Thunderstorms

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First Place, High School Poetry

Dear Friend,

I imagine you in lush green meadows Strolling under floating clouds Peaceful and serene.

Then, you turn to hear the thunder Fierce and frightening
The storm rolls in
Shooting lightening
Flashes left and right
With no particular care
At random it chooses
What lives and what dies
Rains pour and winds blow
Howling through the black night.

Chances grow slim
That anything will survive
Red flames of hatred rage
And ravage the land
For days, months, years
And tomorrow seems
No different than yesterday.

Friend, because of you,
A ray of light
Creeps from behind the clouds
Hope for the better
Faith must never cease
Or there is no use
I witness by you
Only determination conquers storms.