

Speed Poets 8.8.

The Devil's Breath

Michael E. Stone

On the flight from Sydney to Melbourne
great swathes of burned land
blackened, shrivelled
by the Devil's breath.

People touched by that breath
could only talk of flames,
the worst since the 1880's,
incinerated cars and contents.

The flames, the great burn,
seared land and soul.

Settlers seemed temporary.