Demon Cleaners

By Grant Tucker

--To our brothers and sisters on the fireline--
From the Aussies

It starts with lightning and a huge roar
as heaven strikes earth with the hammer of Thor

The south wind blows hard and pushes the flames
across the mountains and into the plains

The devil does run fast, much faster than man
the firefighters work hard and do what they can

The sun sets, the dew settles, the temperature drops
time to surround it or it will not stop

As night falls the flames die, but embers still glow
like a city for one night, only firefighters will know

The dawn brings a new land, a kingdom of black
a vast ocean of ashes where ancient timber was stacked

An air filled with smoke haze and ghosts of old logs
crisscross the landscape between the bare rocks

The demon has been cleaned, the fire is now gone
a moment of still silence and then life goes on