

STORM'S LIFE AND DEATH.

Born from a marriage of heat and cold, Storm's cradle is an angry cloud that swirls with malevolence, bruising and blackening the blue sky like an angry fist. His mother's attempts to blow the clouds away are futile, her whistling breath sways the trees and scatters leaves as far away as earth, but Storm's cloud continues to gather in darkness, buoyed by his father's instability and icy heart.

The moon looks down upon all of this, bathing Storm's cloud and the bare trees in the tender balm of solace, while the shivering stars shower the earth with cosmic silver rays, preparing all for Storm's furious descent to earth.

Erupting from his cradle, Storm's veiny fingers whip and crack in jagged gilded forks, tossing tides, surging waves, and charging the air with ions. Startled birds take flight as Storm roars and rumbles furiously across the sky, shattering everything in his path.

Mother wind follows him singing a forgotten lullaby, and suddenly Storm's anger abates and is replaced by sadness. He knows his short life is coming to an end, and he weeps for this, drowning the parched earth with flooding tears, extinguishing the colors of the world, and exuding an earth scent of peat and moss that brings even dead things back to life.

The morning after Storm's descent to earth the dawn is violet and yellow. The bold sun leaps over the horizon illuminating Storm's path of destruction and bathing everything, the sodden leaves, the muddy puddles, and the fallen trees, in a golden light. Rain drops roll from leaves and plonk to the ground, birds carol brightly in trees, and insects thrum. There's a sweet smell in the air, camphor from the myrtles, honey from the acacias, and a violet scent from the palm trees that withstood his fury.

Storm's life might be forgotten in this ever after, if it wasn't for the air that's now so fresh it broadcasts the day, and the rainbow arc of color that curves across the sky in red and

orange, yellow and green, blue, indigo and violet. Each color painted by Storm in his fury and sadness. Red and orange for his anger, blue for his sadness, green for the renewal of the earth, yellow for the rising sun that erased his path of destruction, and indigo and violet for the night sky that held him in unconditional love till dawn.

Storm is nothing more than a memory now. Torn and twisted trees hum their farewells to him with outstretched arms, and the fading moon looks down on him knowing that Storm has faded too. Frightened dogs have crawled out from under beds, small children have let go of their mother's skirts, and gardens are blooming once again.

Storm will be born again soon, from his cradle of clouds and his mother's love, just as surely as night turns to day, and the seasons roll over from winter to spring.