

**ATTENTION!! ATTENTION!!**

**WE HAVE COME TO THE END OF THE FIRST ROUND OF THE  
'BATTLE OF THE BENDOC BARDS'**

The most voted for Favourite Literary Piece will be unveiled in the August Wheel and the Bard responsible will receive their choice of

**\*TREASURE\*** from the **Green Shed.**

All entries will contribute to the creation of the 'BENDOC BOOK OF BARDS'

**THE POEMS/PROSE/LITERARY PIECES**

*Ditties & ditties* |

1<sup>ST</sup> ENTRY

I thought I'd write a little ditty just because I like the word. Though I do think it is a pity the plural looks so absurd.

Surely with a simple 'S' (& not changing aesthetics around), we can share plurals & possessiveness and the apostrophe's missing sound.

You may think I'm being a bit nitty for the sake of the look of my paper, and the playful lilt of the pretty ditty is just malarkey, nonsense and caper.

Well, have a look at the paunch of the D', it's curve giving cute to the 'i'. And working a team is the 'double t' saying hi to a generous 'y'.

An i,e & s gives a sombre hue and drags flat across my lines, whereas a flexible 's' springing out of the blue moulds to fit on the end just fine.

**READERS CAN NOW VOTE FOR THEIR CHOSEN PIECE**

via email, post, or in the box at the neighbourhood house.

Identify your choice by No. 1, No. 2, or Title. Entries can be viewed at BNH, on the website or in the past 3 Bendoc Wheels (we have some copies)

**ENTRIES**

- |   |                 |
|---|-----------------|
| 1 - <i>Ditty's &amp; Ditties</i>            | May publication |
| 2 - <i>The Lyrebird</i>                     | "               |
| 3 - <i>What did they see?</i>               | June            |
| 4 - <i>Poam</i>                             | "               |
| 5 - <i>Menura - 2nd version of Lyrebird</i> |                 |
| 6 - <i>I see a little bird</i>              | "               |
| 7 - <i>"The gods will soon take it"</i>     | July            |
| 8 - <i>Junk</i>                             | "               |
| 9 - <i>Food For Thought</i>                 | "               |
| 10 - <i>What did they see? 2</i>            | "               |

2<sup>ND</sup> ENTRY

So deep was the chill to the south of the hill

So deep was the chill to the south of the hill,  
There was frost on the floor of the forest,  
Scarcely a whisper from litter to crown,  
When fall of feather breaks softly down.

From too high for foxes at night with her nest,  
In her humble opinion, up there with the best,  
Laughs at herself with an audible sound  
And glides to the ground for a look around.

Chuckling quietly nigh on his perch,  
Seeing and hearing its safe for her search,  
There clearing the ground just by digging around,  
The lyrebird birsts into song.

All of the birds of the forest,  
In tandem, in totem, in chorus,  
What pray the forest say? What can it mean  
When bell-bird and whistler colour the green?

Where grow the Indigo spreading it's name,  
Through shadow and rainbow and all who shall see  
And deep is the mystery surrounding the history,  
Of just how the lyre bird lies

And now know that who built the bower was theif,  
I promise to be candid and brief,  
The overall reason, the treason beneath

The lyrebird lies through his teeth

By A. Ymous

**WHAT DID THEY SEE?**

Some may know me, but a lot will not.  
 So watch around town, things are changing.  
 See something knew ?  
 What was that? Go for a walk.  
 Have a look around the corner.  
 It's not here. Where is it ?  
 Claire said she thought she saw something,  
 but where Grover delivers the mail,  
 what did he see?  
 Maybe it's at the Greenshed,  
 men have been at the hall.  
 Karl is away, so he's no help.  
 What did they see?

**POAM**

I read it in the Wheel, that they're lookin' for a bard  
 And I'm go'nna have a crack at it, it shouldn't be that hard!  
 But when I read the "bard" word, I didn't really know it,  
 So I googalised that sucker: a bard's in fact, a poet!

Now, ya poets, they write poetry, as taught in better schools,  
 And they use "poetic licence" and a range of special tools.  
 Things like "stanzas", "meter", "rhymin'", "repetition", "repetition"  
 "Simile" and "rhythm" and some "juxta" type position.

Poets use "dramatic pause" to help create a mood  
 And something's "euphamistic" so it doesn't sound so crude.  
 There's "imagery" and "irony" and stuff they call "allusion"  
 (Ask me, it seems quite difficult and fills me with confusion.)

I don't think I can do it, in fact I'm bloody sure  
 I haven't even got a clue 'bout what's a "meta" for.  
 My skills, they're just not up to it, I never was precocious  
 I'm not erudite or very smart, my spelling's quite atrocious.

