

Poetry Series

**John D. Farley**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2008

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

## John D. Farley(18/08/39)

POET, I'AM NOT A BLOODY POET, maybe not even a narrator, every thing I write is real time, it happened.

Brand new to Poetry and Rhyming prose, just a 'Bush' Boy at heart. My motivation started from a recent tragic event in our little patch.

Before this event I had been writing my 'little' story in narrative fashion, () . I needed to express myself in a manner that WAS more AUSSIE and suited my personality. Much spoken word creeps into my vocabulary, I feel I can't change this enigma. As I commenced to rhyme I discovered many new words associations, some old english, much fun. I suppose the real basis for my ordinary poetry stems from the life I have lived, just ordinary. READ MY POEMS IN THE 'AUSSIE' RHYMING GENRE, YOU'LL HAVE MORE FUN.

# Bloody Emails

TELSTA TELLS US WE HAVE AN INTERNET SERVICE IN THE "BUSH", so if it's not broke why sell it.

Rather, IT Supersedes the Bush Radio, remember that?

OH SORRY, this is Brunswick heads NSW, AUSTRALIA.

BLOODY EMAILS.

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Useless, hopeless, sometimes baseless my site is hit by crappy text.

Rubbish bin, delet button, save, no way, get a life. But I wait, I hopes ABP will be the next.

Electronic web mail super hyper cyber crappy paper, your method is so really pushy.

We wish and hope to get a letter, I do, well forgive me folks 'cos I'm half Bushy.

Liked your blog, 'wanna' enter a contest, wanna' earn a million, did you like mine too.

Couldn't give a rat's behind, a bunion, six warts and a (crook of spew) .

Where ya been, what's ya seen you person out there in the esters.

Do you think you hit web people with limited intellect, bugger off, we are the bushies so buddy do not testus.

There was a tome, when your home, was your families' personal address.

Interfaces, many places, unknown faces, of all races has this one stuffed the test.

I'll beat this "mail", I'll have a read, and maybe give some serious thought.

After all I have the power, it's my pen, I'll tell you when through the soft ware I have bought.

So for all of us but wait awhile, and have a smile, let little fingers initiate all the rest.

AND THEN I WILL DELETE FOR EVER, YOU BLOKE, YOU BLOODY CYBER PEST.

PS: members are excluded from my ramblings, john f.

John D. Farley

# Brickie's Laborer

How kids pick up language, sorry, words.

Heard a joke years ago. Little Tommy is five, mom and dad are building an extension to their house.

I, M A BRICKIES LABORER MUMMY.

© john d Farley, 2008.

The look of excitement and wonder was written on his little face.

"Mummy, what are all them men doing digging up our place".

Well darling, those men are called brickies, and their going to do some layin'.  
Build a little place for Grandma, 'cos with us she'll soon be stayin'.

The little bloke observes the action from a vantage on the drive.  
There's things a'churnin' things a'whirren, so much good stuff, his place has  
come alive.

"Mummy can I play with them", in his mind's eye stuff's revolvin'.  
His little mind was all aglow and new things were evolvin'.

Mummy sees a plan unfolden', it's like an educational obsession.  
Let him learn some things, he'll be safe, 'cos this will be his little life's big  
session.

Mister foreman, "Can Tommy join you for lunch, I'll pack his little crib".  
"No probs missus sends him down and we'll keep our language glib"

Now not every day can little Tommy go and join his brickie mates.  
His little school takes precedence, one last look the little fella' takes.

Many days he makes his little journey, he sits on an upturned brick.  
Eats his crib and he chats a lot, many questions asked, they come out fast and  
thick.

Well little fella what did you do today, and what did you all talk about.  
"We mixed some mud, laid them bricks, and then we raked them out".

Got a tip for the horses races, what's number 6 in race 10, and mummy what's

the nags.

We talked about how Manly won, Silver tails they called `em, and a bunch of dags.

And then one day little Tommy storms home and pelts his crib down on the table  
Only been gone awhile, I'll ask the little bloke what's the matter when I can see  
he's able.

Tommy darling your home early, there's a tear in his little eyes.

"We got knocked off, `cos we got no bloody work", his little voice replies.

The boss bloke recons, that bloody truckie is up to his bloody tricks.

"Yez can all go home youse bloody blokes, see yez all tamorra, bloody sorry  
Tommy.

"We got no bloody bricks".

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John D. Farley

# Brunswick Heads, The Rocky Boardwalk, South.

BRUNSWICK HEADS, THE ROCKY BOARDWALK, SOUTH.

A little hamlet in Australia, NSW.

Collect my thoughts, block out stigma, block out all we give to this very odd  
enigma.

Only a bastion, rocks and dirt it's built, protects us from encroaching ocean.

But if you need some inner peace, solicitude, just a talk, the wall, well it's got the  
potion.

The talk, that's the thing we need, mostly need in daily life.

Brunz wall is the place for peace and peace of mind, it helps you with your inner  
strife.

The talk, all inner emotions, troubled head will be explained. Go there stay a  
while; shed a tear I do often go.

For many reasons, for many people the break wall.

Watch the ocean ebb and flow.

On any day I ride my bike, camera is my extension, mostly calm but when I'm  
not it's the place to off load all your tension

This rocky promontory extension of our being will suddenly evolve into a village,  
puzzled, I will wager this.

Then take a stroll meet some folk, nod your head, and a smile wont go amiss.

Many days I've spent along this rocky boardwalk Brunz, people visit from all over  
to join the little village.

Village? , how is this so, must explain my wisdom, give a reason well.

There's no village square, no church, no shops and there is no wishing well.

Well, do we need the accouterments', only people fill the need, any day there are  
these people, any race or creed.

How about Mohammed, not the real bloke I hesitate to say, no it's our little  
Malaysian fisherman, he'll be there on any day.

Now he loves a chat Mohammed does, and he has some words of sense.

He don't cares who he addresses, everyone, and he don't sit on the fence.

His god will be your god, because nature is his yearning.  
Take what you need, feed your kin and friends, his wisdom will get your mind  
aware, your intellect will start churning.

This wise man on the wall is one of daily folk, just like me he's not important,  
he's an ordinary bloke.

This rocky village square will have its share of sorrow, it's based on life will be.  
Village people live and die here, sorrow and pain of departed loved ones given to  
the sea.

So when you visit our rocky village some won't know it exists in time, spare a  
thought that ere you be, this place is yours and mine.  
Come and enjoy the solicitude, look for the villagers, please take time to think.  
You the rocky villagers will be new friends in a blink.

