

# *The Struggle*

Words: Pat Drummond (1.18)

Dateline: The Old Ruin on the Wombat to Breadalbane Road

High above Breadalbane, up in the hills  
over the Cullerin Height;  
where the Jumbucks stand stoic, a series of stills,  
etched beige on a cloudscape of white.  
Two walls of a solitary settler's cottage stand  
locked in their war with the wind;  
Mortar and lime in the maelstrom of time,  
with cornerstones weathered and thin.  
The families they sheltered have long passed away,  
their memories scattered like grain.  
Small pieces of glass, in the earth by the hearth,  
and these two walls, are all that remain.

At what point, do steadfastness, loyalty and love  
wax stubborn, pigheaded and blind?  
Is it virtuous more, to surrender this war,  
to be gracefully bowed and resigned?  
For who after all will regret or recall  
this valiant struggle of thine?  
"I will." said the hearth; "I will." said the grass;  
"I will." said the wind in the pine.