

The Electric Storm

A dark and vile cloud
rumbling, rolling, crashing-
a low-pitched CLAP!
HISS! PZZZTT!
Lightning splitting the ground!
Rain falling, quickly PITTER-PATTERING
on the shiny glass window.
Wind whistling in the light of the full moon,
like wolves HOOOOWWLLING or
ghosts scarily whispering.
Tree leaves flutter, rustle, fall in the wind-
CRINKLE, CRANKLE!
But wait.
A faint twinkle of light in the distance.
The dark clouds rumble and roll away.
Leaves stop falling and crinkle-crinkling.
The downpour of rain ceases.
It's dawn!
Cold and fluffy birds tweeting,
puddles of water in the backyard-
the storm is past.