

## **Black Sticks**

The Black Summer's gone; the rain has come;  
The fires finally quenched.  
The sky's now clear and we can breathe; no longer fear the stench  
Of fire smoke and burning bush that gives our guts a wrench.

Colours again -  
It's cool at last; the sky again is blue.  
The beauty of the bush that was savagely turned to black  
Is turning green again– it will come back.  
With red eucalypt tips.

But takes time.  
And many animals, insects and birds  
– we will never see again.

Life seems normal now for those who from the fires fled  
Back to Canberra, back to Sydney.  
But not so in the bush.  
Some people have lost their homes;  
their sheds;  
their businesses;  
And friends.

Although some of those burnt black fences are finally getting fixed,  
Some forests still look stark and bare,  
The standing trees - black sticks.

We hope we never ever, never and ever again,  
Have to live through all of that once more  
That fear; that loss; that pain.

But unless we change our ways, and soon,  
To stop heating up the Earth,  
Sadly, it is clear to me  
The same black fires will come again.

Unless we slow the climate's change,  
The same black fires will come again  
And leave behind -  
Black sticks.