

Flaming Fools

I found the key to the barn. I found the car-keys too.
I found some beads she used to wear and one pink high-heeled shoe.
The dog-house was still standing and the budgie-cage swung there
But her garden, her home and her heartbeat were burned and black and bare.

The barn was where we used to meet on many a moonlit night
What dreams we shared, emotions flared and passions all took flight
Her hair was long and fine and soft, her smile so sweet and cheerful -
How to believe she's really gone amidst those flames so fearful?

I'll keep the key to that barn. I'll frame it one day soon.
I'll paint it gold and look at it whenever there's full moon
And remember my sweet Madeleine, our plans, our grand ideas
We weren't aware of dangers then – of wild red bushfire fears.

There's no barn now, no trees, no car, no home, no bird, no dog
No Madeleine, no family, just one last smouldering log.
How senseless are those arsonists! How cruel to take the best -
Those furtive, careless, faceless fools on their flaming quest.



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