



Your details

Mr

Title

First name

David

Last name

Bowling

Submission details

I am making this submission as

A primary producer

Submission type

I am making a personal submission

Consent to make submission public

I give my consent for this submission to be made public

Share your experience or tell your story

Terms of Reference (optional)

The Inquiry welcomes submissions that address the particular matters identified in its [Terms of Reference](#).

Supporting documents or images

Attach files

- Dave Bowling's poem.jpeg
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Ash Upon Ash

The Cocky looks up with a tear in his eye,
Nothing is falling only dust from the sky.
Drought is not new to this land downunder,
Away in the distance a rumble of thunder.
Another dry storm as it passes him by,
"God you've forgotten us" the cocky does cry.

Upon thick forest ranges a dark cloud appears,
What hope of rain becomes their worst fears.
For lightning struck a tree and blew it apart,
The first week in September a fire it did start.
Across mountain tops burning days and during
nights,
Looking spectacular like a great cities lights.

As the sun rises next morning a new day begins,
Only to see a hot blast of westerly winds.
It has given new life to the fire with the heat of the
sun,
Away with a dash towards the east as it runs.
Jumping from ground to tree tops up high,
Turning day into night as it blackens the sky.

Skipping across rivers in a single bound,
Nothing is safe that dwells on the ground.
The fire makes a storm with lighting flashing
down,
Sends everything scattering at the terrifying
sound.
Poor animals gone tortured and burnt,
Could take near a century before they return.

A change in the weather see's the beast slow
down,
Giving a chance to help save a town.
Houses amongst trees with flames licking walls,
Burnt to the ground leaving nothing at all.
Ones in the open stood the best chance,
Withstanding the fury of embers that dance.

Enormous toll to livestock sadly unsurpassed,
Nothing is left not a single blade of grass.
For days farmers and their wives have not rested,
With a display of courage their lives have been
tested.
Fences and outbuildings turned to ash and all
gone.
City people worry about the colour of their lawn.

While burying his dogs the farmer breaks down,
A deep scar to his soul will it come round.
Australia's farming history shows drought and
flood,
A nation fed by farmers through their sweat and
blood.
You sit in the city, think where can we eat,
The farmer's next meal is ash at his feet.

The fire rages on in the south with no glee,
It pushes folks out into the sea.
Houses are lost and Christmas holidays cut short,
For the ones that have perished please spare a
thought.
The drought and fire that have caused such a
strain,
Will only be stopped by lots of glorious rain.

Parks and forests no burn offs were done,
Creatures that live there had nowhere to run.
The greens have locked up forests from fire,
Won't take any blame when things are dire.
Because they believe the environments so crook,
Just look around at the wildlife they've cooked.

Don't blame the drought for these events,
Doesn't help families now living in tents.
Millions of dollars on fire trucks in a flurry,
Reduce the fuel load, save money and worry.
By New Year see's 4 million hectares burnt,
We can only hope a lesson's been learnt.

Ash upon Ash is all that one see's,
Bringing the bush down to its knees.

David Lindsay Bowling
Written during the 2019 bushfires