

Poem

A traditional man
In his prime
Would set the bush
And burn on time

The land is ready
For the next of kin
To rejuvenate the land
For when the wet sets in

Clouds are gathering
In the sky
See in the distance
And you can see why

Rain is coming
From all around
The windy breeze
Blows through the trees

Thunder and lightning
Are getting louder and stronger
If you're not ready
It can give you a scare

Pita pata pita pata
The rain is about to appear
Get ready for the wet
As the rain is finally here!

Until next time
It will all begin
When a tribal man
Burns on time again