

The Downpour 1 of 4**The Downpour**

We spot the storm clouds looming,

The sky turns thick and black,

Nature has taken our water

And she is about to give it back.

The Earth is dark, the horizon's flashing

In all directions the eye can see.

The wind picks up, prepare for a thrashing

The heavens issue a booming decree

At last it happens, the first drop hits

The cattle begin to flee

The tin roof echoes, then all at once,

The sky lets the water free.

Desperate looks change to childish grins

As the splatters grow closer apart

Small holes in the ground fill in patterns

As if nature's own form of art.

Dust plains are transformed into mud,

The creek bed begins to flow,

No sign of easing, no thought of slowing

The horizon continues to glow.

We have had our fill, we need no more,

But the rain is far from gone

We fear we may encounter trouble

If the downpour continues on.

For reasons unknown it's feast or famine,

The drought reprieves to flood,

But in eight months time, we know for certain

The dam's surface will be crusty mud

Lord only knows, the mixed emotion,

We needed this rain so bad

It's hard to believe, that fear is striking

You would think we ought to be glad.

To sleep is hard, the sky is booming,

The cattle are becoming distressed,

times like this are rarely witnessed

But we know it's for the best.

I can't remember the sound of silence,

The sensation has escaped my brain.

The wind is howling, a deafening scream

Like a bushfire's mightiest flame.

The morning has come, the sun is shining

The rain has gone away,

The paddocks are flooded, trees uprooted

The livestock are in a fray

But the ill-effects, shall not last long

A clean-up is at hand.

But I won't complain, because yesterday

Is part of life on the land.

The End

