

Lashed By Storm

Fen

Flayed by the driving rain, of black clouds scud across the sky
,
The world roars with rage and the very ground trembles.
I watch as lightening spears the darkness,
The stark outline of the trees stripped bare by winters ravaging
chill.

Wind screams, cutting the knives of sharpened frost,
As I raise my arms to embrace the assault,
All that lives cowers in the shadow of elemental wrath,
Yet I stand and roar my challenge to the maelstrom.

Mountains rear in the darkness,
Colossal megaliths of malediction's promise,
Looming, immense, all knowing,
Stoic against the fury of the storm.

The raging tempest shrieks of hatred,
Bunched clouds toil with the need to destroy,
But I will remain unmoved in the face of the assault.
I welcome the pain of nature's vengeance.
Eyes clenched shut,
The freezing wind and stinging waters
Fear my skin and slake the thirst in my yearning soul,
Never have I felt so alive,
Every nerve tingles, every sense razor-keen,

This frail, thin, stooped prison of flesh,
Punished and invigorated.

Crushed into the sodden earth.

And therein will remain forever.