

Friend or foe

I sometimes sleep for days on end
resting in my den,
waking up to break the trend.
Roar into life, and then
I tear down trees,
leave buildings wrecked,
cause chaos on land and sea,
as my anger I vent
till my fury is spent.

On other days I feel at ease.
Gently blowing kisses on your face,
running my fingers through your hair.
You will see me waving in the trees,
making music in the leaves. Flowers
in the garden dance to my breeze.
Then back to my lair without trace.

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