

Pause For Poetry:
Michael Hawkes /45

Description

Boomerangs

A poem by **Michael Hawkes**

May 19, 2022

Since the creatures filed from Noah's Ark
They've sharpened up their claws and fangs,
While down below there in the dark,
Practising to hit the mark
These folks invented boomerangs.

When Joshua marched at Jericho
And brought on that attack,
And long before, for all we know,
The boomerangs came back.

Then when the Greeks ran out of luck
And all their heroes lay there dead,
These curving sticks of mulga struck,
The 'roos were roast, the people fed.

When Nero fiddled as Rome burned,
His rosin melted by the heat,
Perfected boomerangs returned
And landed at their throwers' feet.

When Hastings fell in ten sixty six
The Aussies threw their throwing sticks
And when those bombs went boom and bang
They gathered 'round the fire to sing



And bake another boomerang.

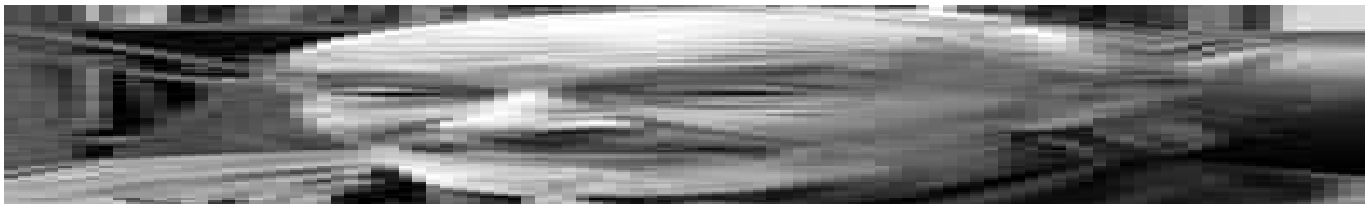
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Michael Hawkes is a survivor of all the world's wars. He learned (and loved to rhyme) by torturing the hymns he had to sing at school. A retired West Coast fisherman living in Montreal since 2013, he is an unschooled Grandpa Moses writing an average of five poems every week.



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