

Lydia's Poem

Travel Impressions

Derek drives us through his land,
Fast and safely bend by bend.
Arriving late at the motel
He for lots of beer does yell.
Dieter and Lydia are half dead,
And drop quietly into bed,
Their jet lag lasts for three full days,
And at least one thousand k.s.
Quite a few New Zealand maps
Lie on Tina's and Lydia's laps
Tina directs Derek from behind
Slightly correcting his travelling mind.
Dieter, Derek's navigator
Sometimes knows the right way later
Other times he falls asleep
Missing lots of cows and sheep.
Plenty of fresh fish and chips
Have enlarged old Lydia's hips
But she doesn't really care
Looking for them everywhere.
Behold the giant Kauri trees
So different from overseas
They are Derek's special treasure
And he looks at them with pleasure.
Lots of love
Lydia and Dieter