

## AMIDST THE STORM

i can see the stormcloud  
plain as day

in the distance  
i see the rain  
the storm descending  
in torrents of water  
lightning strikes  
a distant boom  
a rolling thunder

on the periphery of the stormcloud  
are white clouds and a blue sky  
as if the storm itself  
is embraced by heaven

is the storm coming our way?  
should we batten down the hatches?

look, to the east, our neighbors  
are packing up  
for they have decided  
to leave this place

others are covering dry wood  
with an old tarp  
hoping to ride out the storm

and me?  
i listen  
i listen to the rolling thunder  
the sound of what is to come

i pray  
i pray for those who are reign'd upon  
for those forever altered by precise strikes  
for soon enough, we all face the same fate

i welcome  
i welcome the thunder beings

and offer them my willingness  
to gawk at the magnitude  
of their imagined power

i smile  
i smile at the birds  
who continue to chirp  
their symphony of gratitude  
to delight in being alive

i witness  
i witness the majesty  
that is our mother, our home  
and i am struck by  
the beauty of her creation

And, i love  
i love the gift of loving  
of communion  
of loving with my whole heart  
my whole being

my wholehearted being  
loving the world  
exactly as it is  
exactly as we are  
despite the raging storm

for no matter the weather  
the sun shines the same brightness  
each and every day

i turn my face heavenward  
seeking solace in the light i know is there