

## The Salt Pans of Lime Bay

From the Wimpy Mob (a tranche of the Walkie Talkies)

Naught to prove – the Wimpy Mob – comfy in our skin  
Smart enough to stand our ground and not to be sucked in  
We took the shorter – easy – route, had a right old ball  
We did find just one little hill. It wasn't very tall.

We scrambled up and sat on top and there below we saw  
The vista in the photograph and several vistas more.  
But not a single Talkie so we left them to their fate  
And wandered on via dune and plain. We simply couldn't wait.

We left them lots of lovely signs, each one a work of art.  
Never to be seen by them, lost walkies from the start.  
To each their own. Do as you will. Bash bushes if you must.  
But take my word it's much more fun to embrace the wander lust.



We were really sad to lose them. We thought them  
gone for good.  
We lit a smoky little fire. We must find them if we  
could  
And guide them back to home and hearth but not for  
safety's sake.  
More so that we could head for Lou's to gorge on  
rocks and cake.

*(The lost walkers straggle through the forest, dazed  
and disorientated)*

**From the Wimpy Mob of the Lime Bay Salt Pans** (inspired by Lou's poetry book)