New fields or a new landscape?

Hana Cohen

As the sun begins its morning stroll
Its beams do cross a grassy knoll
Climbing up the patterned hill
I find a sight that's sure to thrill
I view a scene that's full of wonder
Trees of knowledge are up yonder.

CDs spinning in the breeze
Upon each branch, between the leaves,
Librarians perch, in groups of three,
Hear them chirping happily
 Bundles of brochures beneath their wings
Of sessions past, each of them sings.

The sun climbs past the virtual trees
Fields abuzz with virtual bees
Virtual sheep munch virtual grass
Virtual fences let none pass,
But gates are open at each end
The internet our virtual friend.

The sun has shifted further away
Rushing past the clouds today
To the AGM they go
All Information Managers must show
Each chapter of the year to unravel
From finance, parties and to travel

The sun is disappearing now
Hills rise up to greet its brow
Librarians gather at waters edge
Shadows disappear from the ledge
Darkness falls, look and see
Their boat's arrived at the quay.

Swan-like it glides on a gentle sea
Librarians on board are having tea
A chilly breeze stirs the air
Good times are had by all who're there
The night is filled with rippling
To be remembered in photos after.
Through the harbour, past the bay
A pleasing way to end the day,
Now so tired, it's eleven o'clock
The ferry berths, at the dock
Heading to the welcoming nest
At Moore College they will rest.

As the librarians retire to bed
Dreams of conferences fill each head
Speakers and the trade displays
Cocktails, snacks, those tasty entrees
Every debate and panel session
Remembered as a useful lesson.

The conference is over for another year
Please don't shed a single tear
As each librarian's journey starts
The flock rises up, and parts
Perhaps not to be seen
Till ANZTLA conference number fourteen

Ilana Cohen
Librarian
The Great Synagogue, Sydney
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ANZTLA Conference 1999
Luther Seminary
Adelaide
1st – 4th July 1999
Plan to be there!