The Storm

Sketch Magazine

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Abstract

The night was black And then the lightning came Making The trees Weird shadows in the still...
There was the "Wedding March." Karen held tight to her father's arm.

At the altar, Dick looked at her and smiled. Karen breathed deeply. This time it really was Dick. Karen smiled back.

— Nancy Stahlman Spangler, Ex. '55

THE STORM

The night was black
And then the lightning came
Making
The trees
Wierd shadows in the still.
Thunder
Loud as bombs
Crashed uninvited into the silence,
And the darkness
And the lightning
And the thunder
Were a raging storm within me
For I felt the uncertainty of youth
And the value of time.

Now the storm is through.
Only a drop of rain falling from a tree
Remains
There is no rainbow
And the only peace
Is that of
Silence.

— Anon.