

DOROTHEA

Of droughts and flooding rains she wrote –
Such wisdom in that phrase
a cotton shirt and winter coat
for intermittent days.

The farmers east and west of here
are rounding up their sheep...
starvation not an option
yet the bullets don't come cheap

And farmers to our north just watch
their cattle floating past
the rivers spread across the land
unseasonal...and fast

In town we're spared that misery -
while farmers count their dead
igniting silent time bombs
ticking on within the head

A wind has blown the seeds away...
rain rots them in the mud
so either way the growers come
a cropping mighty thud

And while they have no farm to farm
good god, don't dare relax –
the government has threatened to
impose a crippling tax.

So Dorothea, most would say
your poem's such a gem -
for some this sunburnt country, though
just rips the guts from them.