

Title: Drought

Long burnt dry grass is what the lawn is now,
And poor Dad was forced to sell every sheep and cow.
I am scared. I am worried.
There is almost nothing left,
It looks like we've had a massive sheep theft.
The old dead trees will give anyone a scratch,
The only thing living is one sad lonely daisy in the veggie patch.
That is if you don't count the weeds,
We can't grow anything, not even with seeds.
We haven't had a bath for what seems like years,
We've only got enough to drink, and top up Dad's beers.
Our paddocks look like a mud baked plain,
Will it ever rain again?