Fire Season's End

November fires in New South Wales, a nervous fire season to come,

A horror year, calls the CFA chief, we planned when to fight, where to run.

Now It's almost over, a band of rain is crossing the land with a storm,

But before rain cometh the wind, from the North, hard and warm.

Gentle burns that all night trickled on, now waken to life, smoke and light.

One last fire season finale, and the mountain may yet burn tonight.

Morning shows fire trucks in mournful wait, out of place in the pouring rain,

28 stayed all night to keep us safe, as they do again and again.

Whisps of smoke from dying fires interlace with clouds drifting white

We're safe but we were a wind-change away, from maybe worse than a fright.

The cool has come back to the mountains, with it's companion, the soft soaking rain.

And we can uncouple the fire tank from the farm ute again.

The fire danger sign points to low, at last, lets light up a fire and heat wine

For the fire season is over, our thanks Matt, lets drink to soaking rain!