

Thunder

Thunder crawls across the sky, and the valley is speaking...the rumbling depths, seemingly voiced from the hills and down, as a soundbox, the valley resonates and heaves with depth. The air is thick and round with humid spirit, pregnant and languishing, turgid and overfull, waiting. I can sense her mood, the sky is double grey, clouds sneaking, then stealing the sun's heat, now but sticky damp promise surrounds... heavy and warm with damp hope. How like this earth I am, and this sky, so turgid and filled with feeling, my pain and thick hopes, stirred into voluptuous grey, moody and turgid, waiting to spill. Soon, the first drops pat their dappled rhythm upon my thin roof of cloth, as my skin, and I can hear, and feel her spirit, begin to pour out, then, more, and still more, until she is no longer a promise, and finds the earth ready, to receive her. For we all do pour our pregnant cloud, upon this world, and do nourish her. Oh...how like a thunderstorm am I! My rage cooled in a spattering of tears. Spent and spending itself, unthinking and gracious is her heart...once burst! For all the earth, is living, and this world, is but spirit...feeling and drops of silver-clear blood, heaven's tears and struck light in a shattered sky. Roiling and turgid is this world, round and wanton are her drops, and sweetly blind is her fury, as lightning cleaves darkness. And once spent, the earth is quiet, nourished, tattered...and sweet. So does she love us. Oh...How like a thunderstorm am I! For this world, is filled, with spirit. — © Rich Norman