



## Summer Storm

Lightening flashing, slashing, bashing  
against sleeping eyelids

Klieg lights turned on to spotlight  
the action.

Thunder crashing, thrashing, bashing  
against slumbering eardrums

Arousing those ignoring the call to watch whatever is at work.

Wind howling, scowling, prowling against the window

Demanding attention to awesome power unleashed.

Midnight bright as noon-day

Midnight noisy as recessed kids at play

Adolescent trees bow in obeisance

Ancient trees resist in vain

Limbs thrown across the way like sticks in the hands of a giant playing catch  
and fetch with his dog

Tempestuous teenager ripping off rooftops

Swiping them off with the flick of his wrist

Tramping through the night

Stomping up a storm, and

Then retreating off stage until enraged again.

Or, is it God reminding us Who's really in charge?

By Anna J. Small Roseboro, May 2011