

# The Tempest

By Lisa Hains Barker

The angry noise, the howling wind,  
The fearful, growing dissonance—  
As thund'ring waves meet thund'ring sky,  
A full-fledged storm is coming on.

Against the gale my pleas are lost . . .  
Blown . . . scattered. Is there none to save?  
No quieting? Thou carest not  
If I fall prey to roiling wave?

But by the Father set apart,  
My echoed cries He hears, He wakes;  
And graciously with patience starts  
To still the tempest in my heart.

*The author lives in Colorado, USA.*

