

## 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