This is the world we borrow from our kids.
So why clear lands until there's No Tomorrow?

By Harry Johnson, 11.01.2004