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Story of a Storm

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PAINTING Vivian Qian

STORY OF A STORM

Bethany Rose

Barefoot in a puddle.
Lightening flashes across the sky.
Then suddenly you're looking at the storm through heaven's eyes.
The air is crisp and clean; the rain is long since gone.
The clouds part and the sun shines through,
The entire world has been made new.
Storms.
So beautiful, so very strong.
Their sound is relaxing, like a deep summer song.
With every flash the thunder rolls,
With every boom the mood takes hold.
The restless power of a beautiful storm,
With the end of a rainbow so peaceful and warm.
Just like people who are down and depressed,
In the end the storm parts to the sun's kind caress.