

Sharper than a scimitar,  
The northern skies are severed by the darkness.  
By the morning  
Sun.  
While golden clouds are painted in ultra-marine  
blue.

The land awakens.  
In the feathered caress of a  
gentle breeze, and the shrill of  
native birds; while the  
scent of the bush  
is  
laced  
by the salt sea air.

Townsville plays haste to  
just another day.

Dear God!

Please give me strength to live  
it  
to enjoy it  
to remember it?

(2nd May, 1977)