

Boundless Beauty

Vast and empty, barren wasteland,
The little grass left, brown and tanned,
Rust red dirt, pluming underfoot,
Clouds of it, similar to soot.

Low lying shrubs, woody and sage green,
Spinifex grass, matted and thin as a bean,
Azure sky, stretching past the horizon,
The scorching sun, well and truly arisen.

High above, this searing ball of fire,
Leaves you feeling, about to expire,
The torrid heat, sapping and extreme,
Skin slicked with sweat, leaving a sheen.

Atop a jagged rock, resides a brown snake,
Absorbing the heat, content to sun bake,
Cicadas buzzing, a high-pitched whine,
The skeleton they shed, delicate and fine.

Dark clouds roll in, an arriving storm,
New life, now can be born,
Cracking and flashing, exploding with light,
Quenching the streams, every crevice in sight.

And as the sky clears, with dusk comes reprieve,
Burning sun in the sky, can now take its leave,
When stars are lustrous, the scene comes alive,
Bilbies and bandicoots, start to arrive.

After midnight comes sunrise, light slowly returns,
Sky streaked with orange, colours twisted and turned,
A new day now starting, the cycle rolls on,
Across the harsh landscape, boundless beauty beyond.