

Lights and Shadows

Volume 32 *Lights and Shadows* Volume 32

Article 8

1988

Tempesto

Laurie Beth Livingston

Follow this and additional works at: <https://ir.una.edu/lightsandshadows>



Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Livingston, L. B. (1988). Tempesto. *Lights and Shadows*, 32 (1). Retrieved from <https://ir.una.edu/lightsandshadows/vol32/iss1/8>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by UNA Scholarly Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in *Lights and Shadows* by an authorized editor of UNA Scholarly Repository. For more information, please contact jpate1@una.edu.

Tempesto

Laurie Beth Livingston

The air is still,
And the sun shines
Brightly against
The silent, soft blue
Of the endless sky.
The breezes anxiously
Stir.
And then, they cease
As the sky seems to
Press downward
Against the earth,
Suddenly,
As in the blink of an eye,
The blue of the sky
Darkens and fades
Into a cold gray.
Clouds -
Cold, dark clouds -
Begin to hide
The sun's futile attempt
To bright light
Fear and black darkness
Creep slowly across the sky,
And a breeze begins -
A different breeze -
Which gives way to
An empty wind.
Then, a low distant rumble
And a faint flash of light
Not a warm light,
Like that of the sun,
But a harsh light
That comes from the darkness,
Offering no comfort
In the storm.
Now,
The angry screams of the wind
And the crashing voices of the thunder
Are seemingly engaged in a battle
And the jagged streaks of light

Reveal bare trees
Thrashing in fear and confusion.
Over and over
The thunder crashes in the darkness,
And the wind
Screams an angry reply.
Perhaps the wind's desperate screams
Cause the thunder to slowly retreat
The breezes once again
Calm the trees
Into a rhythmic waving,
The sun's light
Timidly peeks through the grayness.
And the sky,
In one sign of relief,
Once again is blue.
The birds softly sing
To glory in the passing darkness.
And an arch of color
Smiles against the blue
Of the newly calm sky.
The storm is over.