

Bushfire

The bush, then so peaceful and still,
Now consumed by sheets of amber and gold.
Birds have fled.
The eucalyptus blazing like torches
Running without feet
Climbing without hands
The gray smoke dances with the frenzied leaping
Pillars of flame, showering burgundy sparks
Blazing walls of fury
So like a hungry, ravaging beast
The bright tongues at work.
Trees burst into blinding flame
Sweeping though, and gone,
Leaving in its wake desolation.
Billows of smoke still embrace the gaunt,
Blackened trees.
The gray haze ascending,
The stench thick in the air.
Bushfire.