

VIOLENT WINDS HIT THE LAKE HARD

Violent winds hit the lake hard. All day.
Trees sway drunkenly.
Birds hang up their wings.

And a large crowd of indifferent clouds
jostling one another to gawk at
angry winds and waves bullying

the trembling boat docks
whose stiff fingers are gripping
onto the shore and don't let go.

Unsettled. The lake grimaces
as it watches.
When will calm water

and sunshine return? When will
its watchful eye behold
a better world?

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