

Christmas 2019

(A compilation of poems past and present)

8 Years ago, we joined the Shed, for rest and relaxation,
Did not realise it then, we would start rebuild our Nation,
In big leaps we made our mark, we all wheeled and dealt for cash,
If we didn't make a lot, then at least we had a bash

Everyone needs the thanks, for the efforts they put in,
And every sausage sizzle, put more dollars in the tin,
At footy gates, made good friends, and we sold a bit of wood,
Met good folk and took their cash, made more than we thought we would.

Then came Bogong making bunks, and you just would not believe,
The superhuman effort used, for what we did receive,
But we got much more than cash, as we wore out finger ends,
Old bones, muscles, suffered most, *but*, we made so many friends.

Now They're a motley lot, our leaders, but pillars in our midst,
So when they kick the bucket, we'll all go out, get pissed,
Well, now they have another thing, an extension to the shed
They'll have you working night and day, until the day your dead.

So now were back to where we were, 'cos now we need more cash,
We did it all once before, but we'll give it one more bash
I reflect back to an earlier poem, you'll see just what I mean,
Five years ago, two verses show, just what we had foreseen.

"The shed was up the roof was on, doors and windows near in place,
All we really needed, was some bodies to fill the space,
Our leaders all had other thoughts; they filled the place with wood,
"Measure it, and cut it up, nail it where you think you should"

We all learned new tasks every day, like how to read a tape,
And cut a panel just dead square, so others would not gape,
We fixed uprights, beams and lintels; there was no time to pause'
We put so many noggins in; there were no holes left for doors."

So now you know what to expect, it all starts off once again,
We've got to do more footy gates, no matter what the pain,
When we start its -6, we wear gloves n boots, and a beany hat,
Then it rains like hell, half the day, arrive home like a drowned rat.

They feed the deer so they produce, and we, have to make more guards
And we wait till someone passes on, then clear out their back yards.
Dick has got his signs worked out, there's more that he could do
Gateposts all around the town, need lots of numbers too.

Don't think you can bludge or dodge it, work ethics we try to foster,
If you've paid your dues, you'll be on a list, and be on a L'Huillier ROSTER

There's more members I could poke at, but I think that is enough,
Poetic licence goes just so far, or else , it could get too rough.

Ideas come from the committee, its really a top notch panel
Don't believe me , then just you think, Whoever designed the camel
This poem starts 8 years ago, some others in between,
And ends in verse, to what I think, our shed has come to mean,

Vinnie Beeston

20th November 2019