

## Douglas Daly

Douglas Daly,  
a pure country town.  
Red dirt,  
with few inhabitants.  
Dogs everywhere,  
whining all morning  
until a small amount of bacon is stolen.  
Hot, hunt, home.  
Wild boars in every direction,  
every paddock.  
Hairy, fanged and squealing like little girls.  
Dogs jumping off buggies,  
left, right and centre.  
Crocs, crocs, crocs,  
on people's feet,  
in the water,  
everywhere.  
Wet and sticky  
dew on everything in sight.  
Deep green vegetation,  
under my bare feet.  
The greatest cricket players of all time,  
getting caught out by your uncle,  
after 50 smooth runs.  
Being known by everyone,  
before being introduced,  
just like a neighbour.  
Douglas Daly,  
a pure country town.