Nod your head and raise your hand, and if your eyes can shimmer, smile a bit  
start up a chat and you'll be on a winner.

Look for a bloke on an old black bike, he's got a huge compulsion, you smile at  
me, give a nod I'm all over you like emulsion.  
Brunswick Heads, the rocky boardwalk, north, there is a village square.  
Only friendly people are welcome to come to visit here, but that's not really fair.

We respect your station and we'll do our best try us out, we will brighten you  
right up.

And that's our rocky dare.

John D. Farley



# Clareville Beach And 'Bloody Torpedos'

BIT MORE FROM 'GRUMPY OLD BLOGGER'.

Any body remember the NAVEL TORPEDO BASE at TAYLORS POINT, via CLAREVILLE BEACH?

CLAREVILLE BEACH and the "Bloody Torpedo"

Out back of Avalon NSW lives a pretty Pittwater beach, and Clareville, that's her name. On a peaceful day the beach was pillaged and rent, this is how pretty Clareville Beach, for some time, would to never be the same.

Our Navy boys were our friends, they protected us down under, this day a untervasser thing went mad, well folks they made a blunder.

Must stop, re-late, go back to get attention, Milkrun and Pancho, Mrs. Selley and Mr. Fox, well, they must rate a mention.

Adrian me mate, he fits in with the go, he had a "Cat" moored in Clareville Bay, no surf on Avalon, not a problem, rig the cat and sailen' down the Pittwater, gees, what more is there to say.

The 'Targets', was there three of them, like bastions I supposes, 'borrow' a rowboat of the beach, 'cause there was a fish that lingered underneath, a name something just like Moses.

For many years the base existed nestling in foreshores oh so pretty, to denigrate such a place was, well, was a bureaucratic pity.

Just before the air was blown, sending "Big Fish" down the bay, crash boats raced, hither and yon, we're Navy blokes, and we jest you not we have the very, very last say.

I think the story 'bout the base is really a fundamental, just a small diversion, you see this yarn, its JohnFarls story, of mine it's just a version.

Mores' the pity, this navel base, it was the place of dread, adjacent to the place y races "John, JFK is dead.

Hang on, we digress, the "bloody torpedo", what went asunder, oh I remember,

off she goes on a nor' be nor' the targets she go's right under.

Some chaotic trivial malfunction hits the fan, "the fish" has a minor glitch its 'bloody' rudder bumbles, now it heads east be east, boats and Clareville Beach, watch out blokes the things gone mad, up the beach she rumbles.

Damage, there was none, all the floating stuff was spared but what a bloody show, only damage, Aussie Navy, "the bloody torpedo" and their Navy ego

You live at Clareville in liven' times, you think this yarn's a scam, trust me people you heard it first, JohnFarls and Pancho, your old Avalon Milkman man.

John D. Farley

# Farleys Prose And Poetry

Tongue in cheek.

I'am going to throw my hand in and have a go at prose.

The puritans will throw their hands up, I guess he is permitted, make a stand.  
He has been an honest person all over he has traveled, far and wide, well in Australia.

What's the criteria here, tell a story, make a rhyme, is that where what it resides.

OH, bugger, first mistake, will have another go at something peaceful; my brain wants an art form.

Where can this come from, all I have ever known is lower class, my family, we are people, world is big now.

What a comment, forgive me kin, the very best poets have lived a life, have a world within.

So here's my prose.

Waves, bred by hidden force ocean waves, ground swell waves, heaving falling will we understand the magnitude, the power is magnetic in its wisdom, contempt and relentless.

We watch with envy, crashing bashing, sometimes grinding, our precious earth. Watch that beautiful flowing motion, powerful, intrinsic, our earth.

Did we come from here, where we born from, can we make some sense, it has mystic presence, a wild dark presence.

Watch the power, the sound, spectacular, eruption, the vented spume, it sprays and surges.

Feel eons of life, life back, is it saying we are, we were, God has been here, legacy, my God your God.

Waves, beautiful motions in time, watch in awe the blessings, we live here, we love here, this place, the ocean.

Waves, endless, preoccupation. Our world has known this image, this vista beauteous face, waves were born well before the human race.

Couldn't help myself, I'm gonna take lessons.

John D. Farley

# Give Or Take A Metre

I MENTION METRE, (METER) , not the distance I hesitate to say, or should that be stressed, maybe acoustic properties.

GIVE OR TAKE A METRE, John D. Farley© 2009

Me hat's off, me sleeves are rolled up, and I'm ready for the fray, this poem's about correctness, critic's will take bay.

You see, I never wrote a poem, including the Aussie Bushy ones, ones that I cant match.

Until a tragic incident occurred, in my locale, in my backyard, described as bein' on my patch.

This will be time well spent, so of I went, to write a rhyming poem.

Heart full of sorrow. Who's words can I borrow, bugger it, the words will be my own.

All about a flooded creek, my first attempt was written.

Many more crappy rhyming verse then followed, Farley's brain was smitten.

Then based with prior learning, living life if you will. I'll base me poems on a life of yore, my memories I will fill.

Well you can't believe how vernacular weaved, in and out this Bushy narrative. I soon found out, with out a doubt, bends some words use some slang, from Aussie stuff the decreitive.

And then down the track, from way outback, from left field the bitter truth rose up and bit me lame.

I read some stuff by a bloke named Ellis, Campbell is his last name.

Beloved Bush poems is his game, my work he puts to shame, shameful, followed by the then some.

It's the reason why I'm trying hard to do good things, so why am I so bloody winsome.

What an Aussie champ, his writing tips I follow with enjambment, onomatopoeia and metaphors in quick succession.

Problem is, old Aussie mate, my minds to thick to comprehend the science of the mission.

I think I've got a handle on rhythm, on caesurae, similes and clichés, and maybe a stanza dream.

Constantly revise me poems, cant get monometer right and have to re-write the

rotten theme.

My poems are full of self-procrastination, self-indulgence, me, I, and a little more of self.

But, then 60 years plus, arse out of me duds, so I can't sit on the shelf.

Our poetry, my regret, is miles and miles apart, you hark from Coolah, so I must give thoughts impart.

My Pommie ancestors settled in the upper Hunter, we might be cousins, now there's a merry start.

Well sorry Ellis Campbell, if in the cupboard the skeleton resides, and writes.

Maybe you will disown this poet, but I look for your clergy often, my pledge will be to put it right.

And, so with this tongue in cheek analogy, respect to you not with-holden'.

Best wishes from all Bushy Aussies, you bloody beauty, keep the words unfolden'.

John D. Farley© 2009, , .

PS: This will be re-written', edited, and then some.

