

City Slicker Slashing

“I reckon you’ll be right” he said.
But slashing for townies fills me with dread.
They only bought the place last Spring,
No stock on hand to eat a thing ...
As high as the fences, It’ll be a chore,
“Why didn’t you call someone out before?”
“Well it looked so nice, all lush and green,
Biggest lawn I’ve ever seen.”
“That’s not lawn, Mate, that’s decent feed,
Some sheep, or cows is what you need.
And, can you tell me, is it clean,
How many rocks and stumps have you seen?”
“Well, I didn’t look, I just saw land,
With a few big trees, (You understand),
And now the Council wants it down!
(Never had these worries living in town)”
So, I start The Fergy, (Got the knack)
With a four foot slasher on the back.
Into the paddock, watchful, alert,
Don’t want the gear, (Or Me) getting hurt.
Not even one lap, Bloody Hell,
This bloody job’s not going well.
The bloody paddock’s all holes and lumps,
Bloody great gibbers, and Redgum stumps.
Now, I’m no new chum, got what it takes,
Dodging trees and big brown snakes,
I don’t like to quit, once I’ve made a start,

Pretty stubborn – not too smart!
Through the heat of the day, what a mess,
But I've got the number for CFS,
Lap after lap, you should hear the row,
Even ear muffs don't help me now.
Fencing wire, and yet more stumps,
Rusting shells of worn-out pumps,
Why, Oh Why did I take this on?
(Another set of blades is gone).
And NOW, HE wants a crisis meeting,
My beloved Fergy's overheating,
It's taking years off machine and man,
Gotta get away – (I hope I can).
But no! The townie wants it done,
As I curse and sweat "neath the murd'rous sun,
But come next season. DON'T call me,
I'll be in the shade of my fav'rite tree

PTPP, Oct. '23

