Ode to Oklahoma

Oh come sweet rain and let the golden planes dance in your gentle shower.

Let the wind caress the bales of hay and blow the tall grass about in all its power.

Grey storm clouds obscure the sun and darken the skies.

Thunder rumbles and crashes in the distance as lightning gives out shattering cries.

Billows of clouds begin to churn and rotate forming a spiraling cyclone high in the air.

The foreboding tip soon descends to the ground prepared for its chaotic whirl.

Miles away native eyes watch this spectacle unfurl.

Frozen spheres fall from the darkened stormy masses above scattering the ground

With little to no love.

Slender tornado spins picking up dirt and grass leaving a deep path in the earth.

Despite this frightening sight the eyes that watch are filled with mirth.

This is the legacy of their home for Mother Nature is a force to fear and respect.

This ode to Oklahoma is one for this former citizen to protect.

Destruction may come and flee whether it be land or by sea.

Life will find a way to endure for the dawn will come the next day that is for sure.