

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 reigned 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