

PATERSON THE POET

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Paterson penned the portrait
bush heroes at their best
captivating minds of men
a legend in himself
Banjo the man
Banjo the dreamer
a schemer, a drinker
a painter of the pen
A true blue dinkum Aussie
when man was a man
and men were every sinner
they could send

They kept coming from ole England
every convict they could find
to a land of heat and sunburn
to a land they called 'the end'
Courageous stories
surmounting glories
would flow and glow
he had that touch of genius
welcome to his show

Paterson weaved his passion
adding colour to the blend
once he had you roped
he would never let you go
Deftly spinning, creating, embracing
the now and the then
the master was at work
and he wanted you to know

We imagined it was us
as we chased the colt
from old Regret
with Clancy urging on
we felt the sting of bottle brush
hooves pounding at the turf
as we swerved and rushed
and tingled
from the comfort of our chairs
Banjo made it possible
a glimpse of what was theirs

Freedom drove momentum
Regret's colt was in the lead
Jesus Christ! can we keep this pace?
or will he ultimately succeed
the question running riot
in the midst of the stampede
Clouds of dust, the snap of whips
spurred rugged country range
and still that black, that mighty black
urged his pack along

They followed, we followed
Paterson at his best
the master of creation
an illusionist of the mind
The enchanter, the artist
seek and you will find
the diamonds he will offer
whilst you leisurely unwind

