



For my twins..
One dark.
One fair.

Sue Barlow



Old Nanna Sue loved her garden.
She loved each plant and tree.
Bird song that rang from strong bowers
Soil, leaves, the sweet, smell of flowers.

She watched her garden grow.
Dug each new hole with a garden hoe.
And tenderly tucked each new seed
In a blanket of soil, to provide the feed.





Sometimes the earth held like a lock
Grasped at clay and solid rock.
But Nanna Sue loosened it all
And uncovered treasures big and small!

From beneath the soil, surprises appeared
Forgotten things, odd and weird.
Reading glasses, round, with wire frame
Long forgotten, the owner's name.





Bones appeared from everywhere
 Big, small: From which animal's lair?
 A jaw bone complete with pointed teeth.
 Left by a dog or a jungle chief?

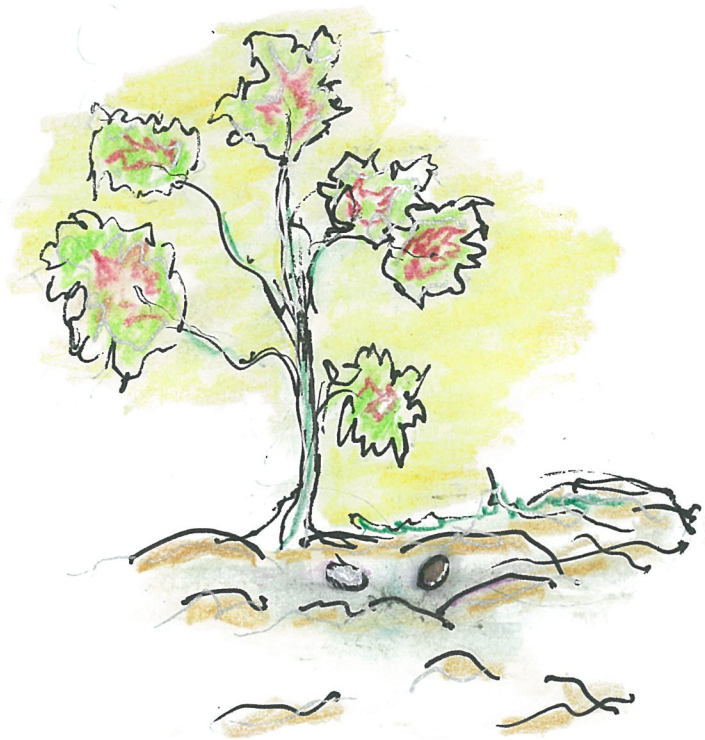
An axe head made of stone
 Did some past people call this home?
 Did they sit 'neath the silky oak tree
 And prepare the bones for their tea?





