



WANDOO LAMENT By Greg Warburton

Sentinel, guardian, Lord of the Trees,
You are four hundred years of history,
Centuries of drought, fire and storm,
No white man here when you were born,
Roots way down in the ancient laterite,
Immense your girth, lofty your height,
Your branches a refuge for zoology,
Under your bark an entire ecology,
Oxygen pumping from your crown,
Keeping the salt below the ground,
Your skin in autumn an apricot hue,
Nectar in spring another gift from you,
From seed small as a grain of sand,
To a living thing with sap in your veins,
Shedding, renewing across the seasons,
To destroy you now there is no reason,
But Main Roads are their own master,
They say so we can drive our cars faster,
Their machines will growl and descend,
Bulldozer and mulcher spell your end,
Might and majesty reduced to dust,
Those who care in shock and disgust,
When it is done this death sentence,
Who will it be that pays the penance?
Isn't the cost too much and insane?
To sacrifice you for a passing lane?
So we can speed across asphalt stark,
Where once grew a mighty Powder Bark.