

FRIDAY OCTOBER 31st 1966

The sky is shred of grey and brown.
Crimson berries, tossed by the breeze
From slender branches tumble down
Where raindrops scatter from the trees.
In rain-soaked grass the dead leaves glow,
And brilliant brambles gleam beside,
While ranks of bracken, row on row,
March gold and glowing as they died.

Hand of miners delve and grope
Into the mire of sickening slime.
Stunned with sorrow and dying hope,
With desperate strength search in the grime.
And still the anguished mothers hear
Those high young voices cry in pain,
Their dying children full of fear,
They see that awful sight again.

But here we speed along the road
With tingling cheeks and racing blood
To see what wreck the rains have done,
To hold our breath, and view the flood.
We see the current's angry fume,
And hear the smack of swelling surge
Flinging aside the yellow spume
As frenzied waters meet and merge.

Another tiny corpse is found,
In blankets wrapped and gently laid
Upon the stretcher. Tiny mound
That once was life that laughed and played..
Fathers searching through the slime
Reveal a tiny hand held high
As if to say, "Please give me time.
I am a child. Don't let me die".