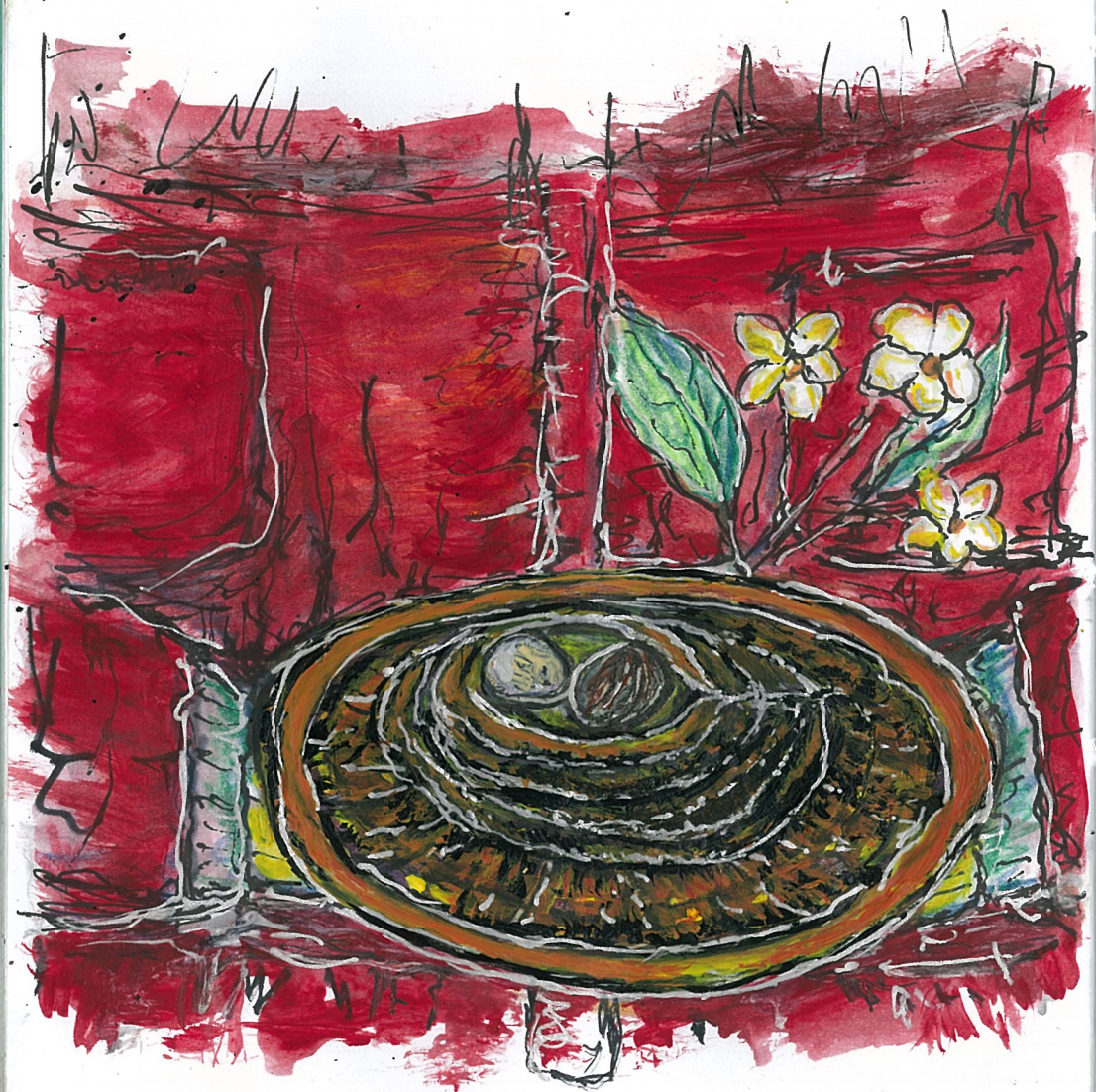
Too wonderful to throw away
Nana took them from where they lay.
Found a place to display them with care
So all the treasures she could share.

Dry, bare bones that caught one's eye
Layer on layer jumbled up high.
The axe head near the water tap
And under a plant the glasses sat.



And then one day, the greatest find of all!
Two smooth stones, round and small.
One brown, one light, yellow as the seaside
Lay together — side by side.





Imagine Nana Sue's surprise
Cause, t'was writing on those stones!
Words made by some sharp tool,
Carved in deep to wear through time!

The yellow stone was labelled 'in
In a language of it's own.
And on the stone of brown tones
Gem was marked quite clearly





How to make heads or tails of it.
The names did not seem to fit.
Had the hand that carved the stone
Some secret known to be alone?

Indeed the brown was a gem like thing
Wound in layers of shiny rings.
But the pale one shone just as strong
A diamond light to sing its song.





Nana Sue looked everywhere
To place those stones with care.
Under the stair with the lillies
Or perhaps beneath the lilly pillly?
But somehow they didn't belong
Lost among the fern fronds.
Too many leaves hid them from view
Thick green growth, and flowers too.





Perhaps on the timber deck upstairs
With the outdoor table 'n the outdoor chairs.
Amongst plants that bake 'n the noon light
Succulents and cacti which grow full height.

Or maybe under crimson croton bush
Speckled new leaves, green, gold and lush.
But for ini and gem t'was the wrong spot
Lost in the gloss of the shiny, black pot.





So Nanna Sue thought again
About where the treasures most be lain.
And knew the only place it could be
Was the front door, under the money tree.

Laying them down she was surprised
For she could see with the witters eyes.
Placing gem first, next followed in
Two round, small stones, bright'n shiny.





And then the words made sense to her
As they nestled close together
For layered out side by side
Together they said gemini