

Inverloch's Festival of Recycled Rubbish

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Some folks dispose of their rubbish
At transfer station and tip,
While others get rid of it, late at night,
On somebody else's nature strip,
Usually just out of sight,
Or maybe the Salvo's bin
While the Salvos are taking a kip:
The Catholics dump theirs at Saint Vinnie's
Along with their bottles and rags,
Then skedaddle, before the volunteer workers
Get to open their boxes and bags.

But that never happens in Inverloch,
Of course we wouldn't do that;
We keep all our junk in the shed,
Along with the dog and the cat;
Then out it all comes for the Easter collection,
Inverloch's reverential tip-of-the-hat
To Christ's death and resurrection,
And what could be wrong with that?

Now, some of these goodies may *not* resurrect,
Although now in eager new hands,
But most have some life in them still,
Just take a look at these brands!
Stuff made here in Australia – not China, Taiwan, or Brazil!
So, at worst you've just wasted a dollar,
But that dollar has bought you goodwill,
And you've taken part in a worthwhile event,
Here at Inverloch, lawn-bowlsh and clubbish -
Where your dollar will be sensibly spent -
The Inverloch Festival of Recycled Rubbish,
Which takes place at the finish of Lent.
Other towns in this country have similar events
Where they celebrate something done well:
Some have a pop-music bent,
Which requires hearing protection, with plugs
There's Tamworth, and Burke and Port Fairy too,
With their amplified music, hard liquor and drugs,
And there's lots of grown-ups Show and Tell,
It's like the monkey cage down at the zoo!
Others celebrate gastronomic pursuits
Like Kilcunda, the Lobster Town,
With the fishmonger and pub in cahoots
Providing expensive up-market refreshments,
To flush those extravagant lobsters down.

At river-town Rutherglen, a northern address,
They have a famous Wine Festival, annual,
Where fortified wines are consumed to excess
And the police have been known to resort

To methods heavy-handed and manual,
Restoring order amongst the festive imbibers,
Many, we're told, in a state of disgraceful undress
And the moral values of a young Cocker – spanual.
To us, these affairs seem tacky and grubbish,
Compared with our own little Annual
Festival of Recycled Rubbish.

Now, this annual homage to discarded stuff
Goes beyond the Bowling Club Sale,
And competition for the buyer's scarce dollar is tough:
It's the old barter system on a grander scale;
There's garage sales by the dozen this Easter,
Plus the State School's annual fair,
Where everything's up for sale
And it's always *caveat emptor* – let the buyer beware.
We exchange our discarded effects,
And we pay each other in cash,
We offer about half what the seller expects,
And acquire another load of old trash.

But eating lobster down in Kilcunda
And guzzling Rutherglen Hooch,
Will just make you feel bilious and fart,
Becoming more unhealthy and tubbish,
Far better to join us right here and take part
In that Gippsland extravaganza,
The Inverloch Festival of Recycled Rubbish,
The bargain-hunters' bonanza,
And rubbish - recycling super - mart.

So listen, you Doubting Thomases,
Before you do something rash,
Don't even *think* of wasting your money,
At some other festival, Tourist,
Some dusty rodeo, or rowdy musical bash,
The profanest or even the purest -
Much better to spend it here, at the Bowls Club,
Where we have stuff beyond measure,
And perhaps just a wee bit of trash
Mixed in with the valu'ble treasure.

You *could* leave this place with a smile on your face,
Unable to conceal your pleasure,
Sparked by what you found hiding
In that little old two-dollar case.
We hope that you leave us with treasure,
And that you'll not forget,
How much you found here, at so little cost,
So *be prepared* to part with your money,
Be Prepared, like those young boys Scoutish and Cubbish,
At the one and only Inverloch Bowlers' Bi-annual Easter
Festival of Recycled Rubbish.