Natural Cure

In an inky darkness of the hour six;
The moisture present is felt on the skin.
The sky a color of burned candle wicks.
Fauna collectively shelter their kin.

A deafening roar from the sterling sky;
makes closure of shutters, silence alone.
An enormous thunderhead comes on nigh;
Casting its shadow across the whole lagoon.

A violent discharge of the ominous high;
Births a resonating sound, heard by all.
Like torrential tears of clouds, rain leaves the sky.
They run their course finished, end of rainfall;

A rejuvenation of life occurs.
Fauna emerges, flora turns back to the sun.
The rubble dispersed by the sky endures;
In hills of debris, even in mountains.

Over the future, the lagoon repairs;
The extensive damage caused by the storm.
The lagoon repaired, down to lost primate hairs.
Returned back to its natural form.

The absence of gray, the presence of sun;
Guides the landscape to a more proper place.
A grandeur vision of progress that’s done.
The exhalation of the sun’s bright rays.

The system of change by man or nature;
Can be a form of powerful cure.