

Acknowledgements



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Our Rotary coffers say thank you to the non-contributing members duly fined by the Sergeant.



Creative Rotarians

A collection of poems, verses, rhymes, jingles, doggerel or prose arising from snatches of brilliance and the creative intelligence of some courageous members from the Rotary Club of Darwin Sunrise.

We acknowledge the coercion, intimidation, threats, bullying and perseverance of Heather Traeger whose brainchild this little booklet was and who saw it through to its fulfillment in her first couple of months as Director Club Service.

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FREE CHOICE OR SUBSERVIENCE ?

Write a poem or some prose said She
OK but about what and how long said He
Why it's free choice of course she did reply.
Let your whim take you where it will! and fly!



Frank Stewart

Contention filled the air betwixt lines of four or five
Compromise that great leveler was bought to bear
And peace was gained with a seemingly lack of care
Four or five – whatever – freedom once more was granted!

Freedom of choice?
Now there lays the prickle, spicule, bristle and barb
What choice do we make that is truly free?
Consider the developmental impact of nature and nurture
Where fits predilection, prejudice, bias and predetermination?

Did I consciously choose two sets of four lines and then one of five?
Followed now by three?
Or was it just meant to be?



Julie Nicholson

There was a member of Darwin Sunrise
Who wouldn't pay all of his fines,
Sergeant Ken, said 'I'm boss!
'Young man, this will cost!
and made him come up with these lines.

It's sixteen years since our Club got started
So we gathered for a party except those who
had parted!
Ted was the host with drinks and food a
plenty!
I do hope we have another one when we are
twenty!



Martyn Wilkinson



Maxine Flanagan

Think not of your possessions as something
that you own
For all you have, your family and your friends
are only on loan
Instead consider that what is yours to share
is Nature's bounty,
The sun, moon, stars and oceans...the land,
entrusted in our care.

OUR SHIP PUT OUT TO SEA

In 14 hundred ninety-two, three ships sailed out to sea
The Nina and the Pinta and the Santa Marie
And so on, a barbershop song that depicts Christopher
Columbus' journey of discovery of America

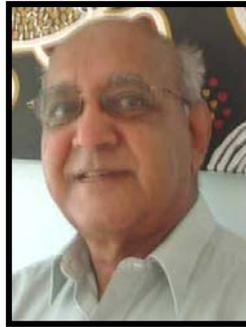
So if you listen carefully, your names will soon appear,
In this twitty/witty/ditty,
Heard at a fellowship breekky

'Twas 27 7 89 our ship put out to sea
To sink or swim, what think yee?
wot' our Rotary Club - never ever will it be,
No, never ever!', said Harry, while Andy sang
'Carry me home – but never to Di(e)'

Den, is this the time to ask 'who' to Sue?
Jim Jan Joe then broke out into a chorus of
'ken oath, ken oath, ken oath!
With much dignity a cultured voice was then heard to say,
'Val, vat iss all thiss?'
Chris 'en' Di together timidly intoned,
there's a War (on) the Leeder!
So the burning questions were quickly reduced to Ashes,
like charred crickets.
Which Mike the biga Jullie verry verry uppy!

Confusing everything, Sandina said Ma lika Sandin her shoes,
which brings much a Joy joy joy
To ra ra Ronpra, Regpra, boomsey day,
While Mar tin can in hand, Sallied into the Heather.

Quentin and all the Ems Marged their toast,
While with head bowed as he Sieved his soup through his teeth,
Frankly, the Wright way, his plaintive voice was heard to say,
'I put the Bullet-in the wrong pigeon's (hole!).



Reg Prasad

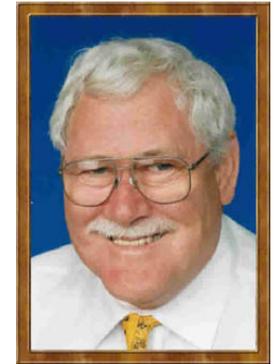
When you're out of time,
When you're in a hurry,
Think of the people
Who have nothing
But Time, on their hands!
Aren't we lucky?

Where do I go in the mornings
When you are still tucked up in bed?
Where do I go in the mornings
I must be out of my head!
I go to Rotary Friday mornings!
Never mind what 'Warney' said!

The reason I joined Rotary is obscure...
My thoughts are obviously not pure!
But I'm here for a good time!
Not a long time!
So...

What Club?

No rules!
No initiation!
No grog!
No uniform!
No goat!
Then...it must be
Sunrise Rotary!



Graham Wright

MINDIL MEANDERINGS

Darwin Sunrise
Darwin Surprise
A tropical breeze on a calm, great harbour
Bigger than Sydney harbour
And we have it all to ourselves
Big boats, little boats, Patrol boats
Fishermen caught from other places
Without names or faces we recognize
Trepang, shark fin, kerosene cookers

Palm trees replace pandanus and paperbark
Mangroves, mud crabs, barramundi
Mindil Beach markets, tiles not carpets
Too many louvers, neighbour's talking
I don't like their music, they don't like mine
Dragon flies, blue, red, fly by at
Sunset, pink, purple, orange, yellow, blue
Can 200,000 make a State?
We have uranium mining but don't
Want nuclear waste...any waste...

Green tree frogs, Mr Toad
Please get out of my road!
Native forests' health secrets still
To be discovered...native plum...
Woolly Butts, cigarette butts, no butts here!
Magpie Geese, Peaceful Doves, Jabiru and Brolga
All linger longer
In Yarrowonga...and Darwin
You see them at sunset, sunrise
surprise!



