

Tempest  
Bing Ying Xia

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The sky is falling down,  
right out of my hands now.

On drop at a time,  
They clouds seem so sad it's a crime.

The sky is crying now,  
right. Out. Loud.

The drops are dripping down,  
seeping all the way into the ground.

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The snow is piling now,  
blanketing Earth in soft white down.

Drifting, falling, floating and swirling until –  
finally the weather is still.

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The sky is clearing now;  
the cold, calm, coolness of the silence, is loud.

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The storm is howling now,  
I can hear the beast calling out.

Roaring, snarling, spitting and biting,  
the cries of the tempest are freighting.

The storm is quiet now,  
hissing, whispering, fading....

Into nothing now.