

## THE GLASGOW MUSE

(A present for Johnny Glasgow, with thanks)

The sun smiles new on Glasgow Bay  
as bellbirds sing to greet the day.  
John looks on with craggy smile,  
tasting history along awhile..  
wondering anew on nature's fine array.

Eyes hold secrets but the voice of sense  
shows no animus to strangers and no pretence.  
From time to time a little knock  
for stern officials come from DOC.  
But love of land is more intense.

The years will see his Rimu grow.  
Trampers wonder but will not know  
them planted by the Glasgow Muse,  
though they sense some ghostly shoes:  
this Muse that needs no *quid pro quo*.

Robbie Kerr