Life in the dry,

Life in the Dry

The bonds we made,

To this land,

To this community,

When we were young,

Now keep us here,

For as long,

As we may live,

For we are just,

A small link in the chain

That keeps this country on its feet.

For then it comes,

Blessed and magical,

Healing our beloved land,

It pelts down with,

A thunderous boom, crash,

White streaking across the sky.

While the city folk,

Are bitter and mournful,

We’re beaming like the moon on a cool summers night,

Knowing we’re going to make it.

Drought controlled country.

Is a love, hate relationship,

All those who love,

Love forever,

Throughout all its downsides and deceptions,

We fight like a big fish caught on a sturdy line

Through the tough times,

Clenching our teeth,

Crossing our fingers,

In hope for the rain,

To heal.

Our dry, cracked land,

For the soft touch,

For the harmonious sound,

For the sweet look of the falling water,

Of the rain.

Is enough to save the lives,

Of not only our dear farmers,

But of all of us.

Through drought,

Through famine,

Through death.

We stick by,

We fight,

For the love of the land.

For there are too many,

Memories,

Stories,

And connections,

For us to leave,

Our beloved life without,

Any struggle,

We put our life

And our hearts,

On the line.

For our bond to the land is like a fish to its water,

