

## **The Young Man, the Wedge Tail – and the Comet.**

For Our Young Farmers and Vignerons

There I was,  
Sitting on the ground,  
My back against  
The wheel of the 'Cruiser,  
On the clay rise  
On Tweedies Gully Road -  
Watching the Comet  
Slowly sinking,  
In the early evening sky.

Suddenly  
There *you* were,  
Pulled up in your ute,  
Asking if I'm O.K.?

I showed you  
The Comet,  
And the Wedge Tail,  
Settled for the night  
In the old blue gum,  
With Planet Venus  
Standing silent guard.

And I told you about the Comet,  
*"It's made of ice!  
But heated up and hot,  
Just spun around the sun!"*

For a tiny handful  
Of minutes,  
We shared this magic moment -  
While two keen  
And powerful eyes,  
Watched our every move.  
Two generations of farmers  
Standing together,  
Sharing our Valley  
And Planet.

I shook your hand  
Goodbye.  
Took a last look  
At the Comet,  
*"Never to be seen like this again  
For 400 million years!"*  
Said goodnight  
To my eagle,  
And drove slowly home.  
I felt good  
About our future.

While time may be measured  
In the huge, dark and silent orbits,  
Back down here,  
On Planet Earth,  
While keen and powerful eyes  
Watch our every move,

One generation of farmers,  
Slowly takes over -  
From another.

Tim Barritt.15.1.07.  
*Earth Angel 181*