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