

# Veld fire

*by* Kerry Johnston

The crackling inferno sweeps across the ground  
Devouring all in its scorching path  
Leaving behind the remains of once-long grasses, wild blooms and  
wilful weeds  
Stripping the earth bare to the bone  
And not once looking back  
Or feeling an ounce of remorse

Yet, all is not lost...

For once the smoky blanket has lifted  
And the winds have taken away that which is not anchored or  
determined to stay  
The rains will fall, quenching the thirst of this parched land  
The sun will stretch out its arms to warm and entice  
And new life will surface  
With a will to survive  
And bear fruit

