

# Lisa Plucknett

## Growing Old Disgracefully

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She's unconventional, the original prototype for irreverence and political incorrectness. If you offend easily, stop reading now and pick up a copy of the *Women's Weekly* instead; you are about to enter the world of the sassy and saucy Lisa Plucknett.



An accomplished violinist, Lisa was a member of the Red Hat Society



by JUDY FREDRIKSEN

Having known Lisa for over 20 years, I disregarded the protocols of cultural sensitivities and instead, packed my laughing gear and broad mindedness for this escapade which would be disguised as an interview.

Before I even sat down, Lisa greeted me by telling me how she was recently groped in Woolworths by an acquaintance who didn't believe this nonagenarian was not wearing a bra. She then told me how, after being asked for her opinion on that modern bane – AI – she set

the record straight with the inquirer: "Of course I know about AI, I was married to a dairy farmer for over 30 years. He did all his own artificial insemination!"

Of course humour, not ignorance, was intended, and make no mistake, as an accomplished poet buttressed by a sharp wit, Lisa possesses an impressive vocabulary that would have the most pompous minds of Oxford University diving for a dictionary. She says what she means, and means what she says.

Lisa grew up in suburban Brisbane, her ordinary childhood filtered by extraordinary influences. While her friends were playing with dolls, Lisa was playing with words and learning to play the violin.

"My father was a journalist. When he saw the Depression coming, he knew that people could not afford to buy newspapers, so he switched to working in the government. He worked in the Premier's Department, writing speeches for the Premier.

"I wrote my first poem when I was eight."

After writing her own version of the historical ballad, *Horatius at the Bridge* by Lord Thomas B Macaulay, Lisa's teacher told her mother she was clever, but she was also precocious and needed to be reined in. These days, that's called initiative!

"I started learning the violin when I was eight. My father believed in nudism, and while I was practising the violin, he was in the lounge, doing sit ups in the nude, with his feet hooked under his armchair. I could never understand why Dad wore clothes when my friends visited, but my mother said, 'Well, not everybody has a father who likes to exercise in the nude.'

"I was just there, it was all normal to me."

Poetry and violin have been two constant themes throughout Lisa's life. She went on to play first violin in two small orchestras in Brisbane and is a highly accomplished musician.

Also blessed with her father's talent with words, Lisa wanted to become a journalist.

"I got sent to Girls Grammar, and because I wanted to do a journalism course, I desperately wanted to do typing and shorthand. And the headmistress – she was an



Lisa at home in her garden



academic snob – said, 'I will not let any girl who has got a high scholarship pass do a typing course and pound a typewriter; she has to do an academic course.'

"So I did an academic course which was bloody useless. We could talk Latin and French, and what good did that do you? When I passed, I got a scholarship to Kelvin Grove (teacher's college).

"Always, in those days, school teachers had to retire when they got married. So my vision of a lady school teacher was an old bag, with black whiskers growing out of her chin and a bun on the back of her head, so I didn't fancy that at all.

"Instead, I did a commercial course at night and then I got office and secretarial jobs."

Although Lisa was disappointed about not becoming a journalist, she kept her mind stimulated by doing night courses in creative writing and Italian. She had a penchant for languages, adding German to her language skillset when



◀ Lisa and her husband Kevin in their garden

she married a German. He worked for a Norwegian company, so Lisa added Norwegian swear words to her repertoire.

Later in 1988, widowed and working as head of sales for a smallgoods company, Lisa came to Maleny for a conference. Like many others, she fell in love with the area and bought a property.

Initially, she commuted to Brisbane for work, and during this time she met local dairy farmer, Kevin Plucknett. The two fell in love and married in 1991. When Lisa retired, her new occupation became chief calf feeder – a role she relished.

Sadly Kevin passed away in 2022, but Lisa has never been one to remain idle. In the past decade, she has learnt to play the clarinet, piano accordion and ukulele. Like her father, she is an avid nudist, saying the practice is a good leveller – it's hard to be pretentious when you're wearing nothing but a Rolex watch.

