

The Coal Train and “The Prairie Pub”

For Jane Fargher – and The Passion of One

Little old rundown Pub,
Facing the railway line –
You bought it with your partner,
Thought you’d make a few changes –
No power - miles
And miles from nowhere,
But in your backyard -
The beautiful Flinders Ranges!

Cooked up “*Feral Grazing*”,
Camel, emu and kangaroo,
Buried your guests
In the cool, cool earth,
Clever air convection,
More sun, less diesel,
And of course -
That stunning backyard view!

I came back with my Love,
To be your guests again.
To recharge flattened batteries.

I stand outside your bar,
Under the Southern Cross –
Next to your welcoming, little fire
Warming glass in hand,
Waiting for the sound and sight...
Of the longest train
In the world - to come
Thundering through the night,

And with others who come
From all around the world...
To taste your “*Feral Fare*”,
Who take away
Your backyard view -
Beautiful, ancient Ranges,
Less fossil,
More clean air!

We left sadly
At the end of our stay.
But with batteries
Fully recharged.
And a lesson learned
About the Passion of One.

One beautiful woman -
Carrying more Power
And Light

Than the longest train
In the world,
Hurtling past,
Beneath the Southern Cross,
With one whole
Day's worth of greenhouse –
Then disappearing off,
Leaving you,
And your little Pub...

A tiny beacon of brightness,
In the desert
Of our night.

Tim Barritt.18.8.07.
Earth Angel 181