

**Classic Poetry Series**

**James Devaney**

**- poems -**

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## **Dirrawan the Song-Maker**

Dirrawan went into the bush to spear waat,  
but he forgot about waat the red wallaby.  
he thought about dirridirri the small bird and deereeree the wagtail  
he thought about winning the lightning and tumberumba the thunder.

He did not spear anything at all.

Dirrawan went to the Long Brown Water to catch makora.  
he thought about balleballea the silence of the night,  
he thought about ballanda the long time ago.

He did not catch any fish, he brought back a new song to the gunyahs.

James Devaney

## **The Frog Pool**

Week after week it shrank and shrank  
as the fierce drought fiend drank and drank,  
till on the bone-dry bed revealed  
the mud peeled;  
but now tonight is steamy-warm,  
heavy with hint of thunderstorm.

And hark! hark! hoarse and harsh  
the throaty croak of the frogs in the marsh:  
"Wake! wake! awake! awake!  
The drought break!"  
but no, that chorus seems to me  
more a primeval harmony.

The thunder booms, the floods flow  
blended with deeper din below,  
and every time the skies crash  
the swamps flash!  
and the whole place will be tonight  
a pandemonium of delight.

James Devaney