

When the Sky Remembers

The storm is an old god beating his drum,
calling the restless rivers to come.

The wind is a trickster, wild and free,
dancing on rooftops, taunting the sea.

Rain is the weeping of time's great face,
a baptism, a curse, a fleeting grace.

The sun is a monarch, robed in flame,
blessing the soil that whispers her name.

Snow is the shroud of forgotten years,
folding the earth in a cloak of tears.

Mist is the breath of spirits unseen,
haunting the valleys, cloaking the green.

Lightning—an oath the heavens keep,
waking the mountains from ancient sleep.

Weather is myth, reborn each day,
a chorus of deities, fierce in their play.

Yet in its cycles, fierce or kind,
we learn the seasons of the mind.

This poem reimagines weather as a chorus of ancient gods, reflecting both nature's power and the shifting seasons of the human mind.