



# Christmas on the Edge

The stock are standing in the dam  
Up to their knees in mud,  
There's not a drop of rain in sight  
To cool our boiling blood.

The waterbombers overhead,  
Wheel and swoop and dive,  
Doing all they can to keep  
Our fading hopes alive.

Out on the dusty Murray Plains  
The Northerlies own the day,  
While precious top-soil dims the sun  
To settle far away.

In homestead gardens, things are tough,  
Despite the sweat and toil,  
There's not one thing that can replace  
The moisture in the soil.

It's another testing Summer  
As the year's end rolls around,  
After another no-rain Winter  
Has seared and parched the ground.

But still the gift of Christmas Joy  
Promises sweet relief,  
And the prospect of new blessings  
To restore hope, and belief.

Peter, The Peripatetic Poet - 2019

Can be sung to the tune of 'It Came Upon the Midnight Clear'.

