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Weather Report

Kara L. Gsell
Concordia University - Portland

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Weather Report

It rains, slow and incessant
I accept the drizzle.

It pours
rapid and vigorous
I await its end.

It storms
fierce
and
destructive
i am
thrust
downward
my heart
oppressive
my head
spinning
i cannot
confront
the storm.

There is a calm
his hand extends
There is a need
to grasp, embrace, trust
There is a child
clinging, aware, secure

I am once again reborn—once again alive
with the innocence of a child.
There is a dawn in the sky about me
It intensifies, deliberately, steadily.

Kara L. Gsell