**2019 Silkstone Eisteddfod Choral Speaking**

**PRIMARY SCHOOL AGE Margaret Charles Cup Set Piece**

**SUMMER MAIL by Max Fatchen**

The country mail is coming

Across the wilting land,

Through summer’s dancing hazes

And slyly shifting sand.

The country mailman’s whistling,

With elbow out the side,

His dog upon the mailbag

With watchful canine pride.

And while the mail truck’s jolting

Where stony creek bed shelves,

You’ll hear the mailbag’s letters

All talk among themselves….

…”We’ve added to the kitchen,

And thanks for sending cups …

“Belinda’s had her baby…

The heeler’s had her pups….

…”The shearing shed’s got termites ….

We wondered if you’d heard …”

The letters go on talking

With word on whispered word …

“It’s lonely in the city …

For home a bloke gets sick …

“I hear the bull took after Mum …

I’m glad that she was quick …

“I miss the country mornings …

I miss my old straw hat …”

The mailman keeps on driving

While still the letters chat.

… “Dear Sir, on payment of account

We felt we should enquire,

A box of nails, two milking pails …

A roll of fencing wire …”

…“Dear Gran, will you remember,

That I’ll be eight next week …”

The mailman’s truck is grinding

Across another creek.

While letter after letter

Recites its humble tale,

That’s if you dare to listen

To bags that carry mail.

The mailman’s reached the township

His old truck starts to slow

A world is in his mailbag.

I wonder does he know?