

The Firetruck: Leonie Flemons

A siren could be heard, loud and clear
in the night air.

Don't tell me that's the fire truck
Announcing its arrival

After all, I had only dialled 000
-my TV had started crackling,
Smoke started pouring out of the top -
hadn't meant to cause a fuss.

Three rugged fireman, or was it four
Alighted from the truck,
Looking the part in their very impressive gear.

Profuse apologies from me -
hadn't meant to cause so much trouble.
They assured that this is what we're for,
as they entered the smoke-filled room,
and removed the offending TV outside.

They checked the danger had passed,
Opened the stuck kitchen window,
and departed; that is, after
the smoke started to dissipate

Meanwhile, a small company from
the building had gathered
nice to see them all and have a chat out there.
Dale said: 'You should have called me',
He's a tradie - good, kind, fellow

Con was out there with his tiny son, Jonathan
It's a bit late for him to be out of bed,' I said.
He wouldn't have missed the fire truck said Con
He loves fire trucks

It was comforting to know that somebody else
had been thrilled at the sight of the giant Fire truck
Maybe it was all worthwhile after all.

So son, I'm sorry about the fire truck- and your TV

ck: Leone Flemens