

BY THE LAKE BY FRANK MCGUIRE

This poem was written by VAWC life member Frank McGuire and probably dates from the late 1950's and has as its subject a roadwalk at Albert Park.

I had been groggin' for a week and my nerves were all a'shake
When I flopped down on a park bench 'neath a tree down by the lake
My brain was fogged and tired that day beneath the trees,
For I was in the horrors, I suffered from D.Ts.

I had seen some little devils, and rats all coloured blue,
And I was pretty sure that once I saw a scarlet kangaroo.
But suddenly there came on the scene some things I had never seen before,
They came in large numbers too- I counted forty-four.

They walked something like penguins that came in from the sea,
But where those strange creatures came from was a mystery to me.
They walked down by the lakeside, towards MacRobertsons High,
And then they all walked back again- and this is dinky-di.

A group of men stood staring, they had no eyes for boats or sails,
But concentrated only on the things with wriggly tails.
They must have been Varsity students, of that I have no doubt,
For they jotted in their note books as the wrigglies walked about.

There was a professor bloke who darted everywhere,
He wore a beaut white Panama to hide his balding hair.
He spoke to those strange creatures, words hard to comprehend.
"Caution Fortune, too much lean Breen. Saunders, you were lifting around the bend".

Then all at once I noticed the female species of the kind,
They differed from the front view, though just the same behind.
They walked just like the males, but refused to pass them by,
Instead they returned so suddenly by the way that they had come,
All walking oh so briskly, with a wobble of the bum.

Then suddenly I noticed both ranks were fading out
And very soon that day in June there were no wrigglies about.
And I am left to ponder as I complete this recitation
Did I really see them wander or was it just hallucination.