John D. Farley

# Little Baby Cherry

## I GOT LOST MUMMY

In 2000 a little 6 year girl went "walkabout" from the yard of her home near Broken Head Northern NSW. She wandered off with her pet dog. Her mother had been in constant voice contact.

The terrain behind her home was dense bush leading into heavy coastal forest. About 8 / 9 kilometers east was the Broken Head Caravan Park, a small hamlet near the ocean.

The time was late afternoon; conditions were calm and cloudless, then. Little Cherry did not answer her mothers call. Her mum began calling her from the back yard, Cherry had disappeared. Her pet dog appeared from the bush behind the house, but no little girl.

Frantic calls for assistance to the local Police commenced a protracted search, it's getting on to very dim light, it will soon be dark. Members of the Police with a helicopter and sniffer dogs commenced to search behind the property.

Members of the State Emergency Service, The Volunteer Rescue Assn, The Rural Fire Service and some local residents, a total of upwards of 50 people, commenced to conduct a sweep search in dense woodland, in total darkness aided by torches. For several hours they searched to no avail, the search parties are instructed to return at first light with more volunteers.

At 5: 30am the following morning an elderly couple from the caravan park were alerted to a tiny knock on their caravan door, a tiny girl, completely naked, greets them; "HELLO, I'M CHERRY, AND I'M LOST".

## LITTLE BABY CHERRY

CHEERRRIIEE BABY. That's mummy, "nearly time for tea darling", yummy.

"Here I'm is out here with doggie wwoolfie", gee he is a sook.

A butterfly flutters it's all blue come on doggie lets take a look.

It's wings are pretty and it flies out the gate, "wont be long mummy"

I think I said.

The pretty butterfly.

But it's gone, it's gone in the bush, where? We will find it. Mummy will love it, Daddy will smile.

Where's doggie, where is this place, mommy and Daddy will find me, I'll just walk, gee the trees are nice.

Can you hear, that's an Owl, Daddy told me that, it's dark now Mommy, I want my tea.

I see things really good, wish daddy could be here, that's a big bird, I want my house, oh here's the little creek.

Oh very smelly, is that a cow, can I take my shirt off mummy, I'm really hot. Dogs are barking, dogs are scary, I'll go this way.

Scared Mommy, lights and noise are coming through the big trees, Daddy why the wind.

All the lights, loud voices, cranky voices. Daddy said.

A voice, a little boy, "go this way", my tea, Mummy and Daddy. The little boy, "go this way".

A little animal comes up, "hello".

Mummy I'm very tired, can I go to bed, "no Cherry I will get you home, you'll see". But that's not Mummy.

It's really really dark, the little boy is in front of me, he's only little, he calls to me.

We know.

The naughty sounds, the cranky loud voices, the dogs, I'm not scared now, a long way away. Mummy will find me.

Sounds in the bushes.

"Don't lie down, come with me, let's play, can you hear the beach". The little boy.

I want my bed, I'm ready for 'jammies', Mummy, look at me, oooh it's cold.

Daddy said I'm a little girl and always smile, Mummy said I'm pretty. Why is nobody here.

It's dark, where's my home, why is our home got lost.

Little boy, where are you, the light is just in front, it's like a little home.

Mummy said be nice, if I bang on the door and be nice.

I know what to say; HELLO I'M CHERRY, I'M LOST.

Dedicated to little Cherry and her very relived Mum and Dad, John D Farley 2008.

John D. Farley



# Me Old Mate Joe

My old mate Joe, his body has departed. My golfing mate, my Community involved mate, me Theater person mate, and then somewhere, somehow he sticks things in my mind. Knew and have known him. Joe is a real mate.

Some words from Joe.

Me names Joe, sometimes Joseph, and yes me coat was of many colours brave. But I'm just an ordinary bloke, so it won't take long, your precious time, I'll try hard to save.

I loved me friends at the Unit, overalls resplendent orange colour bold. I didn't give much ceremony for acrimony, but I did my duties told.

Well, they indicated "procuring", and in my chosen field I did sound. I was the store man, I procured things you might say, but I lifted stuff, all for Mullumbimby bound.

Fire fronts, cookin' stuff, liven' rough, and I did that and some more. Look at you, you RFS, eat me food get a break, then put the peddle to the floor.

And was I an ordinary golfer? The "Swamp Pheasants", Mullumbimby Golf Club is well known.

Handicap? Golfer? What's that? When me mates wanted points, well, suddenly stableford has grown.

Every Monday, me mates and I would go to do the battle. Never won a lot, a golf ball here, two bob here, so lets' go on with the prattle.

Beth Wicks, all off this, a profession will be unfolden', the SEA HORSE SINGERS, and Byron Shire is the place that is beholden'.

I had a job, prop manager, curtain puller, our shows were for the locals. Never seen so many folk, given'it out, singn'it out. Good on ya Geoff Dart's focal vocals.

And then, OH boy, they put me in the show and then Goldilocks' I was bound and more.

The Vegemite Kids, I'm on the skids, makeup makes us good I'm sure.

Marginally attractive, curiously distractive, I think ugly is the word, the inscription.

Joe's me name, and I'm on me way and had a good time, on me cemetery description.

Have a little tippie climb every mountain, me partner Coral won't object.  
She had the job of carer, and it wasn't good, that I expect.

I was just an ordinary bloke, I got more than I gave.  
Help me settle down, depart this life, and don't you be so grave.

Will you have a talk, but don't talk of sad, and I'm certain Coral she won't billya'.  
Have a cuppa', have a snack.

Now pour a little drink for me, willya'.

John Farley and Joe, © 2008

John D. Farley

# Moon Bay, Ngarigo Blokes, My Special Place

Mine, Anybody's Really. Moon Bay is in us all.

What's that bloke about this time, he must be very odd.

He ai'nt done anything important, and does he have a god?

Well let's humor him a little 'cause we got some time to spare.

Tells me he's got a secret place, a place he want's to share.

The ordinary bloke, forgive him Bruce, but that how he comes out.

You won't know his name today and he says that's no great loss, he is the bloke,  
he is your Aussie lout.

He wants you to accept some things, like, girls and boys are real and liven.

The bloke, he reckons, can be both, just the name your given.

What's that? I hear him say, "prose and poetry, rhymes and stuff, wish I could  
say it's gay".

"Tried to write my story but the truth got in the way".

He wants to mention, Woolloomooloo, Palmer Street, Bundamar and Boonoke.  
Brunswick Heads and Avalon, but the brain has given no joy.

How many words rhyme with Woolloomooloo, except, the paper boy.

