New fields or a new landscape?

Ilana 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 July 1998



ANZTLA Conference 1999

Luther Seminary

Adelaide

1st - 4th July 1999

Plan to be there!