

***A short piece of doggerel for Michael, from Richard,
on his departure from Monash for Canberra in 1995***

By the shores of Burley Griffin
On the thin imported sand,
Stands the young brave Mickey-Smithy,
Fearless in a foreign land.

Great his skill in disputation,
Great his skill in harsh debate,
Takes beliefs and with deft action,
Twists them so they motivate.

Great the local fascination,
Great the swell of rude acclaim,
Like the bush fire in the summer
Spreads the light of Mickey's fame.

Hearing this the local chieftains,
Son of Jack and Phil the Small,
Stirring from their weary labours,
Venture forth and give the call.

See them scurry from their quarters
In the gloomy Cata-Coombs,
There assemble in the council,
Play their dismal Canberra tunes.

Watch them chant their incantations,
Stamp their feet and cast their spell,
Trap you Mickey there amongst them,
In their honeycombed hell.

All for nowt his mighty skills are,
Magic has his powers dismissed,
False beliefs his mind entangle,
Bring convergence now on this.

Great the wailing and bemoaning
In young Mickey's rightful home.
Draw the lesson those who listen!
See the fate of those who roam!