But before you fall of you twig and head of for a bite, come with him to MOON  
BAY, YOU WILL SEE HE'S RIGHT.

Give a little, OK, come on back, there's room for all and us.

Remember, you were young and vital, johnfarls you can trust.

So, for a short time, down tools, and dream, join his special club.

This simple man will meet you at the TATHRA PUB.

Wander down to MOON BAY, swim, close your eyes, see.

Nobody will see the visions, only you and me.

There will be other people there, johnfarls will point them out.

Look and listen, wave and smile, please don't yell, you will understand.

Those black people are misty visions, we are standing on their land.

OH, he almost forgot, the place is not for us to touch, you will be in real time.

You must understand, you were there, MOON BAY IS IN DREAMTIME.

What's that? white blokes can't see the misty visions, I agree.

But he was young, yet he reckons, for a moment, they let him see.

Thank you NGARIGO BLOKES, South Coast NSW. Did you give me a Special Dreamtime Place? ARAGUNNU BLOKES SORRY.

John D farley,2008

John D. Farley

# Mooseface, My School Friend.

, AKA; johnfarlsbrunz, AKA; john d Farley. Many schools, many places. Ordinary bloke.

THEY called her Mooseface.

A little place called Coolah, not far from Ulladullah is where this Rhyme took place, went to school but they had the gall to give this gal, the awful name of Mooseface.

To this day, I will tell you now, never will they be forgivn', she was so pretty, a small boys friend, could she beat them swimmen'?

I'll leave this for a moment 'cause the thoughts are coming back, school days, yeah, where the rhyme took place and how we got the sack.

Holidays are fast approaching a farmer makes a show, boys, you want some pocket money, well picken' beans will be your go.

Well what a rotten job this is, pick beans by the bushel bag, I'll tell you now this jobs', and I've had some, will be the worst I've ever had.

Oh yeah got the sack not the 'bullet' as implied it seems, from early morn to late of day we'd fill the sack with beans.

I've told a fib, forgive my glib may I give honest foray straight, 'cause next paddock was filled with melons the plan was to make up weight.

Do I Need to tell you, melon skins, and your right. At the bottom of sack they go, that gave the weight a freight.

The plan was good and full of thought, but folks, them and me we got the call back. The boys from Coolah School, bean pickers we're no more, them and me, we got that bullet, it's called, 'don't come Monday' sack.

My mind is jolted, school friends and swimming pals, Mooseface gave me charm, school friends and swimming pals, why did they wish her harm.

Been to many many schools, Coolah wouldn't be the last, we moved from here Mooseface cried, and so it came to pass.

My rhymes will not contain many elements of fiction, sometime later all those boys came down with a mysterious affliction.

Mooseface she was so cute, your taunts will grow to rue, never put down people who are not as perfect as you.

John D. Farley

# Mummy Dolphin And The Bub.

For several months, a mother and her baby have come to join the 'ROCKY BOARDWALK', our Village accepts everyone. These new additions ARE the 'GUESTS OF HONOUR'.

## THE ROCKY BOARDWALK AND MUMMY DOLPHIN.

Just about every day, rain hail or sunshine, I go to see some old friends of mine.  
Down along the rocky boardwalk, the place to meet and greet.  
Take my camera and me thoughts, pull up a rock and make a seat.

Just of late, guess a couple of months or so.  
I made some new friends, will never know their names but for me that will be no woe.  
A mother and her baby, they have come to join the Village, always with a happy smile.  
Please forgive indulgence; I am besotted by their presence, so come with me awhile.

Sometimes she brings her family, daddy of the tacker, brothers and sister's aunties in attention.  
All along the boardwalk they will swim and frolic, little one centre of their affection.  
But mostly it's just the mummy present; the baby will swim up the Brunswick reach.  
Jump and surf the little waves just off the Torakina Beach.

Upon reflection, there's one imperfection with our lovely mummy dear.  
Her dorsal fin, will give her in, but it lends to mummies beauty, so let me make this clear.  
I will make this point beholden it's the way to give some acceptance here.  
When you visit the little Village, you see our latest visitors, the ones I hold so near.

Watching the ladies marathon, Olympics Beijing, not far from the great birds nest arena.  
Seeking for inspiration, my mind is with this awesome lady, mother of baby will be Constantina.  
Our little baby Dolphin will be Raphael.

Hope it's not a girl, OK call it Rachael.

Sorry Grant, buddy what can I say, want to be the daddy of our little baby dolphin.

Come to Brunswick Heads, see your baby, if you want go frolickin'.

I started with Dolphins, Mummy and her Bub, ending now with their progeny, we humans lower class.

The most gorgeous of people, Mummy Dolphin and her Baby, from them we get our past.

Come down to the rocky boardwalk, see mummy and her bub, you will have a mind release.

Come by yourself, slid into mystic thoughts, be supernatural, and let your mind be in peace.

Dolphins, baby, life, from the sea deep within, wipe the inner strife.

We are them, they are us, think you mongrels', do not take their precious life.

© john d Farley,2008, and you lovely Dolphins.

Flipper Note; me mate loves Dolphins, I love Dolphins, they are the inspiration of transcendental thought.

John D. Farley



# Mums And Stuff, Blues

FARLEY'S COMPLETELY OBSCURE.

Oh how do you make a blues song, come out with Brunswick Valley?  
Can you listen to the mournful sounds of ANZAC and the sounds of old reveille?

Well I've listened to the white folk, the black folk and the just no hope.  
I just don't need any misery, but I guess we all go down that awful slope.

And I don't need someone to love me just follow my big mistake.  
Had a good time doin' it, thanks to all the girls, give yourselves a break.

Been living in the Valley, bangin' at recallin' what the hell I've done.  
Tried to bring me boys up in a way that folks expect, had me problems, and  
more then some.

Well I got a bagful of worries but go from woe to go, give your head a bloody  
fist.  
Dream, it ai'nt really funny folks, how you do'in? you guys followin' this round of  
tryst

If you can learn how love go's you're a winner baby, live it with respect put a  
good feeling every day.  
Don't let good things bring up much, a sad time is commin', the love of life so  
precious will bring dismay.

Every time the sun go's down think of family, have a cry then think of the really  
good times, think of the good shoes.  
Dwell on faces, have a look at a flower, then picture the happy days, my face is  
worn out, this is my idea of the blues.

Mother's day at Brunswick Heads, me Mum resides with me her ashes, her  
presence will never leave my span.  
I'll go with her, I'll be happy, but I'll swear we had happy days, wish I knew her  
dreams before this life, I recon half her ashes were the cigarette ash in the  
omelets pan.

SMELL THE FLOWERS. You could be my everything.

