

SAFE FROM THE STORM

A storm is coming. I can hear her roar.
The wind is whipping the waves onto shore:
churning and curling and spitting white foam,
as the squealing children start racing for home.

Storms don't scare me as much as they did
when I scrambled and scurried inside as a kid-
afraid of the lightening, afraid of the sound,
afraid of the fierce winds and the endless pound.

No, today I'll just stay here and welcome this storm.
Raindrops start falling – it's cold - then it's warm.
The wind's round my head like a Beethoven symphony,
A crashing, crescendo-ing, relentless cacophony.

I love it – I open myself to welcome her wrath.
I'm safe in the sand like a calm in her path.
Whatever gets churned up – the dirt and debris,
are cleansed by the storm
and are cleansed from me.

And if, perhaps, some thunder comes near,
and I think I'm in danger, I'll pack up my gear.
I'll gather myself and hurry inside
To be safe from the storm and the rising tide.