

## **A Universal Language**

I thought I'd found a solution  
where diving dolphins played,  
an escape from talk back babble  
or black letter lawyers who bayed

that life's goals demand conforming  
to protect from anarchists' gales,  
to which I've responded from cliff tops  
by watching magnificent whales

who spout their great inspiration  
to support all refugees' boats  
and replace protection of borders  
with love for king parrot's coats.

This may be a time without spirit  
when pundits may only think 'Pause,  
you can raise your borrowing limit  
if you speak our language our cause.'

So different from friendly sea creatures  
whose language is loving not terse,  
who join with colourful birdlife  
to teach verbs of the universe,

without which we'll all lose a vision  
find no rhythm, no rhyming game  
but sink to the words of derision  
for scapegoats whom talkback must blame:

the lost who might visit the seashores,  
start new life, like liners with sails,  
to become humanity's wordsmiths  
by watching and breathing the whales.

*Jervis Bay, July 31<sup>st</sup>, 2011*