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| My name is Mona Farr. Excuse my voice, but I’m 101 years old. When I was in my late teens I wrote a poem, ‘The 1919 Fire’, which swept through the Otway Ranges when I was ten years old. Through suffocating smoke and heatWe struggled to draw breathAnd some while fighting for their homesWere trapped and burned to death.Though the odds were greatAll they had they gaveBattling for all they were worthAnd many will carry the scars to their graveOf that terrible hell on earth.Now the ranges are all green againBlooming brightly in the springAnd amongst the slender saplingsThe wild birds nest and sing.But the swaying golden wattleAnd the scent of sweet briarCan never teach us to forgetThe 1919 fire. |