

# STORM

*Leona Choy*

Fierce, driving rain  
lashing my window pane  
slashing at house and tree  
frightening me with thunder  
and flashes, fanfare of power  
awesome to see.

Then sudden peace... torrents cease  
rumble is distant, maelstrom muffled  
whispering breeze calms my world  
a hawk circles silently in slow motion  
mini-birds chirp carefree joy  
to the rhythmic accompaniment  
of the dripping downspout.

My inward storm, too, is not  
a destructive holocaust  
it is Your drama, Lord  
Your grand production staged  
to teach me Your perfect ways.

Nature's storm is over  
and so is mine. Time for applause  
time to open the window  
breathe the bracing freshness  
time to lift my face and revel  
in lingering raindrops caressing  
my cheek, washing my tears.

Yes, it's time to remember  
Your tender mercies, Lord  
Your unfailing love  
as sun breaks forth  
warming my inner chill  
and a rainbow crescents  
the indigo sky anchoring to a hill  
faraway while I worship You, Lord  
for Your majestic display  
in Your created world and intimately  
in the deep recesses of my heart.



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