

The Storm

It was quite the boring day, is what I would say.

Clouds filled the sky not a single sun ray.

Nobody outside, but what would surprise.

A thing that turned red boiling with dread, were the oh so angry skies.

Oh so angry, they hissed, they spat at me.

I went into the kitchen, I pickled up my mittens to get my very hot tea.

It was then the skies became dark as a herd of black sheep.

The clouds scurried my way and they started to weep.

They were like babies being loud and crazy, and their tears making a sea.

When their tantrum was done, it ended with a thump.

And the clouds cowered away, it looked like they finally retired.

The weather was clear, and once more here was the sun I longed to see.