

MELBOURNE—HIP TOWN

RUTH HAMILTON-ARKLEY

It's a café latte
Sophistication
Cultural Centre
Of Oz-Nation.

Lygon in Carlton
Smith in Fitzroy
Greville in Prahran
The hipsters cool joy.

Play that sax
Hit the jazz scene
Bands in pubs
The musical team.

Beards, black boots
Stylish felt hats
Fill the street
With trendy cats.

At Queen Vic Market
You can't compare
Dolmades, smelly cheeses
International fare.

On St Kilda Road
And at Federation Square
The galleries inspire
As the art makes you care . . .

About beauty and structure
And architectural might
The buildings have space
And their own natural light.

The history of Melbourne
Encased in the stories
Ned Kelly, Squizzy Taylor
The bad men, the glories.

The Greeks, the Italians,
The Brits, the Chinese,
The Scots, the Turkish
The Spanish and Sudanese.

The mix of the migrants
With the cuisines they bring
Interesting cultures
All doing their thing.

A network of trams
Rattle and move
'Cos Melbourne's the place
To get into the groove.

You must choose a sport
If you want to belong
The roar of the crowd
Is the G's footy song.

Have a spin and explore
Terrain on a bike
Fuel up in Acland Street
Eat the cakes that you like.

Stand on the steps
Of Flinders Street Station
Watch buskers perform
In a state of elation.

Have lunch in the laneways
Cruise the Yarra, catch a show
And as night time descends
See Collins Street lights glow.

Walk the parks and the gardens
Take some time in the 'green'
Take a break from excitement
For a more gentle scene.

Express yourself
Write, paint, or draw
For being creative
Is a Melbourne law.

So . . . get into the groove
Of sophistication
The Hip Town place
Of our nation.