



## STORM

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The pitter-patter of rain  
Falling to the ground  
Wetting my hair  
Bringing joy to my soul  
Cleansing the earth.

Lightning flashes  
Thunder booms  
Bringing fear to some  
Exhilaration to others  
Music to my ears.

The storm slows  
Then fades away  
A fresh smell  
Fills the land  
A stripe of colors  
Lights the sky.

The colors will fade  
The smell covered  
Till the rain comes again  
To make the earth  
Clean again.