No copyright here, you know what? I know we stand by as a man and a woman,

stand by.

Words slip away, all these words were written using JERRY REEDS ANTHOLOGY.  
The best bloke who could pick'n and sing. © jerry bloody reed.

John D. Farley

# My Name's Petal, Love Me.

MY NAME'S Petal, LOVE ME.

My Story.

A blinding flash, I've been taken, I've met a man with a camera my inner self is shakin'.

Who is my new love, he said "he's very unobtrusive".

He wanted to see me at my best. "I'm only a flower" but he said, your beauty is heavenly but elusive.

He captured me at my finest time, I was putting on quite a show, my purple dress took his breath away and his face was all a glow.

I let out all my esters, my fragrance flowed and my scent turned his face crimson.

I'm just a flower when's all is said but I could see he was so winsome

And then he put me in my place, never forget this my dearest love, you are God given and you're special you're my purple dove.

He swore he would never take my morning bloom; he wants me for my inner self and now I feel no gloom.

He is going to make me famous, put me somewhere nice.

But I'll bet he's taken many flowers and will I pay the price.

Even so my petals glow and I really turned petite, you're the one he said and you'll join my club elite.

He has some friends in a far away place with whom he'd like to share, but I will never forget his blinding flash it's him my life will share.

He's placed me in his life' I'll be with him forever; I blush deep purple just to think; oh he's so very clever.

He wants to place me in an album and I will be at the centre, that's the reason I'm blushing now, I'm going to let him enter.

His story;

My gorgeous little petal with purple blush you've smitten, an ordinary bloke before you smiled at me my love, is this how love it is written'.

Nothing in my world compares with your early morning blush; peace has entered, gloom and sadness lifted, in a lovely purple rush.

I had to capture your wondrous face please forgive my rude intrusion, your stood out like a beacon light my feelings are confusing.

You tantalized my senses your perfume was matchless so supreme, I love you my Petal dear you have shattered my very being.

With your permission can I show you to some very special friends, and they have a special place.

Petal, they want to meet you, greet you. GO smelltheflowers that's their name.

Will you share with them your face?

Remember this my little bloom they love flowers without equal, so unique.

I adore you now beyond compare, see you soon little purple bloom until next time that we speak.

Sadness strikes now, but I will always see your face, your beauty may fade but never die.

But I have a special picture and all my days will have, we had a lovely interlude, a love story you and I.

John Farley, AKA johnfarlsbrunz 2008

John D. Farley

# Ngarigo Blokes, Moon Bay

Bega, Bega Valley, Tathra. We took, we plundered. And yet a simple bloke believes the visions of a Special Place mean many things to many people. He believes he saw.

MINE, ANYBODY'S REALLY. MOON BAY LIVES.

What's that bloke about this time, he must be very odd.

He ain't done anything important, and does he have a god?

Well let's humor him a little 'cause we got some time to spare.

Tells me he's got a secret place, a place he want's to share.

The ordinary bloke, forgive him Bruce, but that's how he comes out.

You won't know his name today and he says that's no great loss, he is the bloke, he is your Aussie lout.

He wants you to accept some things, like, girls and boys are real and liven.

The Aussie bloke, he reckons, can be both, just the name you're given.

What's that? I hear him say, "prose and poetry, rhymes and stuff, wish I could say it's gay".

"Tried to write my story but the truth got in the way".

He wants to mention, Woolloomooloo, Palmer Street, Bundamar and Boonoke. Brunswick Heads and Avalon, but the brain has given no joy.

How many words rhyme with Woolloomooloo, except, the paper boy? .

But before you fall of you twig and head of for a bite, come and meet him down at MOON BAY, YOU WILL SEE HE'S RIGHT.

Give a little, OK, come on back, there's room for all of us.

Remember, you were young and vital, johnfarls you can trust.

So, for a short time down tools, and dream, join his special club.

Why not come and join this simple man we'll meet you at the TATHRA PUB.

We'll wander down to MOON BAY, swim, close your eyes and see.

Nobody will see the visions, only you and me.

There will be other people there; a young boy will point them out.

Look and listen, wave and smile, please don't yell, you will understand.

Those black people are misty visions, we are standing on their land.

Can you see him waving smiling, that's him, but he's just a kid and now I understand.

I think he's troubled by constant visions of standing on sacred sand.

Don't wave back and make a fuss just ponder what should be?

Ngarigo and ARAGUNNU blokes and babies still live here, close your eyes selected people, close your eyes and see.

You'll never forget that black bloke, a spear with deadly aim that fish he'll show no quarter.

On one leg he'll be there for ever more aiming at the water.

OH, he almost forgot, the place is not for us to touch, because you'll be in real time.

You must understand, you were there, MOON BAY IS IN DREAMTIME.

What's that? white blokes can't see the misty visions, well maybe I agree.

But he was young, yet he reckons, for a moment, those black blokes let him see.

Thank you NGARIGO BLOKES, South Coast NSW. Did you give me a Special Dreamtime Place?



# Old Walleye

## OLD WALL EYE AND OTHER SHARKS.

Tale tales and true. Many stories have been recounted about "OLD WALL EYE", he lived in real memory, and he was not a figment of too much 'rum and coffee'. Our 'friend' lives out from Brunswick Heads, he has one good eye.

This "Bushy", read 'watery' yarn comes from a personal experience. This must make me 121 years old. Also read; he for she, she for he?

OLD WALL EYE, he was big and brown, he had a huge set of teeth and he terrified us. A dog? A bull? no a bloody great shark that's what old wall eye was. He lived near Brunswick Heads N.S.W.; He lived in deep water and was notorious amongst the trawler men and the boaties. He wrecked so many prawn nets and 'took' so many fish, always distinguished by his one white eye, can't remember which was the good eye, it may have been his starboard one.

He was a legend, he was not a figment of some bodies imagination. Ask any fisherman from up here and they will relate a story of this huge BRONZE WHALER. My mate John and myself can tell you first hand of our encounter with the toothy creature from the deep.

John owned a fiberglass bond wood boat, it was distinguished by the name 'GOTCHA'. When the Bar Mouth was flat as a 'night carters hat', we would down tools and head out for few hours of fishing. Mostly we fish the local reef and if conditions allowed head for the 38's. So here we are; anchored and down goes the 70lb lines with 'pillies' for bait, got some bites and landed some nice Schnapper, John suggests he has caught Australia, you fisher persons will relate to hooking the bottom. The only option is to keep hauling in until the hook lets go or the line breaks. For some time John hauls away but still the weight remains on the line. We both know something big has been hooked up, sharks mostly take a run and break you off, this was to be an exception. SO, what was this dead weight, it was not long before the question was answered.

