

## Summer Storm

Whisps of white gossamer slowly drift apart  
Revealing the summer blue sky  
But as the sun warms the day  
New clouds start to build and billow  
Pale dove grey turns to pewter  
The air is heavy with unspoken threat  
A storm is coming

Like elephants walking the rumbling begins  
Now and then brilliant flashes pierce the clouds  
They are heavy with rain now  
And as it falls to the thirsty ground  
The air clears  
The clouds are clean again

Jan Rees June 2025