

FIRE ON GULAGA

Gazing from a lookout
Above a cheerless bay
Silver tide sedated
Shags lose noonday rays

Fishing boats are skulking
Waves lamely lap the shore
Gulaga is burning
Tragedy's afore

Grand old lady Gulaga
Where birthing spirits dwell
Rages like a furnace
In environmental hell

Fire roaring up to glory
Blocks out springtime sun
Mismanagement of forests
Is how it had begun

Birds and wildlife scatter
Nature's species die
Flames engulf the ridges
Earth's sweet spirits cry

Darkest day for Gulaga
In its eternal life
The carelessness of foresters
Cut through it like a knife

Peace and all its beauty
Lies blackened smouldering charred
Spirits are offended
Native legends scarred

A wanton act of terror
Less thought or common sense
Such offence of nature
Shall deliver consequence

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