Out of the murky deep an apparition of huge proportions becomes very evident, John has hauled to the surface "The Legend", the, "walled eyed monster". Two blokes with normally complacent personalities are incredulous at the size of this fish, GOTCHA is 18 feet long, the monster is nearly as long, it quietly surveys us, we survey it and a stand off is happening. The rest of the narrative will be a blur; a knife is produced, the line is cut, the motor started, the anchor is retrieved and we get to buggery out of there. WE have had our encounter with 'OLD WALL EYE'



AND SURVIVED!

This chronicle is mentioned else where on the WWW, more 'at length' narratives?  
( ) , described as JOHN D. FARLEY, SUPERBLOG.

OLD WALL EYE.

He was big and mean he was brown, teeth resplendent white, some will imagine  
an animal that barks.

Well I can tell that, he was all that but not the Junkyard Dog, he's marine, and  
from the 38's this bugger harks and rules the ocean oh supreme.

Brunswick Heads, the "Rocky Boardwalk South" will be where this recount  
emanates.

It's about me mate Johnnie Mckeag and me, oh and 'GOTCHA', you guys, the  
story will desalinates?

John and me check the bar this day, it's like a Night Carters Hat, and that's flat.  
So down go's tools, paint brushes and stuff, the 38's is where were at.

The faithful 'GOTCHA', she's bond wood,18 foot, fiberglass clad and pride of all  
the fleet.

She's pullin' at the bridle as the dreaded break walls we meet and breach.

With rods and lines and smelly bait, me mate and our trusty steed.

Head E NOR EAST to the 'horror zone', just to have a good day out, brings home  
to the folks a wholesome feed, yeah fish for tea, grilled for me, and, it must be  
your next shout.

30 minutes and we are there dropping down the anchor to our fishing spot of  
choice.

The mighty ocean, she's quite, she's tranquil and a wonderful place to be 'hooked  
up'.

Bait up, dropp down, get set, get bites land some fish, now get ready for a story  
that johnfarls hasn't cooked up.

Mckeag sais " hey farls I think I've the bottom, bugger, have to break of the  
line".

So he hauls and hauls on the 70 pound fishing twine, it comes up ever so slow,  
and then it dawns, something big is coming up from way way down the mine.

The line, she won't break,15 minutes pass and then some more I feel sure.  
What is this thing me mates hooked up, "keep pullin' mate", got to see this

thing, curiosity found, that will be the cure.

"Remora, sucker fish", we both exclaims in time, up they come, the penny drops  
lets cut of the bloody line.

But now the reason for our wonder majestically appears, brown and huge it  
enters our line of sight.

It surfaces on the starboard side then slowly moves to port, it's the legend  
Just a bronze whaler, 16 foot long, it has a head like a Mini-Minor, bloody hell lets  
get out here, lets take flight.

Frantic action, panic, traumatic reaction, over reaction, crap has hit the fan, cut  
the line, start the motor, get up the anchor, don't wait for this buggers might.  
All these actions take place in a blur, back to the depths this apparition descends.  
WE have had our encounter with OLD WALL EYE, we lived, but this not where the  
story ends.

WE clean the boat from you know what, and what do you think we find?

Bloody 'dry rot', that's wot, see the dilemma? Old WALL EYE almost had our be-  
hind.

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John D. Farley

# Pancho Me Dog, Me Dog Pancho

I had bought a milk run 1962, location; Avalon Beach, this story commences in the first weeks;

ME DOG PANCHO, PANCHO ME DOG.

What possessed me, this is midnight and blowin', I'm all alone in me old 'J' van so let the repartee start flowin'.

I am all alone, but not for long, because a 'creature' comes from the gloom, it's tail is wagging bigtime

He's brown and black, his nose is wet, me names Pancho he says, you and me will have a goodtime.

For two years me dog and me our clients we would call on, all over Avalon we wandered, "cats", said Pancho.

From now on there's a war on.

I must tell you that I never knew Pancho's parent's or from whence he came, he really was not Pancho, it's the term we agreed on, early in the game.

God we did some good stuff, it whiled away the time and more, we shared my sangers, drank 'our' ice cream mix, told stories by the score.

We can relate those bloody black ghosts down in Avalon Parade, and out of the windy night they came.

Can you forget how calamitous you were, barkin', fretful was your go, Pancho what's your game.

These six young blokes are on a mission, you guys are sworn by word, you and Pancho will say naught, or you will get the sword.

We sit in the gutter and have to settle down, our Commandos me and Pancho, share some milk, discuss the plan before Torpedo Base their bound.

Never saw those boys again, but they carried out the task, did they end up in a war torn place, if they did their safety, that's all we ever ask.

Pancho wore out his pads, me, well I wore out me volleys. And the served me well, Pancho used to greet me nightly his tail wagged we would have yarn, he cleared his head, me volleys he would smell.

Many nights Avalon peace was rudely torn asunder, you see he chased the cats

all over, "did you see that dog last night", well I did, "wasn't it your dog Rover? "

Old buddy you remember when dawn lit up, you became my savior, you became the milkman's dog, you were always on your best behavior.

We battled gales and rain, fallen trees, and the bloody Orb Weaving Spider, and this story I must impart. It didn't kill me, but it slowed me down, you were concerned, "did it hurt", well "no old mate, but your concern I know, comes from your doggie heart".

How about our brand new truck, "we" bought a Ming blue 'Dattie', she was all the go, but "does this mean I can't ride in the front or is she just for show? " You won't tell a soul, 'cause proud as punch we were, promise me will you please, you did ride in front, only problem Pancho I had to put with yer fleas.

Old dog I thanks you for your company, and except my dear wife Shirley you were my dearest friend, the times we had, the stuff we did, why God did it have to end.

Got crook and all good things have to end, had to sell the "run", you went home, I loves you still, Pancho me mate, thanks, you were this milkman's God send.

Oh, one last section to this yarn, and good things come from bad, you adopted the young 'new man' but I could tell, it was me and you, and, was I the best milkman that you ever had?

John D. Farley

# The Bell Has Rung, Posted.

LONELY? I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT LONELY.

Comes from years of body surfing, the feeling of utter loneliness and misery of being POSTED and thoughts of sweet revenge.

If I live.

I could AND DID spend several hours body surfing, it was my one and only 'drug', possibly with the exception of a little Chardonnay and A wee glass of Resches from NEWPORT ARMS. OH, and nice girl quite night.

