

No Sun

One day, the sun ran out.
At first it was just night, but then
the cold got colder.
Cars struggled through the snow.
The sea froze over.

Supplies ran low, then out.
We huddled round wood fires.
The stars flickered like a weak joke.
There was no moonlight. Most plants
and animals died. Rats survived.

We survived because we
lived in Rotorua.
Our boiling hot pools saved the day.
I mean the night.
I'm writing this by candlelight.

James Brown



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by James Brown

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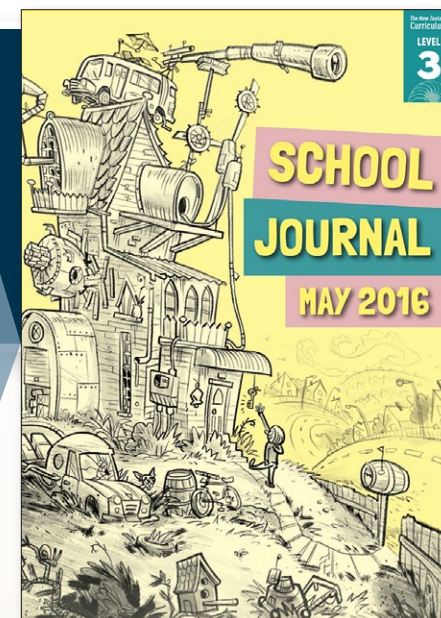
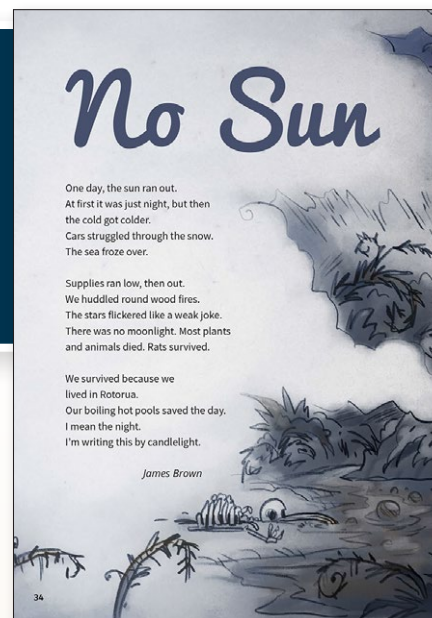
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