So I give up! It's not for me! I haven't got a hope.  
 Instead of Bendoc's brightest bloke, I'll stay the Bendoc dope.  
 That's it, that's all, it dissapoints: a sorry situation.  
 I'll ne're be Bendoc's Bestest Bard! (Wait! That's alliteration!)

## MENURA

So deep the chill to the south of the hill,  
 There was frost on the floor of the forest,  
 Night's tenebrosity lost in the frost,  
 Crisp as a needle, and cotton soft.  
 High in the undergrowth minding her nest,  
 In her humble opinion up there with the best,  
 Laughs at herself without raising a sound,  
 Darkness enlightened, the silence profound,  
 Nothing a whisper from litter to crown  
 When flutter of feather breaks softly down.

Within sound within sight by the end of  
 the night  
 Of never a mind to be honest,  
 The liar aligns his symbols and signs,  
 Designing the lie of the things he defines:  
 The matter of fact of the matter redrawn  
 Overstate, understate, flatter and fawn  
 Humiliate and persuade  
 Isolate, marry and mate  
 Don't defend, condescend, smile and snub.  
 He glides to the ground for some grub.

So easy to see from her seat in the tree  
 The form and and extent of his sophistry.  
 By convention he intentionally ignores her,  
 Plays his mores and forays till it bores her,  
 Ruffles his ruff to thicken his neck,  
 Tries to look tough, flexed pecs for effect,  
 As she expects, he smoothes off his socles.  
 She knows what comes next ; He tunes up his vocals,  
 Shimmers and shivers as if spellbound,  
 And more than delivers, more like  
 expounds

His oratory

"Cuckoo mourn ~  
 Kookaburra chuckle  
 Bitter chitter chatter  
 Mutter pitta patta  
 Chuff chuff coff coff  
 Maggie croon ~~~  
 Wattle not a little  
 Coulda hearda butcher birdor  
 Just another kookaburra  
 Maggie sing ~~~  
 A bing a bo, ng a be, ll a  
 Ring of ro, s, ella  
 Far as I can tell a  
 Bu, z, z, ng of a fella  
 Days in the forest pray what must it mean  
 For the bell-bird and whistler to colour the green?  
 The depths and the heights of the tones I enlist,  
 Hisses and kisses and ticks and tees,  
 Barking of dogs and buzzes of bees,  
 The bells and the whistles  
 the groans and the grizzles,  
 All of the sounds that exist.

Indigo, Indigo flower and root,  
 Of the rainbow and shadow you will not be mute.  
 You will sing of the blues and the pinks and the grey,  
 Of the dawn and the dusk and the day.  
 Indigofera, branch and leaf,  
 Nothing will spare you, no one will care,  
 I hereby declare you the colour  
 Of the thief.

It is I, it is I, in the soil and sky,  
 In the grubs and the shrubs and the  
 geckoes.  
 I hereby declare all the birds of the air,  
 The whistles, the warbles, the echoes.  
 Thornbills and weebills and robin and wren  
 Spotted pardalote, cock and hen  
 Martins and swallows, starlings and sparrows  
 And thornbills and weebills again.  
 Why are there shadows when there is a Sun  
 Why are there many when I am the one,  
 Why's water white when it bubbles and tumbles,  
 Why does the whistler sing ~  
 When the thunder rumbles? " " " "  
 . . . - . . . , . . . - . . . , . . . - . . . - . . . , . . .  
 Duly impressed with the subject addressed  
 Melodious, salubrious and glorious -  
 ly,

Tunefully true and august though it be  
 She somehow knew that it just wasn't he.  
 She didn't trust liars but found some relief  
 He wasn't a coward, a hawk nor the thief.  
 "Cuckoos" she claimed "have been known  
 to cower, and I  
 Located my wayward blue flower,  
 on the bower. "

mmmm

Sometimes it seems like it's more than it  
 seems  
 as he chants the cantata and dances the  
 dreams.

Still,

Quite annoyed by his need to embroider  
 His autobiographical glorias,  
 Intrigued by the mystery obscuring the history  
 Of just how the liar deceives,  
 With a sky full of leaves its a try to conceive  
 Of just what on earth he believes.  
 He rings as he rails and he sings as he quails  
 His I's and his me's and his my's,  
 Is his tall tale his impassionate veil  
 As he harps and he laughs and he cries?

