

THE SEASONS: THE WET.

So different here in this great southern land,
From the land of my grandmother's birth,
Where the mountains reached up to the sky
And snow often covered the Earth.

They had all the four seasons every year,
Spring, summer, winter and fall,
But we have only 'The Wet' and 'The Dry',
And evergreen trees covering all.

As September rolls into October each year,
And the heat starts to build every day,
The shimmering currents of humid, hot air
Clothe the western horizons so far away.

By November the air becomes humid,
And convection clouds roll in from the sea,
Swirling around and over our hill tops,
Bringing thunderheads roiling so free.

Storms sweep over the mountains from the west,
Lightning strikes set fire to forest and plain,
Showery curtains advance o'er the landscape,
Promising new life for all once again.

People are restless, expectancy ruling their lives,
Watching, waiting and praying for 'The Wet'
That they hope must surely come now,
While the old men smile, knowing the time has been set.

Then one night as everyone sleeps in verandah beds,
A cool wind sweeps swiftly towards them,
Curtains and blinds rattle and flap,
And the tin roof echoes with a melodic gem.

The rain plink plonks down gently at first,
As if testing that roof tops might fold,
But soon there's a wild rush of clatter and noise
As the wet season really takes hold.

Now it is truly 'Fair Dinkum'- with roaring of rain and wind,
The kids watch through the windows and wait
For a chance to get out there and play.
And ride boards along the gutters outside the gate.