

WUNSA PONNA

POEM

A book of Aussie verse.....

from TREVOR TRIGG

You can survive for a week without water; three weeks without food but not a single hour without some poetry in your heart. (anon)



About the author:

Trevor Trigg is a published and awarded poet. His work appears in half a dozen anthologies and he has received editors' awards for those contributions. It also appears in literary society publications. He has received first place awards in bush ballad competition. Trevor's work has been read on ABC radio by Ian "Macca" McNamara.

From his studio comes work for which he has had several 'one man' exhibitions. The pieces are a result of decades of enthusiastic development, (examples by the mark in the colour paper herein). The pieces are sculpted and reproduced in Trevor's workshop and studio; they are represented in collection internationally. A few of his bush paintings have been 'inkered' with, beneath the text you are now reading.

Before re-retiring, he was CEO/CEO of companies.

ON THE WALLABY.

“Ha’n’t yer never had no peppercorn cheese?”
He asked with a leer – breath in a wheeze.
The camp made curd was proffered with glee;
It came with a mug of brewed billy tea.

He’d been on the wallaby nigh on ten years –
He encountered no toffs – only his peers,
And all were welcome to sample the same:
The tea, the cheese and of course, the game.

Tonight’s game dish was feral goat stew –
The cheese was old but the mould was new;
The tea was tart and had strange large leaves,
And he clasped his mug through overlong sleeves.

“This cheese,” he said, “gets stronger each month –
Is today the thirty-first or is it the oneth?
No matter. Ah .. the peppercorns here aren’t very nice,
But the hot crunchy ones are ’cause o’the mice.”