Wordsmith

I find a chunk of raw emotion
I clean it, study it to see where it came from and what it really is
I then take it deep inside
To the forges of my mind
I set aside the metal to coax a spark
With which I light the blazing forges of my mind
I pump the forges with oxygen to refine the metal
Then, wielding my tools, I set to work
Without a clear aim or plan, I hammer and carve at that emotion
I dunk the metal in water when it gets overheated
Or place it in the flames
If further defining and designing is needed
I do all of this until in my hands
Sits my tool that will be wielded by mouth or pen

Land of Snow and Ice

A blank tundra of freezing nothingness
As the sun rises, a slick glaze refracts the light

Hanging, stilled pendulums of frozen glass
Cling onto lofty edges as they wane

Moving air picks up spare particles of white atoms
Shifting them and whipping them around

Liquid bubbles beneath the surface
Of suspended water
Angled cylinders, once proudly sporting green finery
Are slumped under the weight of their chilly blankets

The gloss on the strips dividing the landscape
Cause the great monsters to slow their pace, or spiral out onto the blankness

Hoary crystalline spirals
Trace their way around the borders of portholes through which small rosy faces peer with awe at the transformed world outside

**Storm**

The newly fledged trees stand out against the ominous clouds
Like crying eyes against their iris

Lightning forks across the sky
Akin to a splatter painted masterpiece

Rain falls in torrents
Like petals from a spring tree on a windy day

People cower underground
Like rabbits in their holes fearing the fox

Fervent prayers are said
As numerous as the stars in the nighttime sky

Gusts of wind blow
Like children fruitlessly trying to make bubbles

When the cold air meets the warm
The sound of a hundred banshees fill the air

The column of darkness reaches its finger down toward the earth
Like a god punishing his people

As sirens wail objects are flung into the sky
As if pulled by a magnet

The pillar makes its way toward the fearful people
Like a snake stalking its prey in a winding path

Just before the coal-dark winds reach their destination
Akin to a greedy tyrant to his enemy's land

The mass is pulled aside
As if by the stage manager of a play gone horribly wrong

The people exhale their pent up breath
A sound like waves on a beach fills the room

No lives were lost
Like a Shakespearean play written with a heart

**Under the Light**

The creatures only reveled under the glow of the great light
Until one captured its essence
Then they stayed out until the tiny lights in the sky faded and the great light returned
And would rest until the great light would set again
Then another came along
Who put the essence into boxes
Causing all the creatures to be mesmerized by this new source of light
As innovations progressed
Most all creatures forgot
About the great light in the sky
Except those few
Who put aside the glowing boxes and were curious about the world around them
And those creatures
Are the ones that must use their knowledge
To better the world