

## FOREWORD

The title BAMBOO LEAVES is drawn from a parable. It is the opening poem in this book and appears as a “terca rima”. Unlike other leaves, bamboo leaves when they fall and get blown off by the wind must nevertheless return to fall by their roots. The last poem repeats that idea. In between these two poems, the experience is vast and varied and this is where you come in. You are allowed to be blown about in the wind of ideas and experiences that may be yours as well. For me, much of that life occurred between 1980 and 1986 whilst I was in the largest Melanesian city of Port Moresby in Papua New Guinea.

Attempts have been made to arrange some of these lines into formal poetry patterns but the rest were written from the “inside-out”. The poems have been deliberately kept short for those who subscribe to short verses. While some of the poems took minutes to write, others took years to complete.

BAMBOO LEAVES I trust will entertain the casual reader, educate the serious and encourage the budding writer.

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