

# Lightning

by Dana Kirwin

THUNDER CLAPS (BANG)

The florescent lights in the hallway flicker

Like candles in the wind

I hide under my cotton blanket

Like a cub in its den, scared of the thunderstorm

The tremendous storm at its peak

The last rumble is quite faint in the distance

As if the storm was giving a last roar

Knowing it had lost the battle

To defeat the sun's mighty rays, once more

I peer out from beneath the safety of my cozy covers

And listen, captivated by the music

That's sweet with cheerful emotion

Coming from the tiny beaks of the birds outside

My bedroom window singing their songs of happiness

As if they had thought the world was going to end

But the storm is over and done with

And the world's refreshed and new

So there is no need to worry until

The next storm begins to brew