Storm at Sea

In the great old storm the thunder goes bang bang bang!

It is like a beating drum,

It is as loud as a firing gun at the start of a race,

It is an enormous earthquake,

The thunder is furious at the world.

Bang bang bang!

In the great old storm the wind goes whoosh whoosh whoosh!

It is like a howling wolf,

It is as cold as ice from the Arctic,

It is a wild whistle blowing high and low,

The wind is singing a deadly song.

Whoosh whoosh whoosh!

In the great old storm the waves go crash crash crash!

They are as tall as towering buildings in a city,

They are like fists pounding the surface,

They are blue bulldozers of the sea,

 The waves are waving sailors goodbye to Davy Jones' Locker.

Crash crash crash!

 By Alexander Rakic