

Places In My Heart

The home of tall, big buildings,
Of busy roads and streets,
Of beaches all around you,
With weird and quirky sweets.
From Gardens by The Bay
To tasty chicken rice,
A kaleidoscope of culture,
Awaits your feasting eyes.

As hawkers call to feed you,
The smell of food fills the air,
As shopping centres glisten,
Not a single shelf is bare.
From the busy to the calm,
And the tropics to the dry,
I love the red dry dirt,
Not the merlions cry.

I love the tall gumtrees,
With land of red dirt hills,
Of kangaroos jumping round,
And a burning sun that kills.
From the glowing warmth of the beach,
To the snowy tops in Tassie,
The dry desert in the middle,
And the oceans all look glassy.

A field of ring barked ghost gum,
To the tropics of Queensland,
Where orchids flood the forests,
And beaches fill with sand.
Where the hills are filled with Quendas,
And budgies flock the plains,
When droughts come upon us,
There's always flooding rains.

We stick through thick and thin,
And support the AFL,
With BBL in second,
We know our sports too well.
My island home it calls me,
No matter how far I go,
I always turn to Australia,
My home is down below.

By Evan Dunning