

DEEPEST BLUE

by Michael Leunig

**Burke and Wills and Whiteley too
In visions of the deepest blue
Dreamed wildly of some inner sea
Where life they had not lived might be**

**And searching for this wondrous place
Made maps and paintings of a face
With graceful curves of dried up streams
By which the sea drained from their dreams**

**And so in lost and lonely camps
They spoke their prayers and snuffed their lamps
Burke and Wills and Whiteley
Into the night of deepest blue**