

What can I do to you?

Forlorn, desolate, deserted.

This is how I make you feel,
Destroy, demolish, obliterate.

This is what I do,
Enjoyment, exhilaration, prosperity.

That is what I take,

I have many names,
Sandy, Katrina, Irene

I take my power from the warm sea water,
Which is turned in to my fuel,
It pulses through my veins like an elixir of life,
Being on a tropical island I will soon come for you,

Many people have feeble homes,
That will never stand my perilous wrath,
Thousands of miles out to sea I begin my conquest to destruction
A cyclone circles my colossal eye,
the only place where I can be tolerated,
tranquil still and calm only for a moment until...

Boom, crash, whistle,
I am upon you,
Slaughtering, massacring, annihilating anything in my path,
Trees ripped from sodden soil,
Stripped of all branches,

Buildings swamped with water carrying debris,
It could be anything, a poor exasperated girls doll,
Or even a forlorn boys pillow from his overturned bed,

I take them away and I steal them,
I am a leopard waiting and watching,
When you least expect it I will pounce,
My only purpose is to devastate,

I am obliteration,
I create havoc,
I'm not finished yet,
I am made of power,

It could be today or tomorrow,
First a still tranquil day,
Then comes my torrent of raging merciless winds,
A swamping gargantuan surge of pure water flows upon you,
Rain pelts down drowning your pitiful cries of terror,

You can't stop me,
You can't control me,
Don't try to aggravate me,
Or I will come for you,
And then, then only will you fully understand my insane power.

By: JW