

The View Inside a Storm

No perspective is stormier than within the waves
Soaring birds looking peaceful, those the wind saves
Though salt stings my eyes and the wind burns my face
I always want to be back in the harrowing place
How scary it is from inside the chop
Though it is fear, I beg it not stop
For the sky is so much more golden
When the seas break apart
Too much to hold in
The earth's beating heart

The sky bedecked with silver
Gold lines each hem
Of each cloudy sliver
When you stop to gaze at them
And the ceiling is almost dark
Obsidian's quick to arrive
But then the water's looking stark
Underneath shrouded skies
I wish the storm would forever be
In that state of grace
Right between the fiercest rage
And a later broken place
Because after the last great swell of sea
Has hit this beaten shore
The waves will cease and the wind will ease
And all downed birds will soar