

Zinnias

This year, before his birth

they will grow zinnias.

Tiny arrow seeds, plonked

in fingernail holes of earth

beside the old water tank.

Protected of course –

but with full sun.

In the morning,

they will rouse, thirsty

and still, she will make them wait

for her twin tub cycle

to express its milky water

and soak their barren bed.

In a matter of days there will be

those first signs of life.

Microscopic, new and green

sprinkling the soils surface

like Dollar 5's on a chocolate cake.

With attention, in weeks

pompom heads will rise up

on spindly legs,

purple, scarlet, rose, another colour

peacefully protesting the drought.

With no crops to show

this year, they will reap a rainbow.