Heather Traeger

Sandy's Poem

A young girl in her twenties – big city born and bred,
travelled to Darwin – to see what might lie ahead

Of her life with her family, career, sport interests and art,
She was sad for awhile but said, "I must start"

To get involved with the people and see the outback,
go fishing and camping and drive down the track

To explore and discover the "Territory's" history,
for her mother in Melbourne it seemed such a mystery

That after thirty-five years - she won't return or retire,
back to blustery old Melbourne to sit by the fire!



Sandy Oldroyd



Joy Passmore

The Joy of a sale
'Does my 'bum' look big in this?'
Tell the truth or lie!

There once was a shop owned by Joy
Who said about fashion, 'Oh, Boy!'
She would buy all the clothes if they let her
But making a sale is much better!



Sally Thomas

TEN SUNRISE ROTARIANS

Ten Sunrise Rotarians, nine wore their badges,
One copped a fine
And then there were nine.

Nine Sunrise Rotarians off to Conference.
One missed the date
And then there were eight.

Eight Sunrise Rotarians serving above self
One thought this heaven
And then there were seven.

Seven Sunrise Rotarians told the truth
This got them in a fix
And then there were six.

Six Sunrise Rotarians read the international toast
This was hard to survive
And then there were five.

Five Sunrise Rotarians were fair to all concerned
One wasn't too sure
And then there were four.

Four Sunrise Rotarians tried to build goodwill
But it wasn't to be
And then there were three.

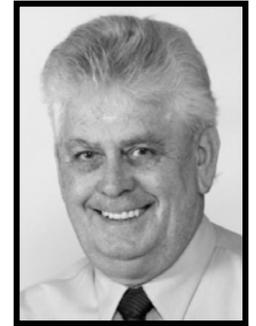
Three Sunrise Rotarians tried to be friendly
This was too hard to do
And then there were two.

Two Sunrise Rotarians tried to be beneficial
This couldn't be done
And then there was one.

One Sunrise Rotarian tried to raise money
It wasn't much fun
And then there were none.

No Sunrise Rotarians tried to write a verse
This shows how things can go
from bad to worse.

*There was a young fella named Ken
Who searched high and low for a pen
Meaning to write a poem
Just so he could show em
The how, the why and the when*



Ken Mildred

DARWIN

Dragonflies, dogs barking and dramatic sunsets
Ants, Aborigines and the Arafura Sea
Rambutans, rosellas and roundabouts
Wet seasons, warm nights and the waterfront
Ibis, iguanas and Indigenous arts
Native cats, noisy geckos and new friends

These are the things that make Darwin home



Diana Leeder

Till Death do us part

From Bondage comes all pain
Is it possible to escape?
Nay.

It comes from birth
And stays until death.



Ram Vemuri

Bloated

Soaking, bloated in tepid chlorinated water
Resentful and longing for past existences,
The cut of the Gordian Knot created exquisite pain
Perhaps untangling would have cushioned sorrow.

Soaking, bloated in tepid water
Watching the knife stripes of shadow fall on surfaces;
Harsh, cruel, geometrical palms with
Rapier thrusts cast on the liquid
From the endless full sun and skies devoid of cirrus;
Shadows swishing in cutting strokes;
Sickles gleaning the harvest of resentful thoughts.

How enervating the tropical humidity!
Dampness, as vials emerging from a cryovessel.
Cells metabolise, but I,
I have entered the tank.
The tropical milieu, the cryopreservative, the stabiliser
Has suspended vitality yet promising vigour
in an optimum environment.

Are creative ideas frozen?
The physiological needs dominant and judgement subdued?
Around me the thorns of bougainvillea
Protect the gaudy petals;
How the ugly clads the finery, chlamydial security.

The bloated body hosts the senses,
The shadows of Alexandra palms stripe the water,
The whinnying of the fork-tailed kite pierces the silence
Oh, Milvus migrans, aptly named in this oppression.
Roystonea regia, that Royal palm
Loses its majesty in the fall of its leaf.

My lassitude, my enervated limbs mimic those bodies
Sitting all day just over the rise
Sitting, merging into Dreamtime,
Have I become like them?
Those despis-ed fans and coolers, ice and cottons
Give balm to a bloated body,
Soaking in tepid chlorinated water.

Val Asche April 1987



The Egret

An egret pranced on my lawn today,
Browning lawns; the rain not seen since May.
An elegant bird, purposeful and fast, a mirror of my thoughts.
Humidity low, vitality high. What awaits this morning?
Inconsequential chatter like the patter of toes
And claws on the browning grass.

An Egret fed on my lawn today,
White and graceful, youthful, its optimism kindling my own.
Half a year of animation,
Savouring the re-activation of the senses,
Shoes briskly clattering on tiles and jarrah.
The silence, without the whirr of fans;
Best of mind hurtling with ideas; journals read,
Experiments planned. The laboratory drawing with magnetic force.
The pure delight of a brilliant sun, a cloudless day, dry, dry.
The air glacial sharp, bright and dry, dry.

An egret prances across my lawn
Poor bird, no time for admiration, my mind is drawn
To experiments unfinished, such excitement in the chase.
Will the cells have grown, the cultures pure, the thesis validated?
No time for mah-jong, bridge or games.

Does this city, legacy of the biologist who mapped
Growth and change
Provide excellence in science?
Does the antipodean humility,
The pull to the other hemisphere
Make nomads of us all?
I feared imagination in my discipline was rare
And there was a shunning of the zone.
No, there is a blend of races, an inverted 'drain'
Here invention lives, rare but pure and elegant
As the egret, the lesser egret, annual vagrant
Prancing on my lawn.

Val Asche July 1987