

Storm

by Lisa Bicknell

Rising like bile; it grabs my throat,

steals my breath and stops to gloat.

Shrieking, "It won't be right, you can't do it,"

fear shoves me back as if to prove it.

A whirlwind of terror snatches my thoughts,

spins them, turns them, 'til in them I'm caught.

Dizzy, breathless, I gasp for sanity.

Grasping, flailing, I grope for reality.

Shaking, I stand; I wrench myself free.

Facing my storm, I cry, "Get away from me!"

Finally, I'm still, inwardly quaking, yet quiet.

There's no outer sign of a mind's inner riot.

My thoughts begin to settle, peace to descend.

The storm that wasn't forecast is silent and spent.