

Love of Storms

lovely are the storms
In their magnificence and maleficence
The droning rain and the rolling thunder
Coming together to form a symphony
Joined by the singing sleet
And the harmonious hail
While the mind plays a melody

Lonely is the absent
Rushing through the storm
Or coming nowhere near
Not listening to the wonderful music
Nor taking in the beauty

Curious is the wanderer
Who takes in the storm
As the storm has taken them in
Their mind being swoon by the music
Swaying their thoughts and emotions

But alas it must end
For better or for worse
The beginning and the end
Of a wonderful arrangement
With the most delightful
and distressing songs
All part of the storm

Exeunt Storm.

Revision #1

Created 2025-11-26 06:36:43 UTC by Admin

Updated 2025-11-26 06:36:43 UTC by Admin