



Croc and Brock's Farewell



They stood inside the garden in Australia Zoo that day
The most beautiful of gardens where the crocodillies play.
They had come in many thousands, looking on with tears in eye.
As the heroes of the moment both descended from the sky.

In the clouds they saw the image of Steve Irwin with his croc.
And beside him in his race car was a youthful Peter Brock.
Dressed in racing gear resplendent, Peter Perfect to a T.
And they heard Steve blurt out 'Crikey, have you come to visit me?'

'I remember I was swimming with the fish upon the reef.
My surroundings were amazing, such a scene defied belief.
We had cameras and were filming for my gorgeous Bindi child.
For her show she wanted images of creatures swimming wild.'

'Then a sting ray flew towards me with his wings outspread and wide.
I was mesmerized with magic as I came up to his side.
Then I swam above him slowly just to get a better view.
But he must have been quite startled. That was the last I knew.'

'Though I'm the brave Croc Hunter, I am jelly fish inside.
I am Bob and Bindy's daddy and the day I died I cried.
For the parting took more courage than my wrestling with the crocs,
Catching snakes and spiders hiding in the crevasses and rocks.'

'Now I'm here with Peter Perfect, not with Terri and the kids,
And I sure will miss them badly – they're the greatest billy lids.
I will stay beside them always, though they won't know I am there.
As they grow up and they prosper they will know that I still care.'

'I was born near Brocky's birthday February 22.
Four days before his big day, quite coincidental too,
As I died four days before him in a freak of fate quite strange.
If I'd wanted a companion no-one better I'd arrange.'

'For Brock's a national hero, always striving for the best.
He was called King of the Mountain; he was faster than the rest.
With ten victories at Bathurst his Brock Special was his brand,
And his name will be remembered through our great Australian land.'

'And like me, the King was having fun the day he left the earth,
At a rally in his coupe somewhere not too far from Perth.
When he slid across the wet road and he failed to miss a tree.
I was watching from my cloud and saw him drifting up to me.'

'Oh Crikey Brock, and welcome. It is not so bad up here.
You'll be pleased to know we'll never age, and I've brought Aussie beer.
We can keep an eye on all so that they do just what they ought,
Looking after all the animals and racing motor sport.'

'It was time to pull our number on September 4 and 8.
Now St Peter is awaiting at the shining pearly gate.
And I bet we're both admitted to the heavenly realm above
As there's thousands in this garden who are showing us their love.'

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