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The Tempest

Lynn Holman

Grand Valley State University

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THE TEMPEST

A dark horizon unfurls the sky.
Air is queerly silent.
The earth is painted with orange-grey hues.
Gales approach violently.
People take refuge. Get those children inside!

Windows locked and secured.
Prayers whispered in dark corners.
This storm, God, let be endured.
For but a moment, Nature takes power.
Winds blow endlessly with force.

Rain and thunder echo relentlessly,
Show no remorse.
Struck by a bolt, trees snap at the root.
The Tempest reaches its crest.
Then slowly silence returns.

All is over. The storm is at rest.
Clouds make room for rays to peep through.
Raindrops trinkle off leaves.
Tamed wind replaces boisterous gusts.
The Tempest now recedes.

Lynn Holman