

“Storm”

The hour where the sun is so rich
and the night is so soon.
the grass is dancing until the night falls
the glass gleams and makes a rainbow
the food on your plate smiles as the hour ends

The unsteady windmill
shivers in the cold dark night.
the lightning and thunder rock the earth
the rain rips at your coat with no success
the wind blows your hair to one side

You are in the midst of a blustering storm.

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“Storm” by Tessa Pruden – The Children’s School, Oak Park