

that kept watch by night  
for foes unknown,

undreamt,  
and mused awhile  
of far Hawai-iki ?  
Are they gone,  
destroyed

forever  
as yet may I be  
Or do they Live  
and march  
rank on rank  
beside me yet ?  
spears brandished,  
carven visaged,  
joy of battle in their veins ?

Grow cool, my feet——  
my brain, be calm——  
you are shoulder  
to shoulder  
a friend allied  
to tremendous  
posterity !!  
Up I lift mine eyes  
To the very skies  
rested my feet——  
strengthened, my soul——  
calm, my brain——  
Quicken the pace,  
shoulders back !  
Okay, Sarge,  
have your day,  
I'll have mine——  
Glory—glory hallelujah !

"Una Voce Poco Fa....."

I wish I were a soprano  
to match the bird's  
clear-bell notes :  
my spirit soars  
as far as Galli-Curci's trill  
and further.

I am glad  
I am One ;  
a complete entity  
one above  
not absorbed  
in the sponge

of Martial regimentation——  
a suicide.

Back before five  
to stand  
again  
rigid at attention  
for retreat.  
Into the showers  
to wash off the sweat.

Any fresh rumours ?  
What does H.Q. say ?

We sail—to-morrow,  
next day,  
next ?

Who said the Army's lousy ?  
Douse him, the skate,

Wet canteen blown down ?  
Who cares ?  
We'll pull it up  
and have a drink :  
blast the German army.  
let's see how fast a Wop can run !

Feet sore ? You bet !  
Who cares ? Not me !  
Drink it up, and sing a song,  
for we are the boys from way down-  
under  
sons of the Anzacs are we !

Where are the Snows of Yesteryear ?  
The joys—the loves——  
ambitions and desires :  
awhile yet  
and they'll return  
with ever-increasing  
clarity ;  
clean, austere,  
beyond  
the callous grasp——  
the vicious domination  
of Man,  
and we shall live  
whole and complete  
and entire  
in the World we know as Heaven,  
Utopia,

Shangri-La,  
Home.