

The Poetry of Stella P. Bell

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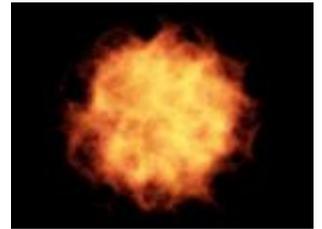
In The Beginning

Back past the time of the dreaming,
Beyond where the world began
To the dawn of time when the spirits
Were part of a living plan,
On the edge of all eternity
Lived a million spirit souls,
They knew that their destiny waited
They knew for their thoughts were old.
Through the swirling mists in the paths of time
They would need to travel far
To the place where a glow was beginning to form
A bright, new, flaming star.
The light reached out and touched them
Bringing knowledge of what would be,
And they writhed as they felt the agony,
And in pain they yearned to flee.

They knew of what was awaiting
And their screams were engulfed in the mists,
They knew of the horrors before them,
And these spirits did writhe and twist.
As the star formed in tongues of fire
They were drawn with a mighty hand,
They wailed as they were enfolded
In the holocaust of this new land.

They knew and their souls were crying
For the future before them was clear,
They knew of the terror filled moments
That all, on this world would fear.
Their destiny showed in their pathway,
Their hearts were heavy and cold,
They knew in the life they were facing
They would need to be strong and bold.

Their thoughts were torn and shattered
As they whirled in the mists of birth
They spun on the edge of oblivion
Until, finally, came the earth.
Their knowledge was hidden in shadows
As they stood and surveyed this land,
They understood that its shaping
Was left alone in their hands.
Forgotten and buried behind them,
In the vastness of time that had gone
Was the memory of all their revulsion
All they knew was the need to go on.
They must build for themselves and their children
A place that would shelter and give,
To the spirits that had been before them,
A land in which man could live.



Dust

Dust! Rolling, blinding, dirty, grinding
Dust!
It swirls around, along the ground, then
In the air, it isn't fair,
It howls and groans,
It squeals and moans,
It gets in everywhere.
It finds a hole,
And every bowl,
And fills them with glee.
Through doors,
On the floors,
On every book and chair,
It stings!
It clings!
Then leaves behind,
Despair!
Dust everywhere.
But,
Clean it up,
Wash every cup,
Polish floors,
Shine doors,
Clean up this cursed stuff.
Now!
That will do,
Just like new,
But!
Look outside!
No, no, don't hide,
It's just
More dust!
Rolling, blinding, dirty, grinding,
Dust!



Barney's Pub

The drought it seemed would never end,
The ground was dry and hard,
The men who'd worked for weeks unending,
Stood round the empty cattle yard.
The last truck roared on down the track,
They'd got all the cattle from the scrub,
"There's nothing more to do" they said,
"Let's head for Barney's Pub."

A dusty cloud was all that marked
The way they took to town,
"Let's move along, we'll be there then
Before the sun goes down."
The road was long, the day was hot,
That was the only rub,
But the beer was cold, and friends were there,
In the bar at Barney's Pub.

With dry throats wet, and faces grave,
Their troubles they had to tell,
To friends who stood and listened,
For they knew and liked them well.
But then their mood changed once again,
To wash the dust they found a tub,
They hurried to be neat and clean,
And join the crowd, in Barney's Pub.



MAN OF THIS LAND

A Silhouette, stark, against a red evening sky,
Motionless, standing with chin thrusting high,
He looks so majestic, alone there he stands,
Not a blink of an eye, or a move of his hands.

The sun it is sinking, the wind turning cold,
He stands there surveying this land that is old,
In one hand he's clutching a spear, long and slim,
The other is holding a shield close to him.

He listens and hears all the sounds of the night,
He knows of the dingo and what bird is in flight,
He hears the sea pounding on the cold empty shore,
And suddenly, silently, he is there no more.

As soft as a shadow, as swift as a bird,
He's moving away, and will not be heard,
By creatures that scurry along on the ground,
He'll pass them by silently, never a sound.

Onward he'll go 'til the moons riding high,
He'll make not a sound, nor utter a cry,
And then when the moonlight turns night into day,
He'll leave not sign that he passed on this way.

