

Be Prepared

Calamity, jeopardy, peril.

Preparing for what will be a living nightmare.

Bottles and Bottles of water.

Bags and cans of food.

Time, is no longer your friend.

Time is no longer on your side.

Water rushing like an army.

As you collect more and more supplies,

It dawns on you that you won't live.

Your house is on the very end of this winding road.

Water is rising inch by inch.

You're thinking about life and death.

Emotions are beating you up.

You'll be known as a traitor.

Let your family perish alone.

Your little girl only two years of age.

Everyone bewildered and scared.

But... it's not just her.

It's him, your beloved husband.

He's gone to Afghanistan twice.

He only saw your face once before you left home
He might never see it again.

Lighting strikes.

Thunder roars.

Trees slant.

Everyone's pain is your pain.

Everyone's triumph is your loss.

Everyone's strength is your weakness.

In your returning home, they greet you.
Your face once looking disconsolate but hope is shining.

Everyone may be prepared.

But you should not concern yourself with them.

Your responsibility is to keep your family safe.

Fortify, protect and guard.

Hurricanes are unearthly.

It's like a cute dog.

You let it in.

For years it doesn't bother you. Then it strikes.
Stabs you in the back. Hurricanes don't care for you.
So don't be fooled.

You close all doors.

You bolt down all windows.

It's dark.

Hope is running low.

Your feeling deprived.

Water is below you.

You need to make your way to the highest point of your house.

Luckily there are no metal poles.

Water has seemed to stop rising.

Although lightning and thunder and rain still vigour.

Standing around you there is chaos and drama.

People screaming and hollering.

More feelings are swarming your mind.

A girl,

A girl left stranded.

Standing on the street.

Bleeding, most likely dying.

Why should your daughter live and she not?

You leave her. It hurts it really does.

The visibility of hope is unclear.

Courage is no longer living. Death is striving.

Sounds cruel not to help.

But it's life.

When hurricanes come it's you and your family first.

If you are unable to help then don't.

Just watch.

It will be hard, but strive through it.

Strive through the pain.

This raging monster is prospered with energy through water.

It will not pick its victims but silence all with death.

We can only be so prepared.

Bolting doors, closing windows.

It gains even more energy through weakness.

So be prepared it won't be a nice ending.

But we all have to deal with it and be just be... prepared.

As it only ends in two ways.

Death or Life.

By JH