

# Kangaroo Island Wonderland

Image: kangarooisland-australia.com



I came to love the beaches of Kangaroo Island: sundrenched in summer, wind-blown in winter; the ‘Autumn break’ months of April and May somewhere in between. But whichever month, the magnificent stretches of sand that circle the island are pretty much deserted most of the time. *Emu Bay* on the North Coast was a special favourite, while the Antarctic-facing *Vivonne Bay* - a peaceful haven in Summer - could project a turbulent scene through the winter months. But first an early morning, looking back from the jetty to the island’s main town, *Kingscote*.

## *Early Morning at Kingscote*

*A mist hangs over the water  
On this hushed and peaceful morn.  
Shag glides, then rides a’ top  
The gentle lapping waves,  
Then dives - for breakfast.*

*Standing at the end of the jetty,  
Looking back to the shrouded shore.  
Roof tops there; now gone,  
Sheltering, enclosing  
The townsfolk - now waking.*

*A truck revs in the distance;  
The spell is broken.*

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Kangaroo Island, South Australia, March 1979

***Early Morning at Kingscote*** describes an atmospheric start to the day in a small, Australian coastal town. For a moment it felt as if I was an unseen part of the environment, silently observing the town's awakening. Then a fellow member of mankind broke the spell.

## *Autumn at Emu*

***Clear sky, bright sun  
Points southward to me,  
Jetty at left  
As I look out to sea.***

***Rippling white waves  
Roll on to white sand,  
Stirred by the breeze  
That is cooling the land.***

***It's Autumn time  
And winter comes fast,  
This warm morning sun  
Soon a thing of the past.***

***Scaling a dune,  
Puffing for breath,  
I flop near the top,  
Look down from the crest.***

***White sands sweep far  
Towards Eastern cape,  
Part olive-green dunes  
From blue-green seascape.***

***A murky brown inlet  
Cut off by the beach  
To flow seaward in winter,  
Lays still, out of reach.***

***The little van park  
At the West of the bay  
Appears slightly forlorn:  
Only one van today.***

*Five or six shacks  
Around jetty at West  
Looking silently down,  
Very still, just at rest.*

*In a few months  
When summer's again,  
The sun will bring life,  
As flowers spring from rain.*

*But as I look down  
On the peace of that bay,  
I think I prefer  
This cool Autumn day.*

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Emu Bay, Kangaroo Island, May 1979

Whenever I passed close to the North coast of the island, I loved to climb the dunes and spend a short interlude on Emu Bay. **Autumn at Emu** reflects my preference for those cool, blustery days, with little evidence of man's existence, apart from a few empty shacks and an all but deserted caravan park. The summer months of course would bring more people, not that many really, but enough to break the magic spell of the other seasons.

## *Vivonne Bay*

*The sea is rough,  
The waves run hard  
On white sand shore, by dunes of green.*

*The bay sweeps wide  
In a gentle curve,  
Nature's design: an architect's dream.*

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Vivonne Bay, Kangaroo Island, May 1979

The next land mass South of **Vivonne Bay** and way over the horizon, is Antarctica. The bay is a thing of untold beauty, in part because of its solitary situation, mid-way along the south coast of Kangaroo Island, South Australia ... bleached hot in summer, almost blown away in winter.

Reaching the summit of the dunes around the bay's edge, on a blustery Autumn day, that first sight of the semi-circular sweep, where waves meet white sand, catches my imagination. Nature's wonders can often defy the best talents of mankind's architects.