

This Is What's Approaching

**Booming and crashing.
Heartbroken and mournful.
Sorrowful and bitter.
Thumping and smashing.
Screaming and crying.
Distraught and forlorn.
Flooding and deaths.
Bleeding and injuries.**

This is what's approaching.

**Whoosh! Swish! Stomp! A giant's tummy rumbling as it clatters and stomps in the skies,
Ready to pounce on its prey which is us.
A colossal bird swaying its wings,
Blowing over houses like a human blows an ant away.**

This is what's approaching.

**The hopeless people whimpering as their relatives die in a tremendous puddle,
Or die with a CRASH as the roof falls in,
Or just one last choking breath.**

This is what's approaching.

**Like an atomic bomb exploding,
Killing thousands of people.
Babies and children.
Teenagers and Adults.**

Everyone.

Desperation approaching.

Panic approaching.

Soon it will stop.

Silence.

People will start clambering out of their houses,

Bloody marks on their faces,

As if it has ended.

It hasn't.

The village will be right under the eye.

Before they'll know it,

The hurricane will sweep them of their feet.

Away and away they'll blow.

The hurricane.

This is what's approaching.

People will be separated.

They will be alone.

By themselves with just a teddy bear to remember their family.

There will be orphans.

There will be notes of desperation saying:

Whoever is reading this, I'm letting you know, I'm alone. Please help me. I'm just a boy. All alone. No one with me. Help.

By: NH