

# ANNOUNCEMENT!!!

WE HAVE COME TO THE END OF THE 3<sup>RD</sup> ROUND OF

## 'THE BENDOC BATTLE OF THE BARDS'



YOU CAN NOW VOTE FOR YOUR FAVOURITE PIECE FROM THE LAST 10 POETRY/PROSE ENTRIES

VOTE VIA [BENDOCPA@BIGPOND.COM](mailto:BENDOCPA@BIGPOND.COM) - 0264581531 - 18 DOWLING ST BENDOC - PO BOX 50 -

OR IN THE BOX ON THE BNH VERANDAH

VOTING IS ANONYMOUS

**BIG** ANNOUNCEMENT - We have a tie — the most voted for poems in the 2nd round of the

'**THE BATTLE OF THE BARDS**' aaaaaarrre.....

'Sour Grapes' by David Whitlock & 'Females' by Anonymous –congratulations  
& congratulations to all of the entries for their wonderful & varied thoughts & words

### ENTRY 1

Awake in the morning to feeling at rest  
The hiss of the leaves whisper breeze almost heard.  
Await for the song sing from better to best  
Where harmonica, is the species name of a bird.

### ENTRY 2

When I die, may my body lie  
In the field where the trees make their gain.  
As they march to the river my body deliver  
The little be known of my brain.

### ENTRY 3

#### MILK

Kids they walk across the fields  
Each morning they go by  
Dressed up in all their warm gear  
They leave you here a sigh  
Knowing that the milk is good  
Turn by turn they take  
Bottles they are made of glass  
One may even break  
Still its cheap and good for them  
All turns out be right  
Knowing that it must be done  
Most mornings there's no fight  
I love my children here's because  
They follow their brain  
Head out in the rain  
And because of this  
Milk isn't a pain

### ENTRY 4

#### WHAT WAS IT?

Rocky's sister said "Up there, up there"  
Did Claire see it, as it went up there,  
big & got smaller, way up there?  
Rocky did see it, big round &  
black with a shiny surface, up there moving away  
so high and free  
above the trees  
above the mountains  
up to the clouds.  
As the big black shiny surface  
disappears up to the sun,  
we hear song, Happy Birthday being sung.  
So to all who have been young  
and lost a balloon, where do balloons go?  
Are balloons lost in the sky?  
Are they lost in the clouds?  
Or all the way to the sun?  
Or to heaven?  
To friends and family and lost souls  
So I ask again, where do balloons go?

ANON

## ENTRY 5

Bring out your gods  
With their rules and their rods  
And ask yourself, what are the odds.  
You could deck them with something  
That means something more than a day at MacDonald's and  
the footy score?  
And laugh at the falls, gasp at the brawls  
Cheer for the goals and the honours.  
Pick up your pen all you hard working men  
Open your mind or your undies  
Is the colour of blood for the heart of stone  
Or tomato sauce on a pie.  
Bleed on the paper and do it alone.  
Could you even rhyme with aye aye?  
I taught the computers, invented Babbage.  
And play banjo Paterson, with a cabbage.

So put up your dooks you swaggering spooks  
And waltz me to my billabong bane  
And drown me once more or suffer the score  
Of the bore and the door and the pain.  
Engarde ye bard come now play me your card  
Life wasn't meant to be hard.  
To express, to impress, could you even address  
The order of sound  
Mess with the mind  
Stress the wrong end

But no, back to the beat  
Or you'll step on my toes  
Or my nose  
With your rhyming prose  
I'll drop the subject and talk about you  
Better still, All the others, the cities, the zoo,  
The farmlands, the islands? and here's a thought ;  
Where people get water, for God's sake,  
The Himalayas! What on earth will we do ?

I don't speak to all and I don't speak for any  
But those who allow me their mood.  
All we are of renown  
Is to know what is evil and what is good,  
And write it down as we drown.  
The trees have their roots in the billabong.  
For Henry and Banjo and me.  
The faces in the street was incomplete.  
The street is as wide as the sea.  
They lied about oil and they lied about coal.  
We knew that, and you called us woke.  
Well fold it up boys, all your weak ended toys,  
I didn't quite drown, I'm a bloke.

Why did the chicken cross the road?  
Didn't he see what was coming?  
Black heads and moles from the days in the coals,  
And the islanders just the beginning.  
What's plain to see,  
Ocean to Ocean, sea to sea,  
Poets just don't have time or space to write.  
Has it gone to your head?  
Is it really Anzac or ANZ?

It's not academic, it's values we teach  
The gifted, the glorious more than the glutton  
Potatoes and bleach cries freedom of speech  
Well mashed potatoes and mutton  
Give the dummy a button.  
Good on ya Australia one more fetid failure  
You dullard you dedhed you dork.  
Terra Australis is still Terra Nullis  
For all of your tell and your talk.

And you over the ditch can you throw me your pitch  
Somewhat better than you can pronounce it.  
Can your birds even fly, do you have a blue sky,  
Or did Gandalf and Bilbo renounce it,  
As mountains of doom shake the earth as they fume,  
Where the dark lord could never disgrace  
The occasional leader with ethics,  
To add to the touch, and the grace.