Three,  
 or two,  
 Or just a kookaburra.  
 Hee<sup>he</sup> hoo<sup>hee</sup> hoo<sup>hoo</sup>  
 Hoo<sup>ha</sup> ha<sup>hoo</sup> hoo<sup>ha</sup> ha<sup>ha</sup> ha<sup>ha</sup> ha  
 You, and me,  
 We're made for one another  
 Lowing mooing mowing  
 Mewing crowing cooing Cockat<sup>oo oo</sup>  
 Colluricincla<sup>;</sup> sing ~~~  
 Strumming humming drumming  
 Flapping tapping yapping  
 Little bit of feller lot of a rosella  
 Cockat<sup>oo oo</sup> Cockat<sup>ee, aa</sup>  
 Tinka blinka bella  
 Prattle of a wattle  
 Pretty little rattle  
 Coochy coochy coo  
 Cock--a-doo-da-d<sup>oo</sup>.

Endavouring to expand her knowledge in  
 Effort to understand his mythology  
 Done with biology, sick of psychology  
 Fed up with the epistemological  
 Holocene history of eastern Australia  
 The quanta, the qualia, the paraphernalia,  
 Failure not an option, her truth betold,  
 With sheer determination she brave and bold  
 Made a resolution to find something  
 solid.

She payed more attention  
 to Palaeontology ~

To be truly objective she had to discount  
 That she was in a muddy hole and he on a mount.  
 She studied the basics and dug up some fossils,  
 Cretaceous colossals all over the place,  
 She classified bone and catalogued classics  
 And came face to face  
 With the late Jurrassics,  
 Lifted a stone,  
 Turned a leaf,  
 There lay the answer beneath.  
 Saved in the slate,  
 Beyond debate,  
 Unravelling his raves, the way he behaves,  
 But gave no relief from her seeth.  
 . The lyrebird lies through his teeth.

~f~ ~f~  
 ~~~~~

*I see a little bird fly by,  
 it doesn't stop nor look my way.  
 I wonder what it's doing here.  
 It circles left and turns around,  
 down it sweeps so light and smooth as it scouts,  
 without a doubt, it has a keen site.  
 What does it see, I do not know.*

*Out from the bush a little shadow glow  
 I see a mouse running; oh, how fast he can go.  
 Across the street and up a rock,  
 no time to look back he must trust the track.*

*I do not want to watch this chase,  
 to sit and watch this would be a disgrace.  
 Time to go back inside but wait.*

*Do you hear that noise?  
 My name is called again and again,  
 Wake up, wake up I hear once more,  
 It was just a little nap after all.*

By  
 LA

The gods will soon take it,  
 Whatever you make it,  
 The castle, the diary, the rhyme,  
 Or some over-long series  
 Of dearies and wearies,  
 Dead whiskers,, from grandfather time.

A.N.Y.M.S.

## JUNK

A junk yard man when he dies,  
and takes his place within the skies.  
A field of junk lays abound,  
Magnificence - would astound.  
In realms of earth, and sky betwixt,  
his paradise, of things to fix

By ... Left Blank Intentionally

## Food for Thought

Once upon a time, only the church traded in  
knowledge through literature.

Priests could read, but it was blasphemous for  
laymen to read.

When the printing press was invented  
(the Guggenheimer revolution), it connected the  
world with its own thoughts.

In a sense, a collective consciousness was  
born, and from there the Renaissance was born  
(the belief in science over God).

The internet is the same, but how we use it  
makes all the difference.

When people engage in  
**writing, poetry and publishing,**  
they are doing what humans do best, and that is  
creating humanity by partaking in something  
that is bigger than one person.

Our words outlive us; writing is how  
humans become better.

Connecting people, building knowledge, and  
opening channels to the story of who we are is  
more noble than people think.

A. Resident

## WHAT COULD IT BE ?

Claire said she thought she saw it,  
Grover said "No", he didn't see it.  
Kyle's away, so he's no help.  
Rocky said he saw it up there.

It was big but got smaller.  
"Where?" I asked. "Up there" he said.  
"Up there?" I asked.  
"Yes, up there, over there, up there".

I asked Mick, did he see it?  
See What?. So I knew he had not.  
Rocky said it went that way,  
So where did it go?

Mundy asked what time did this happen.  
But he was like Karl - not here.  
He said he'd ask Cleo, but she was  
ironing Mundy's clothes for work.

So back to the start. Claire thought she saw it,  
Grover did not, Karl's away,  
Rocky saw it, Mick did not.  
Rocky said it was big and round,  
and went that way. Rocky's sister said .....

By ... WHO COULD IT BE?

## VOTE for your Favourite Piece

**ATTENTION!! AGAIN!!**

TO THE BARDS WHO DIDN'T GET TO WARM THEIR QUILLS,  
BOTTLE UP YOUR VERSE & ENTER IN THE WHEEL  
FOR THE

**SECOND ROUND OF THE  
BENDOC POETRY/PROSE COMPETITION**

Details in 'The Wheel'