

**At evening when the sun slides down,  
the peahens start to gather round  
to peck on titbits on the grass  
beneath a sky now molten brass.**

**While wild ducks squabble in the sedge,  
swans strut in file along the edge  
of water, now a dappled gold;  
bright diamonds rippling in each fold.**

**From way up high in fragrant gums  
the dreary dirge of ravens comes.  
They fly around, quite undeterred,  
undaunted by the human herd.**

**A willy wagtail flits with glee  
around the shady Moreton tree,  
and seagulls screech for crusts of bread,  
as people plan their homeward tread.**

**The pewits peck beneath the leaves  
where spiders start their nightly weaves.  
of silken strands from limb to limb,  
and magpies sing their evening hymn**

**When shadows fall, night's curtains hung,  
the final psalm has not been sung  
as birds all scamper to their nest  
to lullaby themselves to rest.**

**The bass of bullfrogs thrums in tune  
loud serenades to golden moon  
that floats across the darkening blue,  
now turning to a lilac hue.**

**Ducks mutter in the rustling reeds  
'neath paperbarks in widows' weeds,  
Night's velvet falls to veil this place,  
and sleepy sounds sing reverent grace.**