

## STORMS OF TRUTH

They were seeking shelter from  
The storm at beach, watching as  
*Mother Nature* wreaked havoc on  
Her vast ancient home as she  
Pounded the shoreline with  
10 ft waves—

God wiping the slate clean for  
A new day in shadows of the  
Sunrise as words got written in  
Sand as the whiskbroom of life  
Swept up debris in morning.

Crystal ball shining in heat of  
Global warmth but the carries on  
Midway refuse to touch the flame,  
And sell future to the highest  
Bidders—  
Bad planning and corner cutting  
Construction by people who  
Disregard the power of nature,  
And don't realize that a coastal  
Storm is like a sleeping giant who  
Wakes in a nasty mood when  
Nor'easters stop by for a visit on  
The way up coast.

Beach replenishment sand is  
Washing away, and buildings  
Are being stacked upon shore  
Like sugar cubes waiting for  
Hot coffee, at table of fate where  
Tomorrow is In the hands of today—  
The time to do the right thing has  
Come and gone too many times,  
But this time is unlike any other  
Because time now moves in the  
Blink of an eye rather than a slow  
Sail through centuries.

Hurricane winds blowing off the  
Coast of Africa are carrying scent  
Of tropical flowers, big wave surf,  
And windswept warnings into ears  
Of people on North America's  
Eastern seaboard—  
Turbulent storms traveling upon  
Continues to turn away from the  
Truth, even when tears fall like  
Rain into floodwaters at their feet.