

Girls Poem: 12 and under 14 years

“Lost Child”, by Judith Wright

Is the boy lost? Then I know where he is gone.
He had gone climbing the terrible crags of the Sun.

The searchers go through the green valley, shouting
his name;

The dogs are moaning on the hill for the scent
of his track;

but the men will all be hoarse and the dogs lame
before the Hamilton’s boy is found or comes back.

Through the smouldering ice of the moon he is
Stumbling alone.

I shall rise from my dark and follow
where he is gone.

I heard from my bed his bugle breath go by
and the drum of his heart in the measure of
an old song.

I shall travel into silence, and in that fierce
country

when we meet he will know he has been
away too long.

They are looking for him now in the vine –
scrub over the hill,

but I think he is alone in a place that
I know well.

Is the boy lost? Then I know where he is gone.
He is climbing to Paradise up a river of stars
and stone.

