

THE GHOSTS OF CANUNGRA

Dedicated to all who were there and our Caesar, Lieutenant Colonel Ron Grey who led the way

On this familiar ridge I picture it as it used to be
Patched military tents in neat tidy rows of three
Young Spartans cloaked in green moving here and there
Weapons, equipment and often heavy packs to bear

Woken from deep sleep by shrill whistle blasts
Everything on the run; woe the man who is last
Little time for ablutions and breakfast was a race
Inspections by superiors somewhere from outer space

I can hear those familiar sounds from so long ago
The rhythmic crash of boots as soldiers run to and fro
Curses and grunts as they climb the cruel ropes and nets
The din of war on an obstacle course so muddy and wet

The barks of angry two strippers demanding the best
Hungry, thirsty, blistered feet, tired and little time to rest
Soaking wet with sweat or chilling drenching rain
Desperate for sleep but roused for sentry once again

How many shivering soldiers at night would even dare
In the dripping jungle, crave simple things not there
To recall a comfortable, forgiving, considerate, gentle life
Then count the days before sanity returns to end such strife

In time, the result was proud eager youth bonded for the fray
United as a team, to fight regardless of odds by night or day
Regulars and Conscripts, sharing, caring; all together as one
Soldiering beneath the proud ANZAC emblem of the rising sun

At sunset a gentle wind softly whispers of that time long ago
Familiar smiling faces blur and fade with the crimson glow
Shadows grow on a darkening ridge and dusk slowly falls
Night birds salute such times with proud and shrieking calls