

The Red Beast

The angry sun in the summer sky,
Threatening the ground so dry.

A tiny spark, the bushland alight,
Hoses in hand, ready for a fight.

The fire laughs, licking its lips,
Into the dry bushland it rips.

Trees like torches, burning bright,
The fire rages into the night.

Victory at last, but look at the cost,
Houses, trees and memories lost.

Standing side by side with those that fought,
Shocked at the terror the red beast brought.