From the bald patch in the crown  
of the far south east,  
Over football and cricket and copyright,  
There's no time for that, a bat is a cat in a hat.  
My time is my car, my pencil my shovel and bar.  
You've not heard me before I'll not hear you again,  
My chainsaw my brush and my pen.  
Kangaroo poor and islander amour,  
Is Australocean your second language?

Let me leave you with this just in case it was missed,  
Somewhere, in there  
Is a Kiss.  
Here's to the Vegemite sandwich.  
Lest we forget  
It couldn't taste much worse wet.

## ENTRY 6

### † Denotes Fallen

Can you hear the drums?  
I hear them calling.  
Can you hear the drums of war?  
And I will come.

Can you hear the guns?  
I hear them roaring.  
Can you hear the guns pound the shore?  
As I bare arms.

Can you hear the men?  
I see them falling.  
And can you see their blood on the ground?  
As I lay down.

ENTRY 7

Only Me

Home again & off to the fridge  
Oh no!, there it is, I had forgotten about you.  
But NO, not now, maybe later.

I shut the fridge door ,but what about one quick look.  
Oh yes, there you are,  
Rounded, well coloured and fresh  
and the smell.  
No, not now maybe later.

But still, I may touch it,  
smooth, well coloured & firm  
I must not eat you now.  
I must not look, but one touch will not hurt.  
Smell, kiss and put you back.  
But NO! if I touch you, will I give you back?

Once in my hand, I will be in your power.  
The smell, the taste, the smooth soft flesh.  
The sweet juices, full flavour running down my chin.  
NO!, put it back. Keep it for later.

But what if it spoils?, NO, but it might?  
Put it back & shut the fridge door.

Oh NO! the alarm has gone off to shut the door.  
How am I to go if I put it back, can I wait to have it tomorrow?  
or tonight or later?

Will it still be as good? Or will I loose interest in the lovely sweet & smooth soft flesh with the  
cool juices that run down my chin.

Sucking on the skin, making a lovely mess to my face,& shirt front.  
Sticky sweet fingers. Mum said use a spoon- but NO!, this is the way.

A knife to cut, but not to share.  
So to share is to split it up into small portions.  
NO, this is not that big and I am one.  
This is one, so sharing my bit is smaller -  
Less sweet taste  
Less great smell  
Less soft flesh to taste

No dribbling down my front.  
So NO to putting it back in the fridge.  
No to waiting  
No to maybe tomorrow  
No to sharing  
Yes to now  
Yes to having it all now

It is mine, all mine  
So no waiting  
No putting it back  
But Wait! What's That ?  
Way in the back is a second one  
Is it mine? Or who else has one? Only I must have the promise of such joy  
Sweet  
Juicy  
Soft flesh of this  
Forbidden fruit - only me.

By Only Me

By Only Me.

ENTRY 8

The wave and the particle went to see  
From when to where to be  
Naught could impede the need of the seed,  
The form or the the deed, the speed guaranteed.  
Waving the time and defining the flight  
Through the dark as the light, the precise and the quite  
All of the will and the might  
Delight  
Delight  
All of the will and the might.

Transmitting reception, receiving transmission,  
Fusion and fission as if on a mission  
Determined to follow and bend a rule  
They married in a molecule.  
The proton was charged to do the deed, not everyone  
present agreed.  
Indeed.  
Indeed.  
Not everyone present agreed.

Considering roles of opposing poles  
Was a force in itself unresolved.  
Everyone dressed in infrared  
Nothing more need be said.  
It was nothing to do with the light of the moon  
From certain perspectives they married too soon.  
Information unforgot  
A lot was lots and things got hot.  
Got hot  
Got hot  
A lot of things got hot.

Oh yan said ying you dingaling  
Which way when are we going?  
Around about or in and out?  
You know there is no slowing.  
Paused but a while considering style  
From the limited possibilities file  
Collapsed in a heap as though they were asleep  
And woke up and that was the while.

On their way to be something with something to say  
As day follows night follows day follows day  
At some unspecified location or rate  
One to the other was heard to relate  
We are the way you little imp  
Intent is bent, let's keep it simp.  
Nothing to abstract, the fact,  
All we do is act! That's that!  
That's that!  
That's that!  
All we do is act.

So they sailed away for a year and a day  
To the land where the bong tree grows  
And waited till spring for the pig and his ring  
and the owl and the cat do their thing with his nose  
As off they shone and on and on  
No purpose nor intention  
The timeless glow from stay to go  
To be  
To be  
Dimension through dimension.

ENTRY 9

A lizard sat basking there that I looked last.  
Now I consider the immediate past  
All around there are thrushes  
There's been sounds in the bushes  
Dragonfly dashes and robins' red flashes  
There's been chuffs' chirps and chorts  
There's been all sorts.  
I hope it got away. Life's thought  
Annon

ENTRY 10

BIRD 27 SEP 1911

It flies high above the beach searching  
For its pray  
Soaring high it sees nothing.  
Something catches its trained eye  
Down below a helpless girl.  
Diving, swooping, dropping  
The bird drops as if shot and picks up the small  
Child down below on the sand.  
'Ahhh! A faint scream is heard  
But too late for the little girl, up and into the sky.  
Suddenly falling from the bird's claws  
The child drops faster and faster untill  
She runs out of sky  
And thumps to the ground  
DEAD!