

Sing me the summer  
The sparkling sea  
Our buckets and spades on the sand

Shells by the rock pools  
where tiny fish swim  
and a crab scuttles over my hand.





and here is the night.



Always in autumn  
The mornings are cooler  
The trees let their leaves flutter down.

They gather beneath  
and we run through the piles  
of yellow and orange and brown.



and here is the night.



and here is the night.



Now I hear summer  
The north wind is blowing  
through gum trees, making them sway.  
Leaves and bark crackle  
and roos on the hill  
leap through the dust and away.