

# Public submission

NAME REDACTED

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**Organisation:** *N/A*

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**Location:** *New South Wales*

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**Supporting materials uploaded:** *Attached overleaf*

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I've grown up in the timber industry and I'd like to submit a poem written by my sister around 40 years ago to show that the timber industries sustainability still lives on!

Hey, you and you and you and me,  
Would you like to know what happens to a tree.  
First they look at it then it gets a brand,  
To say it should go or be left to stand.  
Next comes the skill of the chainsaw man,  
cutting only the trees to suit the forestry plan.  
Off to the mill on the old log truck,  
Through the snow or rain, the dust or the muck.  
The bandsaw, the docker just to mention a few,  
Over the belt and stacked as timber so new.  
Off to the industries some pulp and some chipped,  
to be mashed up and mixed up and also some dipped.  
So now it's all finished with, let's have a look,  
We have houses, furniture, paper and books.  
Things we all use every day of our life,  
Without them there'd be nothing but confusion and strife.  
All businesses, teachers where would you be?  
Without all the products of our beautiful tree.  
Back to writing on blackboard, the teachers say no,  
It certainly seems like some trees must go.  
It wouldn't matter at all if we're all big or small,  
Or we live in the country or the city.  
A sad day it would be without our beautiful tree,  
Cause our bums would be smelly and gritty. Written by D.P