

Fury of Fire

Towering tongues of fire,
leaping, roaring,
with unpredictable force and fury-
a thing unleashed from hell,
feeds on its own strength and intensity.
It envelopes and devours all in its path.
Showers of angry sparks-
demonic Lucifers carried on the wind,
ignite new and fearsome monsters.
Billowing, waves of grey acrid smoke
blind, choke and add to the terror.
Above the roar, comes the distant drone
of planes and helicopters-
The deluge unleashed seemingly futile,
against the marauding monster below.
Exhausted fire fighters, red eyed, covered in ash,
grapple with hoses and fire swatters.
Flee or perish in the inferno,
nothing can stop its ferocity.
Having unleashed its wrath, its rage spent,
the final flames flicker to smouldering embers.
The embers die.
Nothing, nothing remains
but a black ash strewn landscape.
Nature mourns her dead in an eerie shroud of silence.
Gone! The once verdant bush
alive with bird song and unique wildlife.
Gone! The brash suburbia, reduced to rubble.
Gone! The handsome homes that nestled in the bush.
Gone! The twinkling fairy lights
that charmed and delighted visiting throngs,
who now come to gape in horror.
Gone! The tinsel and Christmas trees, laden with gifts-
the warm and happy laughter of the season of goodwill.
Gone!
Nothing material remains.
But the resilience and goodwill of the human spirit,
rises out of the ruins.
With hope, love and kindness, it begins to build again-
while time heals the grief, the loss, the pain.