

## "A PIONEER'S HOME."

It stands alone, quite stark, this ancient house,  
Hand built with care from local stone, and mud,  
Still strong, but looks with staring glassless eyes  
Upon encroaching eucalyptus trees,  
As if it knows, the younger thin re-growth  
Will soon exert an unrelenting power  
Upon it's once beloved, but ageing walls  
That formed this home for pioneering man,  
His faithful wife, and all their family!

The open door-less entry welcomed me  
Before I stepped inside, as though it felt  
So pleased a man, returning home at last,  
Would bring again those people, missing here!  
I stood quite still, and shut my eyes to feel  
The aura sweeping over me, and hear  
So faintly, ghosts of happy children's play  
Echoed above a thousand insect clicks  
And chirps, and calls of busy native birds.

Still standing strong, the door-less inside walls  
Divided half the space for one large room,  
Where stood, an ancient black cast-iron stove.  
The rest was split, to two much smaller rooms  
Which flanked the central larger master room.  
I dropped my backpack to the earthen floor.  
And opened up my thermos flask for tea,  
When I was startled by a lusty voice!  
"Hey, --- Is anybody home today?"

A grinning farmer's face then greeted me!  
"I saw your car parked down the track a bit!  
Just thought I'd call and play a little joke!  
This house was built by my ancestor's hands,  
I sometimes visit, just to sit a while  
To feel again that peace, I feel he left  
Behind at death and left his wife alone!  
But both are buried here; it was their choice,  
To be in death, forever wedded here!"