

*I know a bank.....*

Lovers of Shakespeare may know his poetic outburst:

*I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,  
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,  
Quite over-canopied with luscious wood-vine....*

Well, that man obviously never did bushcare! If he had, he might have written thus:

I know a bank whereon the wild trad blows,  
And where oxalis like a forest grows,  
O'er-canopied with noxious crofton weed,  
And fell ehrharta, swiftly run to seed.  
There sit bush carers, all in wellies clad,  
Or oft-times up and down the stream they gad  
A-waving knives, and uttering cries of woe:  
"Behold the turkey rhubarb, watch it grow!  
And here where lizards sun their enamell'd skin  
Weed wide enough to wrap a wombat in!"  
So streaked with mud and covered all in flies  
Which make them full of hateful fantasies  
They curse the weeds: "Die! Shivel! Rot and burn!  
And let these banks be covered all in fern!"

Rae Litting

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