

THE TASTE OF THUNDER

POEMS

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One of those days

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Prologue

The thunder comes and rumbles through our bones. It
shakes us and we
feel it deeply in our core. It is often accompanied by the
pouring waters
of our emotions. Draining the soil we stand upon. When we
see the
flashes of light and inspiration, bright in our skies, and feel
the energy
surging through us we may ignite our inner truth. It is then
that this truth
can finally be seen and felt, although it comes at the cost of
renewal.
Initiating a process of destruction that is so intimately tied
to creation.
Ushering the old to crumble, surrendering to the cycle and
watching the
towers fall apart so we can be freed from them.

Our thunders do not need to cause us fear. For if we are able
to become
the wind, the fire, the water and the soil, we will be held in
unity and
recognize that this thunder is a part of us. It is of our nature,
of our flow,
our cycles, our transitions and our re-birth.
As our air expands, our temperatures change, and our
waves continue:
we are alive.
When we listen, our thunders become our teachers.