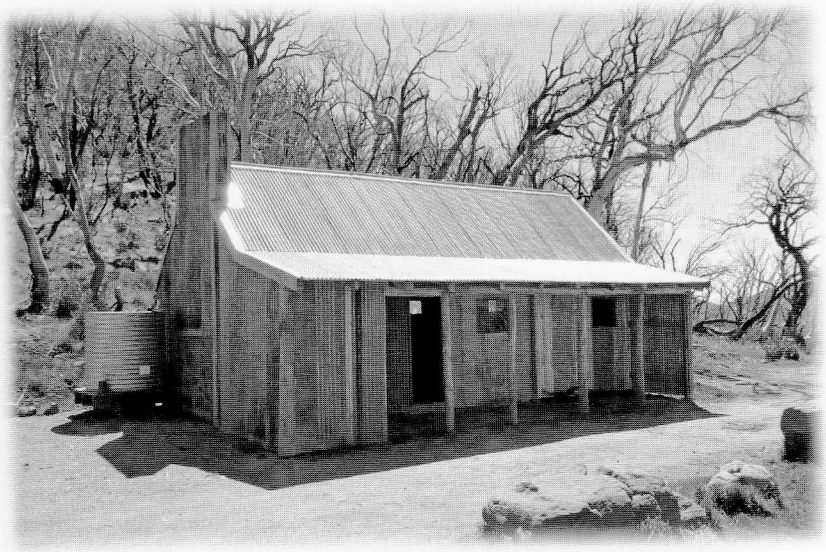
WHERE THE WATER RUNS UPHILL



It lies among the snowgums in a lee beneath the Bluff,
its posts aren't smooth and polished; they are freshly sawn and rough,
yet it sits the quiet clearing with a presence old and sure,
for fifty years the traveller's given thanks to reach its door.

Before the hut, their shelter was a windbreak built with stones,
where centuries older campfires are marked with shards of bones.
It's building, a trial of manhood for a lad of just fifteen,
taking tin by packhorse, five thousand feet above the stream.

This hut held many stories, some you wouldn't want to know,
and every year it mustered stockmen and their horses, from the snow.
It marks a deep connection with this place, as strong as blood and tears,
that spans the generations, and the ravages of the years.

The fire consumed the Bluff hut as they fought in smoke below,
a final blackened epitaph; a tough year's final blow.
Yet it didn't consume their spirit, friends came forth to help them on,
but why rebuild your cattlemen's hut when your cattle lease is gone?

One families' driving passion rose rekindled from the ground,
one son's creative spirit, and a drive inside him found,
one store of family knowledge and the will to pass it on to
teach a modern dreamtime story to the growing grandchildren.

Mans connection with this land is an ancient cultural dream,
passed down through generations as the secrets of hill and stream.
The early stockmen caught it from the drifting tribes and tales,
which helped them find the pastures, and the winding mountain trails.

Our annual cattle muster to the high plains in the spring,
perhaps was not much different from a far, far older thing.
It's ironic we can't own the mountains just like those before,
and our leases, like their freedom, were removed by government law.

Spring flowers are framed by timber rails, where the packhorse still can pass,
and the children's falls are cushioned by the waving mountain grass,
for they're bequeathed our spirit and we can show them still,
that special glade beneath the Bluff, where the water runs uphill.

