

Summer Storm

starts with a whisper
wind whistling eagerly
leaves rustle restlessly
air becomes tense
temperature drops
goosebumps form

Gentle pattering begins
water drips, drops
rata-tat-tat on shingles
cement ripples

Rattling chattering debate begins
rain quarrels with trees and wind
demanding to be heard
begging a response

All the elements implore
pleading their case
wind howls, rain pounds
air buzzes, trees lunge

Searing light appears
clouds moan
new voice enters
booming, shouting

Such cacophony
this terrible tumult
bickering, battling, brawling
not a moment ceasing

Each becomes frustrated
they forsake the others
storming off alone
sulking in the night

Watching each one leave
a silent bystander
staring on in awe
reeling in revelation
just think
a whisper started it all

Swinging

back

Everything is warm

forth

My hair, my skin, the air

back

Rectangle seat against my bottom

forth

back

Chain creaks

forth

two different voices

back

Metal links press against my palms

forth

back

Eyes closed

forth

World dark red

back

Air whooshes past my ears

forth

Tendrils of hair brush my face

back

Feels like I'm flying

forth

back

Falling – rising

forth

I am airborne

back

But only for a moment

forth

Back

Too much heat

forth

Too much movement

Back

forth

Back

forth

Feet scrape across gravel

Airborne one last time

I land in a cloud of dust.