Some facts; Avalon Surf Club is real; it was a monumental moment in my life. This organization molded my life, I have never met so many great blokes and good Sheila's ever. My dear wife Shirley and me commenced our lives from this bastion of camaraderie, it is a world of special people, all with a common goal.

We had two great children, we had good times, then she was gone.

My life is dedicated to Volunteering, OH, and my kids. I assist people by mentoring, I assist people in their personal development. My thought process is sometimes erratic, understand.

If I wander, if you see me wander, bear with me. I began serious writing recently, my fashion is 2nd,3rd and back to 1st party, my grammar is crap, I search for words.

Again I have digressed, however all of what I write is in my vernacular, help me not to change.

I'M POSTED OUT THE BACK, YOU mongrels.

Avalon Beach, Northern Beaches, Aussie, just one more place that I have been. Not been there? What a shame, you've missed out so let me set the scene. Just finished patrol washed and packed up all the gear Must go and join me mates, me dearest mates, the mates I feel so near. The blokes have been out the back, Maxie, Kegs, Bombhead, Shanks, just to name a few. Michael, Sprouley and Big Brian would make up the motley crew.

OK, you ALL were all there you mongrels, catchin' waves and frolicking. Farls wants a go at them waves and give you guys a bollickin'.

Overcast late afternoon we're way way out the back, got me flippers, got me hand board and 'Budgies' to.

How's that for an 'intro folks, and maybe now you will understand what I'm eluding too.

So the 'keywords', are overcast and mongrels, and I must have lost me track. It all comes down to being 'posted' way way out the back.

G'day blokes, howsitgoin' I've come to catch a few. And that was my big mistake. 'Cause at this point I am a marked man, 'cause self indulgence and my ego, that's what they will take.

Maxie Watt with no apparent effort, takes of on a right hand curling wave. His crappy old ply wood hand board takes him in the cave.

Boofhead tries to emulate with his yellow plastic artifac, down the mine arse over head.

And that is life for me, way way out the back.

Some time comes to pass and QY's beckons all the willing surfers, I don't notice numbers fleetin'.

I'm out here for a good time not a long time, and the fact not yet known. Because it won't be long before "posted out the back" Farls will be a greetin'.

Odd stuff, I finally catch a wave, but, somewhere in the distance I here this strange commotion.

Swimmin' out I see all the mates on one wave looking up and smiling, farls, the BELL HAS RUNG.

Sorry mate your all alone, your POSTED in this big ocean.

Overcast late afternoon and now your on your own, posted out the back, not a soul out there, the seeds me mates have sown.

I have related OLD WALL EYE, other sharkey bits from my page home, right now they all come back to haunt me, bugger me I'm all alone.

Picture this my dilemma, swimmin' backwards slowly, gotta' give the impression of countenance.

But all the time my bladder's crying, recon it's called incontinence.

On the shore they will consider, ah, he's setting up for a wave.

Wrong, you mongrels just getting further from my grave.

You catch a crappy thing, one you would ignore, an ordinary wave and really out of hand.

Head down arse up and your face buried in the sand.

You look up at the Club, there were people watching you, but now their gone.

I'm on the beach, I'm safe, sound, I'm back in town big-time.

Next time I'll be waiting the call to bail out will be mine.

Wait you bastards because revenge is sweet, next time the bells get rung, I'll quietly slip away, and next you see me will be yon Surf Club verandah, and now my song is sung.

Dedicated to all AVALON BEACH SURF CLUB members, past and past.

John Farley 2008

John D. Farley

# The Bloke From Mullumbimby

You won't know this fella, till I get on with me prose.  
But I'll tell ya this my friends, I think he's one of those.

Now before you howl me down and question my social status.  
My job here blokes is to tell a story, not just how johnfarls rates us.

They stuck him in the navy, he used to box for sport.  
Adds were placed upon his soles you would see these adds quite often, with the  
gloves my friends he wasn't good, he should have stuck to golfin.

Milkin cows he tried, roamin from wide and far, his hands will bear the  
evidence,5 thirty shows the scar.  
He has a friend, and, boy is she a cutie, beats me folks how a bloke like him ends  
with such a beauty.

So that's a little yarn about this bloke, and not much have you gleans. His place  
in life aren't nothing much, that's as a bloke I means.

But let me tell just how much he makes the AUSSIE bloke, yeah golf's the go, he  
didn't have a clue, played off 87, his goals were for the dough.

Well Bruce and me were average, Ross was good at golf, THE BLOKE had a  
problem though, his putting, well, was off.

His wallet bulged with ego and one day he laid the claim, you and Bruce and  
Ross and me will play the noble game.

Let me dwell upon the rules, sheep stations were the scene. A beer a beer a beer  
and two bob, you lose, Ok vent your spleen.

The game was in the best of jest, we practiced the art of discourse. But if you  
lose old friend, two bob thanks and that has got no recourse.

The BLOKE my friends would not lay down his courage was divine, we lived of  
his wagers, all night we wined and dined.

Somehow Bruce and me felt time was grown' thin', lets have a triathlon we  
suggested, best of three to win.



Really not the Olympics but a contest just the same, the aim was winnen', two out three the aim.

Darts, Euchre, Golf were the games we competed, glory for the victor let the loser please stay seated.

One last thing about our bloke, it concerns that Euchre game, with one spade he goes alone his partner Ross is shamed.

The BLOKE was hopeless in all these sports but never would he yield, then my friends the town soon found out he had a special field.

One day we all run last you see, and thinking with a smile, the BLOKE writes some prose, recites some stuff and leaves us for a mile.

You see my friends, please forgive my comments oh so rude, RAY you beaut, we re-vere you in gratitude.

We enjoy your yarns, we're infected, you're the peoples choice, an Aussie yarn has impetus simply by your voice.

Mullumbimby bred a BLOKE, BUT Bruce and Ross and ME we bred HIM too,

THE MULLUMBIMBY BLOKE is out there folks he belongs to me and you.

John D. Farley

# The Bundemar Stud

Like me, my paltry poems are based on my paltry life. Vernacular; Australian, LINGUA FRANKLY AUSSIE. GRAB A BIT.

BUNDEMAR and the Bodys. BOONOKKE AND OTWAY.

THE BUNDEMAR STUD, aka, MY MAN THE RAM.

City folk, what a joke, wouldn't know your up 'em 'till you coughed.

Who am I, can't tell a lie, quarter city three thirds country, I dream of the bush do I oft.

Bugger me what an intro, but put your smirks aside and come outback with me.

Let me tell you of the real men of the bush, wooly blokes they are, horny and roamin' free.

Classic lines escape me now, some more chardonnay; my grammar may sound brand new.

