

Hope

A spark in the brush,
You hear the crackle first,
The acrid tang of smoke tinged air,
Creeps across the dry forest,
Heralding the arrival of the fire

Fear

It arrives, a hungry animal,
Jumping from tree to tree,
A crunch and the first tree has fallen,
A great oak, the first of many,
With a snarl it goes for the brush

Fear

Dry and crisped, cooked in the sun,
It rears up with a whoosh,
Like a snake it slithers across the ground,
All the while the smoke is rising, rising,
a dark cloud over the canopy

Fear

A newborn fawn stumbles through the leaves,
Once brown fur tinged with charcoal,
Pursued by the crackling fire,
Hungry, ever hungry,
The animal joins the stampede

Fear

Flashing lights, followed by screeching tyres,
A deep rumble releases a roar of silver,
Fire leaping skirting creeping,
Steam mixes with bitter, smoke tinged air,
Charred wood sighs as the fire is out

Fear

Dead leaves curled up,
Stumps like gravestones,
Blackened bushes,
Scorched, dry ground,
Nothing left

Fear

But a small seed,
Falls from far above,
Onto damp earth,
Many others follow,
Months later, a small green shoot

Hope.