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## The Storms of Life

Gracie Hamman

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## The Storms of Life

Gracie Hamman

Over the rolling hills she glanced with an open heart  
waiting for an answer—waiting for everything else to disappear.  
The stormy skies took up her view from the edge of the porch to the plateau  
where she so desperately wanted to be.  
Distant echoes of crashing waves filled her ears,  
leaving her deaf to the laughter of the children playing in the streets.  
Fog overcame the hills and lightning cracked louder than thunder  
blocking out every precious thought within her.  
She felt each teardrop as the sky sobbed onto the land below  
Turning the dead ground into a sea of mud—an ocean of bitterness.

Overhead the clouds turned black  
blocking out every speck of sunlight, casting shadows across the earth.  
Green overtook the sky and winds grew stronger,  
knocking over every tree in sight.  
Leaves flew around the house as the eye of the tornado landed  
picking up anything it could find.  
To run would be absurd with the end so near,  
creating fear deep within  
as she realized that all of this chaos came out of her.  
She painted the storm with the darkness she held like a lifeline  
keeping her from pain.

Her eyes squeezed shut, prepared to accept the fate that never came.  
She relaxed more with every minute that passed.  
One ray after another appeared as the sky yawned awake,  
letting peace wash over her and leaving a new warmth instead of hate.  
Trees were standing strong, and the hills were clear as day,  
peering through the clearing fog wondering what dream had taken over.

*I thank you for another day saved from myself  
Destroying every item in my path, including my own heart.*