

Reflections at Trinidad – week 6

From Ilfracombe I travelled
Back 'home' to Trinidad
The roads were roughish
The kangas so dumb!
No wonder.
Their heads
Are so small,
Their brains must be tiny
For all of a sudden
While hopping away
They change direction
And come my way...again!
Whoa, missed another
But not by very much
I see a lot
Who have not been so lucky...
And a pig or two
A few sheep as well
For fences there are none-
I am driving
through their paddocks.
I cannot help but
wonder
At the country so vast
And beautiful.
I drive along
Eyes wide open
Soaking it all in



*(Longreach > Trinidad between
Isisford and Yaraka)*



So I will not forget
Anything I pass.

An eagle feeding
On one of the kangas
Flies off as I pass.
He waits patiently
Until I have gone
Before resuming
His lunch.



And as I reach
The Trinidad boundary
I feel as if I'm 'home'
The scenery
Now so familiar.
The hill where
We climbed
Comes into view
And I am excited
To see the family again
And they me!
15 kilometres
From their fence
I reach the house
And unload
All that I have bought
To top up the pantry.



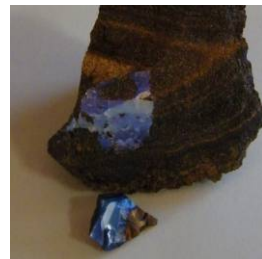
Out with Pete
To check the water
In 'tanks' and troughs.
The animals too
Are checked
For some of the plants
Poison the unwary.



We watch the storms
That are hovering..
Some tracks are slippery
The rain stops...
But in the distance
We can see them
On the boundary
Far away on the other side
Of Trinidad.



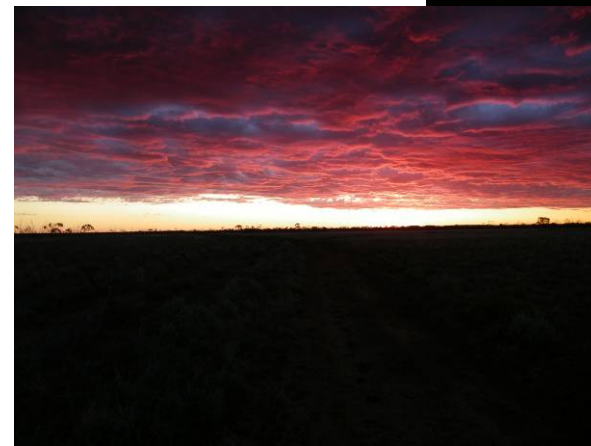
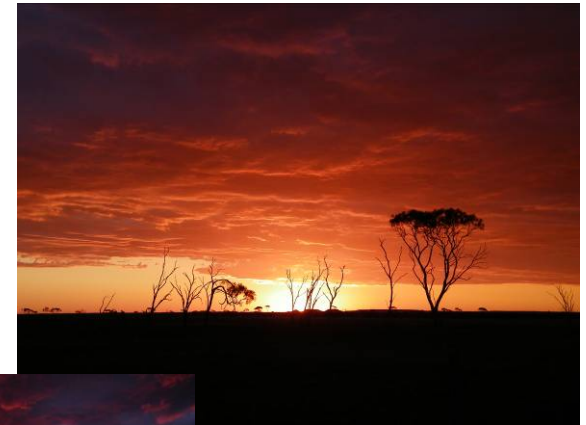
"You haven't seen the opal
mine"
says Pete as we drive.
So we bump and swerve
To miss trees and
Creek cuttings
As we climb up the range
To see where miners
From Beechworth
Take opals worth millions
From Trinidad's rocky slopes.
We find slivers of rock



With a rainbow of colours
Left behind on the ground
As they have not enough opal
To make it worthwhile
Taking them out.



While away to the south
The clouds darken
And rainbows of a
different kind shine again.
We head for home
And the setting sun
Which makes the roof
Of clouds
Into a painting with
So many colours
Reflected.



Walking to work
Keeping eyes peeled
A kangaroo darts away
The birds in the tree
Do not!
It becomes a habit
To travel everywhere
Camera and all!



A child's work
Is never done...
And at seven
Walking the cow
and her calf
About a kilometre
Along the road
So they can be
Held for the night
And milked in the morning
Is all part of life
I am told to be quiet
For they might startle!
But I know
That the old cow knows
What's happening.



I walk back to the house
One evening
For dinner.
The setting sun
Dips below the range
Shining into the heavens
Making the whole sky gold.



The next morning
the sun rises
As I walk to the schoolroom
The brolgas are dancing
On the vegetation
Not far away
Their sound is like the didgeridoo
But a few keys up the scale
They see me
And take flight
To join the others
On house tank.



Visitors come
To reclaim their cattle
Left when their paddocks
Were empty of grass
They walk to the yards
To be trucked home
Much fatter than they were
When they arrived.

