



## Benjamin 'Brumby Buck' Bowen

by Katy Wise

I met you there  
In a place I called home,  
Although it was far from anything  
I had ever known.

You shook the earth  
Beneath my feet  
By simply making me laugh  
The second we did meet.

A smile that lingered  
Long after it was gone,  
And I liked how your forehead  
Wrinkled in a concentrated frown.

Tall and lean you had  
Nothing to hide  
And your walk reflected neither  
Ego or inflated pride.

When you laughed, so did we all  
At the stories you told  
As wild tales of life in the bush  
Did unfold.

And for me what once  
Would have been flaws to look past  
I saw only beauty  
And I knew my next task.

For all that glitters  
Is not gold  
And this is something  
You should be told.

Because to me Ben Bowen  
You are as pure as cut glass  
With eyes that smile  
And a kindness which will outlast.

And with a soul as deep  
As a great grey sea  
And a mind that is fearless  
Wild, and free.

You ask the right questions  
And dance to my tune  
And you will gaze in wonder  
At a beautiful full moon.

But it is you I will watch  
As the moon starts its stairway creep  
And I'll wonder what Angel  
Allowed us to meet.

And I'll shut my eyes  
And wish time would stand still  
So forever we could sit  
Upon that old red hill

Overlooking a land  
Who looks back on us,  
And I wonder what that land thinks  
In the gathering dusk

Does it see our two souls  
Take comfort in each other,  
And does it look on knowingly  
Like any good mother?

And then does it see us leave  
And head out into the dark?  
Its hidden treasures still safe  
As we turn to depart.

For the night will be long  
In the very best of ways  
And then I will lie there content  
Until you leave the next day

With Ding at your side  
And the sun on your back  
And your hair forced under  
A worn-out old hat.