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Youth Poetry Category – 2nd Prize 2020

COLOURS OF A LAKESIDE LIFE

By Ben Shelton

Violet, are the Gazania daises that flock together like scared sheep,
blooming in the morning sun,
slowly opening their welcoming arms to the light,
listening to the wicked cackles of the kookaburras,
and the scratchy caws coming from the small patches of white on tree branches.

Brown, is the glassed-off surface of the lake water,
that sits dormant, a dusty window into the lake lifestyle,
stretching all the way to the sandy bank hovering on the horizon,
its surface a tarmac for the feathered seaplanes,
to touch down on with a splash .

Emerald, are the Eucalyptus leaves suspended above the lake,
that hang lazily in the fatigued air,
clinging to the tips of branches desperately to not be lost to a strong wind,
together shading the shore from the heat of the merciless sun.

Grey, is the weathered wood of the jetty,
that stands sentry unflinchingly like a royal guard,
knee deep in the cold water shaded by a light green willow tree,
protecting the bank from the mechanical beasts,
who's throaty growls echo across the lake,
sending sprays of frightened water in their wakes.

White, is the eager anglers residence,
which sits on top of the hill, looking over the lake,
like a castle watches over a kingdom,
its paint coat peeling like sunburnt skin,
the homestead gazes as the sun slowly disappears behind the crowd of trees
in an explosion of red, orange and purple, from a view fit for a king.

SaddleBrown,, are the stumps of logs that keep their soggy heads out of the water,
their spindly bodies, a place of refuge for the native fish, a perch for birds,
and a pain in the neck for boats, invisible under the inky night sky.