

Whiddon Bush Poetry | 2026

George

Tom Dickson was droving out Croydon way.
Found his old donkey, way out in the scrub.
Loaded him in a cattle truck and bought him into town.
Put him in an old stable and yard behind the local pub.

Bill Smith the publican named him George.
Even had new shoes, made at the Smithy's forge.
They let him roam, knowing he would not go far.
But then George would amble into the public bar.

Travellers would let the kids sit on George.
Give him a carrot and a friendly pat.
Take pictures of George wearing an old slouch hat.
One Friday, George came through the door.

Licked up some spilt beer from the bar room floor.
A bloke drinking a stubby was standing near.
George plodded over without any fear.
The bloke grimaced then began to frown.

George grabbed the blokes stubby with his teeth
Turned the stubby upright and swallowed the contents down
Word got around about this drinking donkey
Who liked companionship and a Friday drink

With his lopsided grin giving the girls a blurry wink.
Business boomed, Bill thought there's a fortune to be made.
He improved the stable, gave George a lot more shade,
Now our George could drink stubbies all day and night.

Never got drunk and found he was able.
To drink a stupid newcomer under the table.
Now during the day a trench had been dug,
Between the pub and George's stable.

It was four feet wide and six feet deep.
Dug to carry a new high voltage cable
It was dark, George knew the way without a care.
Tumbled in, turned upside down, feet stuck in the air.

Poor George was a fix, stayed like that all night
Until Bill the publican found him in the morning light.
A crane was brought in to lift poor George out.
He wasn't hurt but his feelings were.

Ot That there was no doubt.
The trench was filled, George didn't remember hitting his head.
But had a headache and didn't want to be fed.
Ten o'clock, no sign of George, Bill went out the back. Aying

"Aren't ya comin' for a beer, or are ya feeling outa wack.
George shook his head, waggled his lopsided ear.
"If that's what grog does to ya, I'm never touchin' another beer"...

Jack Colliss, Whiddon Laurieton