The remoteness, the serenity and the awesomeness of the surroundings of Silver Wattle Quaker Centre are inspiring to one's mind and spirit.

Below are a few poems, some in free verse style and a few in tanka format, as very simple expressions of my thoughts, feelings and observations during my short, but a very relaxing and calming, stay at the Centre, as a participant in a writer's retreat on Poetry and Spirit, run by Dr Michael Griffith.

The programme was very well structured around the discussion of Judith Wright's poems. The sessions were run by Dr Griffith in a way that put no intellectual pressure on any participant, instead paved the way for keeping our minds open to "seeing" and creativity. My gratitude to Dr Griffith and to the team at Silver Wattle Quaker Centre

My dedication to Mother Nature

nature and I

the twain shall always meet

for one is not without the other

that Being

shall bind us for ever

I might stray

weighed down by mundane matters

and as I pray

I draw myself back into its embrace

At dawn on Lake George

the sun ventures to ascend from Lake George

leaving a trail of gold behind

the silk white mists descend to hug it's waters

unperturbed, the gentle waves continue lapping softly

against the muddy banks, nudging one another

muted hushing sounds

to keep in touch, all day, all night

An encounter with a crafty creature:

(tanka format)

white tipped tail brush

slinked in and out of the bush

raggedy brown fox

eyeballed me, as he mocks

my will to out stare him

Simply native

(tanka format)

are you intruding?

the question on their faces

said it all

bucks, jills and joeys...stand tall

I felt guilty and small

Silent in its stillness:

the still hill at Silver Wattle

poses an awesomeness

unbent, bearing the tides of time

dignified in its tranquil trance

yet bending

to allow men and beasts to forage on its slopes

one to chill, the other to fill

all inclusive, all pervasive, placid and peaceful

yet overbearing in its silence