Little River

A little river weaves its way through endless plains
Trying to find a safe place
For the harsh sun beats down and breaks the rough ground with its fiery fist
The river runs until it can no longer evade the blazing death it knows awaits it
The flaming fever claims the ribbon of water until it too is just dry and cracked earth

And as the heat ripples above the scorched ground like a fatal fantasy
The sky above darkens as the unforgiving light recedes,
And gloomy clouds of hope are born,
The tears start to fall slowly but become urgent until they are pounding the earth,
The fractures that have split the ground are struck and moulded until the land is whole again

But as the refreshing refuge of rain permeates the air,
The downpour does not relent and begins to submerge the freshly quenched land,
The water rises and sweeps away both the innocent and the guilty
And when it seems that nothing will remain
The raging storm becomes a calm and soft drizzle
And the little river returns and finds its way to the safety of the sea

And as the sky morphs from grey t blue the ocean does too.
The constant billow follows the endless blue like a lamb trails his shepherd
And the waves crash viciously against the land
Which proudly stands tall throughout
But despite this the salty swells protect the young country
Like a loyal subject defends his king.