

Coming Home

We left the country of snow peaked mountains and deep gorges,
And lush green plains, where cows munch their way through the day.
The lakes wide and deep mirroring the beauty of the mountains and the
trees.

In this country many languages are spoken,
In some parts German, French, Italian and others Rumantsch,
Not to mention the many visitors from the South and East.

T'would cause an Aussie to turn his head.
Here back home one is all you need,
Something to be said of a universal language,
At least one that is known by all.

We leave this fair land with its castles and Counts,
That is steeped in centuries of culture and history,
And wing our way to the land down under, my island home,
With white beaches, coral reefs, and Australia as far as the eye can see.

We return home to find it hot and muggy,
Storms a brewing not too far,
Maybe it will dump,
Now that will be a cool change,

In my absence this past time,
Many things have changes but all is still the same.
The many friends that we left behind come to embrace our return,
And there are so many more we wish to see and tell stories of our
experiences in that far off land,
Of mountains, snow peaks, deep gorges, and lush green plains.

Luigi Pameijer
6 Nov 2007