

Australian Connection

Life has been so busy in the bustle of the city,
I dream of times when life was not so grey;
I take some time to ponder, and immerse myself in wonder
A trip to find my bearings is the order of the day.

So I pack my swag and wander, to the mountains in the distance.
the sun has warmed my spirit, the view takes my breath away.
Then I spy a lonely figure, grazing quietly in the valley
and he raises his head spritely, and he shoots a gaze my way.

The winds soft fingers tease his mane, it dances with gentle sway.
My thoughts are now so peaceful and allowed to wander free,
my memory recalls days long passed, recalled life as it was
in gentler times. My guest moves closer - curious of me.

His legs are long, his bone is thick, his hooves well-trimmed and worn.
The sun sparks highlights in his coat - his brown eyes open wide,
I sit and watch in awe as he nonchalantly feeds
and admire his muscled chest and back beneath his glowing hide.

I think of all the young men who once had tamed this land,
along with steeds who helped to till our arid soil.
The men astride a wily steed united 'gainst the foe,
who gave their all unstintingly - death their payment for toil.

The pony for the children, or the hackie for the show,
a horse between the traces, or trail riding on the plain.
The stockman's choice of workmate, whose qualities they know,
a mount who is sure footed, strong, with heart to go again.

And many wrote their stories with a brumby at the lead
those stories oft' repeated in the true Australian heart.
The brumby is no fable - he is real, his history's old,
our heritage is tied to his - he played a major part.

My trip into the mountains, and along the Kossi plains,
restore to me my heritage, my spirit's wild and free
as I drive along the mountain trail in softly falling rain,
I vow to return once again to see my wild Brumby.

by
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