Eagles in my background, THEIR music, not the one's that soar, and that will please many a wooly ewe.

So see me when I was a little tacker, baggy draws and Blackfriars schooled.

Lovin' bush stuff, havin' good times, believe me folks the Merino, well he was the one, he ruled.

We moved from place to place, on my way to the esters I am bound.

I had a galah for a pet, had a shangai and stones, the vast BUNDEMAR property I roamed around.

Then this little wooly lanolin enriched, estrogen bewitched, cloven hoofed bloke entered my bein'

I can see him getting the dock, but retaining his precious cluster, and so his pride will still be liven'.

He was a little wooly bundle, like a puppy really, followed us all around the place.

Me Mum and Dad and I on afternoons, down the creek, along the tracks, I swear  
I can see his little innocent face.

The little bugger grew, we knew a time would come for us to feel some harrow,  
give way to his place on earth.

The clue became evident, fall behind, little sounds of quickening hoofs, shunt, on  
your bum, on his face the look of mirth.

He had a name, God knows what, Dad called him "ratbag", and he grew and  
grew, and covered many a Ewe

He became an Aussie wooly bush hero, THE BUNDEMAR STUD, he sold at  
auction, and he was a record,4500 guineas.

Gives or takes a few.

© john Farley, Boonoke and Bundemar.2008.

John D. Farley

# The Dunny And The Choko Vine

Inseperable I feels, an enigma if you will, Woolloomooloo the locale half way up the hill.

]

112 Palmer Street to be correct, Grand Ma's place of liven'.

Down the back the dunny graced by choko vine, it was our place of respite, some say by God was given'.

Complete with daily news, albeit torn asunder, one went to meditate and move the world and empty old Gusunder.

Toilet humour is not my scene, but this is true grit my friends, the place to go was down the back, the Dunny relieved the bends.

All up and down the back lane the dunney stood at guard, chokos hid these pill boxes, this was their camouflage

Amazing how cool it was, great place to lose some time, I recon that it all comes down to the lush green choko vine.

I do a lot of movement, the XPT from Cas-sino to Wyong I am bound. You'll find dunnys by the dozen, along the track there found.

OH how I wish sometimes to go back and use my Grand Ma's dunny. The pain I feels on this train, at this time, is not so really funny.

Well this concludes my little yarn about the national source of humour, if people think the dunney's over then folks that's just a rumour

I've been to Boonoke, Bundamar and Woolloomooloo travllin' all the time, and rymin' gives me joy, but what goes with Woolloomooloo, except dunney and the choko vine, and the paper boy.

I've tried to keep you occupied it's really time to go, I hope you enjoyed the time.

But folks don't be mislead, history lives in all of us, there will always be a DUNNY AND A LUSH GREEN CHOKO VINE.



# The Gusunder From Downunder

On the corner of Bourke and Burton, just down from Darlo' Station.  
A steamy laundry plied its trade, the best one in the nation.

I've never seen so many sheets, and shirts and all the rest.  
All those office men would tell us our laundry was the best.

I boarded there for quite some time, and I went to Darlo' School to learn.

Come home and change and meet me mates, errands, selling papers, all that  
was the go.

Then one day something happened that amuses me all me days.  
And I've made the point that humor happens several different ways.

You see across the road was a big white place, right behind the cells.  
And all the residents were distracted people, all with special hells.

On the day the big commotion happened we were standing on the corner, just  
talking stuff, football, school and the like, new bikes, second hand really 'cause  
times were really tough.

And then, from inside the house a fracas has erupted, men are yelling, things are  
crashing.  
The neighborhoods disrupted.

Banging, crashing raised a frown, voices raised, peace was shattered in our town.

It was then the object of this yarn appeared, to sounds of a broken pane.

Glass is broken, look we said, it's white and painted, things will never be the  
same.

The porcelain Gusunder will live forever in my brain.

It sailed majestic to it's end and crashes on the path, my friends and me said is  
that it, but there's more to come, it's simply called the aftermath.

From the winda jumps a man, he's young, he's the reason for our mirth.  
You see my friends he's quite unclad, he's as naked as his birth.

He leaps and jumps and heads himself for a tram just turning into Burton.  
He's on a mission, our new hero, escaping is for certain.

Aboard the tram and heading east, in the front and out the back he tried.

Grown men yelled, women screamed, and little babies cried.

Up the road he runs, heading for St Vincent's with men in white coats close  
behind.

They return in minutes empty handed, our new hero they couldn't find.  
I will always remember that day, the merry chase he led.

The GUSUNDER FROM DOWN UNDER, it's white with blue flowers, it may just be  
UNDER the bed.

John D. Farley

# The Ode To The Flooded Causeway

That buggers up again.

That was quick, so they were right, but what would they know, this my domain.

Lets have a go, will I, nah, take the shoes off and wade a little, seems ok, what's that staff gauge say? , only one metre? gees I must have a piddle.

Nervous, anxious, calm is the antonym, who knows better.

Have a go yer mug, maybe one day the word is r.i.p., that's it, let her rip, me names god, so send me a letter.

So bloody easy, didn't I tell yeah? I'll drive her fast, make a wave, think of the ark.

well, the light is growing dim, so what, home for tea and family stuff and hear old faithful bark.

And howl and whinge and fret and act like a lonely animal without a friend, she knows darn well what's up.

I'll get there, didn't I tell yer, I am invincible, I am a'winnin.

You beaut, nearly there, piss of log, don't need you, or more got the bastards got me, I'am go'in swimmim.

Strange emotions, many odd thoughts.

Me life, me mates, me wife and kids, the old bitch.

Must learn a better word for me dog, now here's the pitch, 'I've bugger him up' and all's getting black, heaps of bubbles.

Bubbles, I can use them, yes I can. their fleeting things, I grab for them. I'am now in very deep troubles.

Upside down, I don't have a clue, the air I breath is, its, well just like tea.

Is this the end? , no coming back, no more you, no more me?



The feeling of release is somehow strange but relaxin.

What have I done, I don't blame myself, it was somehow stupid but now it's quite, and real perplexin.

Did'nt have much time for prayer, but now's a preety good time.

Look after me wife and kin please god, oh, and that bitch of mine.

When yah find me, someday soon, wields that bloody cudgel.

All I want's is my wife, me kids, me bitch, and the mates at Billinudgel.

Here we go there's that last bubble, peace has got me, me wife, my kids, me dog.

me wife me me dogs kid.

me wife me kids me dog,

I made a bad choice, better next time, forgive me and learn.

me wife me kids me dog.

I would still be here but for that rotten great big log.

John D. Farley