

**Thunderstorm**  
**By Hadasa Deakin**

The crash of the waves against the rocks, the clap of rolling thunder,  
The ocean's breeze now crisp and cold with lightning's downward plunder.  
Blackened clouds billowing overhead above the peaceful shore,  
Rain streaming down from the sky – until all is silent once more  
And my spirit falling shall implore:

The sharpness of cold in bitter air, the hate of boulders falling,  
My life shattered in pieces – now – as frost-tipped ice is crawling.  
The outside storm is dead and gone – it was over long ago,  
But the wrestle within will not be stopped 'til the grave unnatural overthrow,  
Whom I'll indeed come soon to know.

The slap of all hate against my heart, the crack of breaking morn,  
The momentary seed of insight and I fall to my knees, forlorn  
For truth has spoken, sure and true, in this darkest room  
Where I have seen what I had not – the imminence of doom.  
Never soon shall heavenly light pierce this earthy tomb.