As the morning sun rises the desert is bare,
Not a stone or stick shows that he has been there,
In this land that he knows, this land that now is,
So silent and empty, this land that is his.



Prejudice

The Lord said we are all the same,
And this, I know, is true,
It's not the colour of our skins,
That makes up me and you.

So many times I've seen the hurt,
That comes from thoughtless deeds,
What's happened to this world of ours,
Why can't we all take heed.

Even though my skin is white,
And I speak in the English tongue,
Our feelings are the very same,
We hurt like everyone.

Beneath your dark exterior,
Your heart beats just like mine,
I'd like to say I realise this,
And others will too, in time.

Why can't you travel freely,
The way most people do,
I think you are entitled,
To do as others do.

I've seen the way you're treated,
And I feel so much for you,
You haven't had a real good chance,
To show what you can do.

How can you be so much ignored,
As if you have no worth,
You know it shouldn't be like this,
In the country of your birth.

And if this is not your home land,
But you hope someday it may,
Why can't you find respect and trust,
To help you along the way.

Why is there so much prejudice,
Because your skin is not the same,
Why can't we just hold out our hands,
And call you by your name.



Ants

Watch the ants,
Hurrying,
Scurrying,
To and fro,
Carrying loads,
Down ant roads.
Busy, busy,
Dizzy, dizzy,
Never stopping,
Never dropping,
One ant egg.
In a line,
All the time,
Back and forth,
South then north.
Drilling,
Filling,
Holes.
Building nests,
They know best.
Up and down,
Round and round,
How they work,
Never shirk.
In the hill,
Never still,
One by one,
Almost done,
Through the door,
There's no more.
Now it's night
All is quiet,
Rest!
I wonder!



THE DINGO

Sofly, stealthily,
Padding along,
Warily, guardedly,
See, nothing wrong!
Cautiously sniffing the hot evening air,
Looking for food to take to her lair,
Suddenly, silently,
Nose turning back,
She listens and watches along her old track,
Satisfied, reassured,
Onward she goes,
Carefully placing her soft padded toes,
Ears thrusting forward,
Eyes that are sharp,
Moving so constantly, piercing the dark,
Patience her virtue,
She knows that she will,
Keep searching 'til morning for something to kill,
Wearily, painfully,
Drags to her lair,
The food she has found,
That her pups too, will share.



The Rainbow

Have you ever seen a rainbow?
And wondered as you stare,
If the pot of gold you've heard about,
Is really waiting there.

Have there been times you've watched it,
And your dreams, on wings,
You've planned what you would do with it,
If you could find this prize.

But of course you know it isn't true,
You know it can't exist,
You don't believe in fairy tales,
Even those that have a twist.

But stop a while and listen,
Have you looked at the colours glowing?
Have you thought of where they might begin?
Have you thought of where they're going?

Could it be that it's a bridge,
To a land you long to know,
That this could be a pathway,
To a land where you would go.

Next time you see a rainbow,
Forget what you've been told,
Just believe that maybe you are wrong,
And there is a pot of gold.



REFLECTIONS

As I gaze across the fields so green
To the distant slumbering hills,
My heart floats out on purple mists
To shroud the summit – still

The air has a sparkle on its breath,
The crystal brook reflects the sun,
A mirror of the morning
A fount of bubbling fun.

Along its banks the shy faced violets
With the sweet look nature wears,
Blossoms flaunting and heady perfume,
Nod in the warming air.

Over the softly swirling water,
Thick leaved branches downward bent,
The willows brush the emerald moss
Their love song never spent.

Above the forests silky veil,
Float downy wings of cloud,
Across the azure arc of heaven,
Beams of gold are burnished proud.

The rising sun thrusts lucent beams,
Through the dawning's rosy light,
Dappling the sleeping sentinels of,
The mountains within my sight.



THE GARDEN

I found a garden
Alive with brilliant colour
Would you walk through it with me
The iris is watered
With the clear blue of love
The daffodil grows
In the yellow sun of understanding
The tulips sway gently
In the soft cream breeze of patience
The rose exudes
The pink perfume of compassion
All around the grass sings
With the green mist of joy and happiness
For you
I open the gate to the garden
Together
We will walk in harmony.



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