

The Storm

It was a colorless rainbow,
Arms lashing out,

Teasing,
 Touching,
Tearing...

Whatever He could reach.

The unmasked swamp-thing was violently, and frighteningly beautiful.

The swirling swamp of no color was surrounded by the unseen, unknown, and the unexpected.
Water, flushing, floating, flooding the Earth and the Air.

Teeming,
 Tailoring,
Cleansing,
 Creating,
Eroding,
 Erasing...

At dawn, rocky, and hot mountains of waves swirled violently,
And in the palm of His hand,
Lie a tiny tribal man.

The torrents begin to expire,
His rumbling, roaring, rain shattered stone,
Sloughed off shards, scattering the remains.
Creating a Godly masterpiece.

In His anger, the roaring worsens,
Thumping,
 Thrashing,
Pounding...
Trumpeting His terrifying, deafening call.

Calming to whispers, mumbling, babbling,
Among the shadows, hints of His enormous, booming voice breaks through the silence.

Suddenly, defiantly, boasting a rattling, resonating roar, a reminder of the wrath, and regal power.

Finally, bands of Light, of Life,
Break through the silence.

Beaming upon the New Earth,
Creating iridescent prisms, allowing sapient recollection.

He finally resigns his rage to the promise of new Life, among a growing world.

—Amy Plough