

We head for a hill  
Where Pete spied  
Water holes  
From his plane.  
Lots of different ways  
Are tried  
All lead to dead ends  
Until we squeeze through  
A crack in the rocks  
And reach the top.  
Up top is flat and stony  
With trees growing  
in impossible places  
the neighbours watch us  
and we are awed  
by what's below  
Cos far away  
We can see  
The houses and dams  
From whence we came  
We puff and pant  
Slip and slide  
gingerly along  
The tracks made  
By the goats

The water Pete saw has  
dried and gone  
But the holes remain  
With nothing but mud,  
Smelly mud.  
Into the vehicles  
We hop with relief  
Hoing in to mandarins



As we bump back 'home'  
Watching the sun  
Disappear behind the range

I cannot resist  
Watching and taking  
Photos of the sunsets. (see p2 too)  
I time my return walk  
At sunset  
So I can marvel  
At the wonderful sight  
Of the sun setting  
Behind the range.  
I am awestruck  
As the beautiful rays  
Colour and shine out  
From the horizon  
After a very warm day (30+)  
{It's 8:20p.m. and still 25  
In Matilda}.

I snap as I walk  
And keep 'breathing in'  
The sight  
To keep my spirit alive  
When other things do not.  
Not that I have the need  
At the moment  
As my spirit is shored up  
By my experiences here.



My time at Trinidad  
 Is over,  
 I am sad to leave  
 But KNOW I will  
 Return...  
 The end was sudden  
 For I had planned  
 To head to Birdsville  
 For the races...  
 BUT...  
 There are two trucks  
 (read road trains)  
 Stuck fast apparently  
 And nothing can get through  
 Lots of 'tourists'  
 Are trying.  
 More rain is predicted  
 Lots by all accounts  
 So I decided  
 To cut and run  
 Before I'm stuck  
 For who knows how long?  
 (I wouldn't really mind  
 But I have other things  
 That await me)



So I do the rounds  
 Check out the workshop  
 With a floor made  
 From ¼ inch plate steel  
 Way above groundlevel  
 The floor is welded together  
 And a HUGE gantry  
 Which could lift a truck.

The shed which is entered  
 By driving along  
 The home tank wall..

I pick my vegies from  
 The bountiful garden  
 And say some sad  
 "good-byes"  
 After one last smoko!



As I drive down the track,  
 I marvel once again  
 At this beautiful country  
 I cannot seem to get  
 Enough of it, so breathe deeply  
 To quell my sadness  
 And so it becomes part of me.



The homesteads are  
 about 15 kms behind  
 him!

I think someone from  
 the past was a really  
 competent welder!

The trip out starts smoothly  
The track is good with a few  
Wet patches  
That don't bother the rig.  
However, just after the turn for  
Yaraka,  
I see a 2 trailer road train  
Stuck!  
After a bit of a yarn  
We decide that the edge  
Is hard enough for me  
To edge my way through..  
But we didn't see the softer patch  
Hiding.  
Down I go, slipping the wheels..  
I radio back  
He says he'll uncouple  
And tow me out...  
Phew!  
For the next 80 kms or so  
I stick to the tracks "  
she's made  
For the road stays soft and slippery  
Until just before Yaraka.  
Harder but still with soft patches  
Until the bitumen is reached  
With a sigh  
Just out of Isisford.  
I made it..  
At Isisford I use the  
"Seed and Weed Hosing area"  
To give the rig a bit of a wash  
To unload some of the layers  
We've brought with us...

I end up wet but I don't care  
Towing feels lighter  
As I drive into the swiftly setting sun!  
It sinks as I get to Ilfracombe.

