

Here I sit while the children play,
Writing my poetry day after day;
The old tombstones around about,
The blue park bench to hear children shout.

Sometimes I sit here under the tree,
Wondering where love is on where can it be;
But here with the crab apple trees while from,
A few clouds around with the playground songs.

The yellow roses remind me of the golden sun,
Or a fair blonde maiden for me the one;
Bethlehem house from where I was born,
To repeat and relive because of all live worn.

The bride works over there now Cougars store,
Of second hand pianos and billiard tables galore;
Across the road there many and sons,
And the brake service wondering whether there's more sun.

Here down in Tasmania in Hobart's St. Andrew's Park,
Where Antarctica is so near with while ice normally dark;
Where the Aurora Australis makes its annual trip,
To the pristine wilderness on the world's south A trip.

And up the on the hill is Hobart here I lived,
2/20 Pine Street as I see quite easily a billion dollars in two;
Mount Wellington up behind Australia new signal,
That Christ must have visited now our Lord God Almighty.

Signed,

Is mine the Derwent