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Toodyay

Frances Macaulay Forde

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Toodyay *by Frances Macaulay Forde*

black ash still lay
where fire had licked
with devil tongues
across roadside gravel

a careless cigarette
city-slicker thrown
community fun day
re-enacting Moondyne Joe

quick fire prowled up
summer-dry gullies
stand of trees ridge
wind break - not fire-breaker

no escape allowed
as bright yellow jackets
smother white foam
contain the bush fire danger

gumtree pale striped
old bark peeled back
green growth beauty
black trees juxtaposed

fresh life canopies
halt dieback spores
spiked hair sprouts
thousand years and counting

Frances Macaulay Forde - As the host of Poets Corner @ Pages Cafe for three years, Frances focused on more than sixty poets who generously shared their words. Lately, her focus has shifted back to her own poetry and short stories written during fourteen inspiring months in Ireland and features for the big screen.