

Farming Though the Drought

The crops are stunted and dead,
No seeds for next season,
Hay didn't grow,
Hay sheds stand empty,
Machinery shed stand silent,
No grass on the ground,
No grain in silos,
No dew in mornings.
Thousands of acres,
All is just dirt, dirt and more dirt,
Sunburnt land as far as can see.
The land is dehydrated,
Gasping for moisture,
Water if only... one drop.

The cracks, spread across the land,
Get worse as each season passes,
Trees are skeletons
Looming in paddocks
Reminders of death around,
Why bother spending money
Fixing fences,
Nature is fighting
To get rid of us
Get back her land.

Severe lack of rain,
It's getting tough,
Nothing growing,
Except the cracks in the dam floor,
Evaporates each day,
Weeds are shriveling,
The rainfall doesn't come,
To answer our prayers,
Heavy clouds not gathering,
On horizon for many years,

Wind only blows,
To take topsoil away.

Poor starving animals,
Once strong and noble,
Award winning breeding stock,
Now just skin and bones,
No green feed to keep em strong,
No fresh water in dams to drink,
No trees for shade.
Young stock die,
Without mothers milk,
Older stock culled,
To save the rest,
Now once strong can't lift their heads,
Only relying on farmers feed outs,
We can't afford,
Prices for hay rise with demand,
All worthless the market,
Less money for bills,
As prices go down,
Income is NIL.
Banks still want their interest.

The lack of rain,
Getting harder,
Nothing growing,
Except the despair,
Despair of failure.
My mate from down the road,
Destroyed his starving stock,
Putting em out of misery,
His faithful work dogs next to go,
Before taking his own,
Impact destroying,
A family of a,
Wife,
Children,
Mother and father,

**Generations of farming,
Ending with the gun.**

**It's hard on the farm,
I had to let go of all my workers,
Was overdrawn and over mortgaged,
At the bank,
Couldn't pat em.
Now all work is done by me and my son,
Up early,
Workin late,
Comin home to a silent house.
The wife and young kids,
Moved to town,
She took a job,
At the local supermarket,
To put food on the table.
We need the help but...
Don't like to admit it.**

**The folks down south,
Are becoming aware of our troubles,
We hear of donations,
Fodders for our stock,
Basic needs for our families,
Trucks starting to head north,
Heartened be the kindness,
Lifting spirits,
We hope for seasons ahead,
To bring the rain,
Our prayers everyday,
Praying for ending this suffering.**

By Emily Jeffs