

I don't want it to be normal

I don't want it to be normal:

*To sit and cry among the charred and burnt-out wreckage of my home.
Or to feel guilty that my house survived, when theirs is on the ground.*

*I don't want it to be normal to have our town reduced to this,
To tend our trade under a tarp
Because our shops were burnt to crisp.
The beautiful old buildings that have stood for a hundred years.
They stood for things enduring; we mourn them with our tears.*

*I don't want it to be normal to shelter on the beach,
With sky all red with fire and fear.
Is Armageddon worse than this?*

*I don't want it to be normal to see my topsoil drift away.
I need it for my farming, for growing crops and hay.*

*And I don't want it to be normal - feeding stock just on and on,
And praying for the rain to come; this has gone on way too long.
And sadly, I'm remembering the stock
That did not survive the fire storm.*

*But they seem to want to tell us
To expect this sad new norm.*

How did it come to this?