

# Storm

By Glenn Currier

Outside another storm is waging  
but inside is a symphony playing  
no hint of violence just a candle lit  
flickering echoes of a story knit  
in a mother's shielding arms  
freed from ugly worldly harms  
and myriad soldiers of the dark  
banned from this glowing loving arc.

Outside trees sway in wildness of wind  
rain soaks Earth to the brim  
present storms clutch and choke,  
evil erodes the mind embattled and soaked  
heart's desire is dulled and blunt  
by the grim incessant affronts.  
Abroad is a yearning for that symphony in the night  
of weeping, awaiting, hoping for some sweet redeeming light.

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