

## SPRING STORM

Bright, sunny, warm spring days

Gave way to dark, damp, blustery gusts;

Storm clouds built from the spring heat;

Sunlight faded behind the clouds;

Thunder and lightening pierced the night,

And my tears formed rain falling down.

Sadness engulfed me like freshly plowed fields soaking in the rain,

As I was swallowed up by the oozing, black mire

My broken spirit began to ferment

Within the fertile furrowed ground,

And seeded in me, a disquieted prey

Feelings of worthlessness, shame, and guilt.

As with any spring storm when it has been spent,

Bright, sunny skies did return;

Warm, gentle breezes erased the tears,

While fields where earlier planting was done

Nurtured and calmed my dispirited soul,

And yielded forth seedlings of serenity and hope.

I weathered the intense fury of the storm;

My tender roots held in the saturated soil

As they tapped into an inner strength

Where deeper roots had begun to grow;

Comfort filled my soul in the firm ground

While I was held up like a sturdy plantation oak.

Marie Lowe

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