



STORM

By Wayne Visser

Vapour clashes in the vortex
Like brewing broth in caldron black
Lightning lashes the horizon
Like splintered shards of broken sky
Thunder crashes through the silence
Like devilled drums of godly war
Sheet-rain splashes in the mud-dust
Like horses hooves on battle ground
Sunlight flashes through the storm-veil
Like soothing spells to tame the waves
Sodden ashes quench the spirit
Like phoenix flames that rise on wing

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