

## The bush it is calling

This was written on a trip to Jagungal , Kosciuszko National Park.

My love's in the hills,  
Has always been there,  
With people so good,  
With people who care.

This is my life,  
Camped by a stream,  
All that I need,  
A wonderful dream.

To roam the wild hills  
To go as I please,  
To places I love,  
The plains and the trees.

In the bush you will see  
Many beautiful things,  
Wonder behold  
And the joy it will bring.

You who have been there,  
You'll understand.  
For those that have not,  
It's an alien land.

The sun it is hidden,  
Clouds tower grey,  
Jagungal has vanished,  
Gone for the day.

In two days I hope  
To camp on your peak,  
Not conquered at all,  
Just a night for the meek.

Alone in a hut,  
Memories clear,  
Friend's distant days,  
Amazingly near.

The trips of the past,  
Lucky for me.  
To be in those times,  
Bush track and scree.

If I had my time over,  
I'd do it again,  
The highs and the lows,  
The cheers and the pain.

Friendship formed in a furnace,  
The heat and the snow,  
Interminable climbs,  
As onwards we go.

Together we make it  
We are one, never fail,  
Look after each other  
This is our grail.

Take any chance,  
Do anything.  
To look after a mate,  
What the fates bring.

Race solo for help,  
Give up a meal,  
Hold the infirm,  
It's part of the deal.

You've done it for me,  
I've done it for you  
People well known,  
Strangers anew.

Out in the bush,  
Problems left far behind,  
Away from the stress,  
Peace in my mind.

Crags loom overhead,  
The sun shines so bright,  
And when it is sleeping,  
Stars glitter at night.

A pace that is slow,  
Scenery changes,  
As vistas unfold,  
High in the ranges.

The ascent it is long,  
Time to look all around,  
Just birds and clean wind,  
Natural sound.

No diesel air,  
No noise from a train,  
Scent in the breeze,  
Pleasant drumming of rain.

No track do we need,  
The way it is clear,  
Follow the trees,  
The route is right here.

The hut it is sound,  
Pretty Plain is so true,  
Tomorrow's fresh path,  
As a year starts anew.

Sad to leave KNP,  
But all trips must end,  
To stay would be nice,  
Yet homewards I wend.

The trip is now over,  
I hope to go back,  
To walk the sweet hills,  
The scrub and the track.

Fifty years in the bush,  
My bones they now ache,  
Hard trips are receding,  
Short journeys I make.

And when I am gone,  
No grave will there be.  
Just ashes atop  
A mountain for me.

The bush it is calling,  
Calling to me,  
So there I must go,  
Must go to be free.

Stephen Lake  
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