STORM

By: Roger Willey

Cinching up his scarf,

he waited for her to blow

down the door;

Pondering on how he used

to know better than to fall

in love with a girl with

lightning in her eyes

and thunder in her whispers.

But as of late, he had grown

reckless, curious, carefree.

The windows frosted at their corners,

spreading icy spiderwebs across

the panes. Clouds ballooned,

spitting rain that hammered

on the tin roof. He squeaked:

“What a marvelous adventure

this will be.”