

Volcano poems

Eruption

Rumbling and gurgling in the mountain
Pressure builds and looks for release
Smoke covering the summit
The volcano erupts
Flames reach for the sky
Houses threatened
Lava flows
Hot ash
Burns

A Fire Deep Down

A fire deep down blazes in Earth's belly,
Slowly flowing like an unset jelly.
The river of white-hot liquid bubbles,
A certain sign of forthcoming troubles.
Earth is stirring, waking gradually,
Spitting, sparking and snarling angrily.
Fire bursts ferociously from a crater,
The heat becomes fiercer, the flames greater.
Hot lava creeps down the mountainside,
There's nowhere to run and nowhere to hide.
Destroying everything in its path,
A volcano's temper is full of wrath.
A bad place to be is somewhere below
An erupting, still active volcano.

Like a Volcano

Like a boiling kettle,
Like a fire-breathing dragon,
Like sticky treacle sliding from a spoon,
Like the devil's furnace,
Like a witch's cauldron,
Like chimneys of the Earth.

Volcano

Pressure builds within,
Molten magma flowing hot,
Lava spurting forth.



Rumble. Roar. Grumble.
Boom. Bubble. Mumble.
Gurgle. Crunch. Bang.
Crackle. Sizzle. Splutter.

Active.
Erupts often.
Pressure builds.
The cracks appear.
Flames claw at the air,
Reaching clouds overhead.
Boiling, crimson lava trickling
On a course towards destruction.
Unstoppable molten rock. A slow flow.
Plants and trees sizzle, reduced to charcoal.
Like a used match. Clouds of smoke and steam.
A landscape of damage. A bombsite. A war zone.
Dormant: inactive but not extinct. A threat of violence.
A warning to the world. An advancing wall of intense heat.
A landscape changed forever. Extinct: never likely to erupt again.

