

KAREN MARGUERITE MOLONEY

## *Roo Hunt*

The magpies sang all morning long that May  
To lovers in the gum leaves where they lie.  
Half my heart is half a world away.

You wake me with the east already gray,  
Determined still that we should have a try.  
At least we'll hear the magpie lauds for May.

We dress and leave the house without delay.  
Like thieves we cross your paddocks, quick and sly.  
(Half my heart was half a world away.)

Though autumn takes the edge off Queensland day,  
The path above your farm led long and high.  
The magpies revelled in the flush of May.

The hill lay moist, its gum leaves in decay.  
A halo lit the ridge and held our eye.  
(Half my heart was half a world away.)

Then sunlight spilled and chased the roos from play.  
I watched you gently lay your rifle by . . .  
The magpies flute unrivalled there *this* May:  
Half my heart is half a world away.

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*The song of the Australian magpie is as evocative as the English nightingale's. It is, however, far more jubilant. And at no time is it more glorious than in the hours of early morning and late evening.*

