

ODE TO MAGNETIC ISLAND

Amana Newman

I stroll around the rugged cliffs, and shiny sandy bays,
While seabirds soar in endless dance, fading into haze.
I followed gravelled path uphill, among the emerald trees,
I breathe them in, with taste of pine and saltiness of breeze.

Each step I take, the island speaks, its secrets drawing near.
With every note of island's song, my sadness disappear.
The ancient rocks, in azure dived, the marine life's true home.
Reveal the graceful starfish cling, through veil of pearly foam.

The Kookaburras greet the dusk, their laughter fills the air,
And bluebirds' chorus, singing sweet to young koala bears.
The sway of trees, the waves embrace - a symphony of Grand,
Among those simple, precious things, I found my wonderland.

The sun descends in golden hues, painting sky with grace,
I watch the colours blend and fade, in this enchanted place.
When stars emerge to light the night, a sparkling, gentle dome,
I know, I lost to you my heart, but found a loving home.