

## The Thunderstorm

Ellie Northam

Together we sit  
my cat between us,  
in the swing  
on the porch.  
The old and new,  
youth and age,  
eight and eighty,  
my grandmother and I.  
We wait,  
watching the approaching storm.  
A leaf waver to a breath of air.  
The atmosphere crackles.  
We hear a distant rumble.  
It is coming.  
We wait and sniff the air,  
Smelling the change in the air.  
A branch bows to a passing breeze.  
A drop falls,  
and another, and another, and another.  
A flash.  
We count: one...two...three...four...  
The thunderclaps answers.  
It is almost here.  
We wait and watch.  
The tree comes alive with movement.  
Another flash, brighter, nearer.  
We count again: one...  
Crash! Bang!  
It is here, in full glory.  
nature's spectacular show.  
We sit spellbound,  
rocking slightly, silent, content.  
The rain is steady now,

bringing welcome moisture.  
The show continues,  
alternating light and dark,  
resounding crashes,  
empty silences.  
We watch and enjoy.  
Then, slowly, it leaves.  
The flashes dim.  
The crashes fade to faraway rolls.  
The rain continues, quietly.  
The thunderstorm is over.  
We rise, and go inside, hand in hand.