She gardens, plays cards and prolifically churns out quirky and humorous poems. In fact, her fifth poetry collection – *Up the Garden Path* – will be published later in 2024 and as usual, no topic is sacred. Her acerbic rhymes will dissect politics, religion, human foibles, hypocrisies and annoying animals, all with insightfulness and honesty.

If you want a laugh, be sure to grab a book when it comes out. But if you don't see any irony or humour in Lisa's poems, you might just like to stick to knitting or sudoku.

Thank you Lisa Plucknett for being one of Maleny's extraordinary people! 🌻



Lisa played first violin for two orchestras in her youth



◀ Lisa feeding the calves after she married Kevin



# Wickedly waggish poetry

## Maleny poet's fifth book

By Sonia Isaacs

DELICIOUSLY wicked and roguishly witty, Lisa Plucknett is a sprightly superstar who embraces life with gusto and pluck.

Known for her infectious energy and spirited charm, Lisa continues to captivate audiences and defy expectations with her vivacious approach to life.

The Maleny based writer is now set to launch her fifth book of irreverent poetry, which showcases her still razor sharp wit, life observations and even the occasional offering of nonagenarian wisdom.

Her new book, 'In the bath and up the garden path' features 55 poems depicting Lisa's acerbic wit as she continues to gleefully share her romp through life.

'My fifth book of verse is

shared, and I invite people to enjoy my latest offering that covers a multitude of sins," Lisa laughed.

Chatting to GC&M News, Lisa said she had been drawn to expressing herself through poetry ever since she was a young child, and said she even recalled writing her very first poem, at aged eight.

She said to a certain degree, writing was in her blood.

"My father was a journalist with a daily newspaper, the Brisbane Telegraph and I was always fascinated by language and words," she said.

"I love the rhythm and rhyme of words and poetry, and words just constantly churn around in my brain.

"Poetry is a way for me to express what's in my mind, and if I can share my

### "My Last Request - Don't Look"

Dear God.....

Don't let me die in my sleep - dear Lord,  
'Cause I still like to sleep in the raw;  
God forbid the poor Ambos who find me,  
Fall in a heap on the floor.

Just give me a ten second bell - dear Lord,  
That I can crawl under the bed;  
Just find the jar with my dentures  
And pop them right back in my head.

And maybe I could find my caftan,  
And fumble until it is on;  
To share my spare tyre with the medics,  
Fear would be terribly wrong.

And if there is time, don my knickers,  
If I trip, I fall flat on my face;  
If the last sound I hear is a snicker,  
I'd look for a much nicer place.

And I'd like to go out with Kahlua,  
The last dregs I'd happily drain;  
To leave a few drops for a stranger,  
Would give me considerable pain.

And I don't need advice given freely,  
To sleep fully dressed with my teeth;  
I'll just leave a note on my pillow,  
"Look away! - If I die in my sleep."

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and frivolity, then why not!"

An avid gardener, musician and quick witted bon vivant, Lisa has lived in Maleny since 1989.

Her latest book of verse is dedicated to her late husband Kevin, who Lisa said was her best friend

and far sighted dairy farmer who filled her life with love and zest for 33 years.

In the past, Lisa's wit and prose has been compared to the poetry of British comedian Pam Ayres. Lisa's latest book of poetry joins her previous works that

Lament and other bits of wicked wit,' and the hilariously titled 'Return of the fruity old tart'.

The launch and 'christening' of Lisa's 'new baby' will take place at a private residence in Maleny on Sunday June 9 from

attend and celebrate with a gentle slurp of punch or cup of tea at 9 Curlew Court Maleny.

For more details contact Carole on 0414 373 734. 'Books available for cash purchase, and \$2 raffle with proceeds benefiting Maleny



Maleny poet Lisa Plucknett ready to launch her fifth book