

Tornado

by [Kevin Wampler](#)

Wind, like anger, swept through the trees,
Grabbing and lifting, ripping through leaves,
Rolling and plundering, thrusting and plucking.
Uprooting, glowering, it climbs to the skies.
It grinds to a halt as it pleases,
Silently, winding down, it placidly listens,
To the cries of the trees, as they suddenly slacken,
Lo' do they know the wind is only pausing.
Slowly the trees are no longer cringing,
They start jabbering, and chattering, quietly,
Gradually, confidence builds, and awakens them,
They are no longer afraid, the wind is forgotten.
Behold the grazing breeze is swiftly turning, holding
Hands with the swift and strong,
Thinking fast wind comes along, closer, slinking, flying
Dense it hovers near ready to attack.
Gusting, gaining, twisting, turning,
Surprised to shock, the trees all bow,
The wind grits it's teeth, prepared to bite,
Turn to flee or you'll have to stand and fight.

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Wet Noodle

by [Kevin Wampler](#)

sunsets others would love to remember other scenes others
love to have seen honorable people honestly honoring others
chivalry that hasn't yet died true stories that make you
wonder how, why years and years seem to have gone by and I
haven't yet died but I look back at all the beauty and all
of the sadness and I feel an emotional well I understand
what it means to be human and...a wet noodle.

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Rue

by [Kevin Wampler](#)

Trapped in a moment, I pause.
I feel the air stir, shift slightly.
Nothing moves, the Owl is silent.
The spotlight moves to me.
I try to act or sing or speak,
I feel nervous, yet I stay quiet.
The spotlight moves to someone else.
I wonder, what did I say?
I did not say a thing.
What will happen next, I fear?
Why did I not speak?
Will I ever get another chance?

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Accomplished!

by [Kevin Wampler](#)

there, a young pea, a little sprout
it peeks out.
there, it is.
the pea looks around, it is green
it is round.
the pea just sits, it gets greener
it grows shinier.
the bright green pea shines in the sun,
and thinks of all it has done!

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