

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

