

The Great Subdivide **Ieva Tomsons**

Gidgewhat? Gidgegannup
A place to meet and make some spears
But that was many years ago
When Nyoongars walked these hills

Now it's a race to keep apace
With the latest four-wheel drive
But brave is the one who dares to say:
Stuff it – let's subdivide!

*Cut the cake, do the lot
Five acres to a slice
The neighbours won't think it very nice
But too bad, it is our plot*

*After all it's best for Perth
Which needs more handy earth
And it really will suit the masses
All it lacks is a couple of buses*

High hopes they'll have to start a life
Far from the feral crowd
Room for a pony and two dogs
And they can argue right out loud!

Winter fields all lush and green
Fat beasts content on hoof
No need to push an idyllic scene
New buyers will see the proof

But summer will sear for months on end
The tank runs dry – again
They start to wonder why they moved
And go slowly 'round the bend

The horse has scratched what dirt is left
Dogs kill stock with aplomb
Power does fail and they don't feel so hale
When there's no phone and they're home alone

*But it's better in the hills it really is
I miss the shops, not at all
Even next door's boys and the infernal noise
Will be sorted with a towering wall*

*But if we can't learn to hack it
We'll simply do what we did on the flat
Carve up the block – flog it off
And leave the neighbours to cop the flack!*