

MOZZIE ATTACK

The North Gregory Hotel Winton is a great pub, but stupid me left the doors open at the Outback Festival all night and woke up scratching. I wrote this poem for the Breakfast Show that day.

I've just come in from Winton where they've found the Dinosaur
And the water stinks of sulphur as it creeps up from the bore,
And the hotel room I slept in, though quite comfortable as sleep goes,
Became a bombing target for a squadron of mosquitoes.

I dreamt that I was in the war. It felt like I'd been shot.
Exhausted by 'two-thirty' from the constant SWAT! SWAT! SWAT!
They were bouncing off the street lights, screaming out across the state
'We've found a fuelling station! He's big and fat! It's great!'

I guess they must communicate while sucking on your back,
Last night they caught the bus from Longreach just to have a crack.
While that other snoring bludger in the bed across the hall
Flaked out above the bloody sheets and wasn't bit at all.

It looked like I had chicken pox. They really filled their cup.
I was seven kilos lighter when I finally struggled up,
Pushing off their swollen corpses, wading through mosquito creeks,
Sliding over bloody linen that they'd used to wipe their beaks.

And when the itching started, I became the human claw,
But the blood I drew could not compare with that long night before.
I was hoping for *Ross River* drinking rum out of me thermos
Just to take me mind off scratching my subdural epidermis.

I've tried the best concoctions, I've wiped on every paste,
The Aloe-Vera, Tea Tree Oil... I find they like the taste.
Me Doc said, "*It could be ya' blood, the bad type that provokes 'em.*"
I screamed, "*Transfuse the bloody lot! I want the sort that chokes 'em!*"

But when he went to do it, he couldn't find a vein.
Those deadly little suckers got *one up* on me again.
Well it's time they spilt a little. I'm sick of oozing red,
I've parked an AK 47 underneath me bed.

The bullets might not kill 'em, but I'll feel pretty good!
And if the cops arrest me (as they probably bloody would)
I hope the judge that hears my case, sleeps in my hotel,
He'll say, "*You poor old bugger!*" and award me costs as well.

And then I'll buy another gun, so when I hear their song.
I'll unload all me ammo and get stuck in with me thong.
But, I'll save one final bullet for the first smartarse I see
Who says, "*OOOH! Mozzies get ya' last night mate, they never bother me.*"

