

## **Boys Poem: 15-18 years included**

### **“Timber”, by Kate Filson**

Through the sighing bush they bore him –  
Many men and many oxen –  
Chains of iron all about him  
He, the helmeted of sunsets!  
He, the challenger of tempests!  
North and South the Wind Gods knew him,  
East and West they called him brother;  
Suns had smoldered in his branches;  
Through his dark boughs moons had flowered;  
He had watched dawns through the ages  
Sweep like silver avalanches  
Down the forest of the stars.

He had turned the spears of lightening  
Into a wave of silken laughter;  
Fire had seared with swirling rapier;  
Storm unfurled her floods about him.  
But the valiant and dauntless heart  
Of the Warrior Eucalyptus  
Wrought the scars of age-long battle  
Into strength and into beauty  
That intangible, unconquered  
Challenger of tragedy.

But the little men with axes,  
Full of little tawdry valours,  
Stood before his giant splendour....  
And they knew not what they did –  
Yet, their little souls saluted:  
“Gawd!” they said, “he was a tough ‘un!”  
And they straightened sweating bodies  
As he fell among the bracken.