

“Nature’s Windchime” by Kira Dolph, Libertyville

Nature’s Windchime

Clouds swarm the sky,
Choking the sun,
Squeeze, squeeze, squeezing it into a small blob until it vanishes.

Lightning cracks the sky in two,
Glowing a sharp white,
Splitting the air like a kitchen knife.

Rain drip, drip, drops down my car window,
Freckling the glass for mere seconds,
before jetting across the shield,
And then pushed off with guardian wipers.

Tall buildings, black and gloomy,
Fading into the rain,
Fog lassoing the structures,
Mist purring at their feet.

Roots latch on to the soil,
As a gust of wind tugs at the trunk,
Failing to pry the tree from its underground scalp.

Puddles create mirrors for the storm to double,
Trampled upon by wheels,
And shined on by headlights.

Thunder boom, boom, booming,
Bouncing off the slanting water droplets,
Careening through the air.

Hair wet like a mop just submerged in a cleaning product,
Shivering bodies huddled underneath plastic umbrellas.

Water *tinks* at my shingles and trickles through the gutters,
Running in a race like a waterslide.

The heavy racket outside,
Slick streets,

Damp grass,
Soaked jackets,
Whistling wind,
Tapping droplets,
Flapping leaves,
And flashing lightning,
Give a peaceful harmony to the earth.
It is nature's windchime.