



George Arthers

### A Silent Storm

The sea was plagued with emotions:  
Vicious. Violent. Malevolent.  
A rabid lion lurching at the shore  
Raging and roaring at heaven  
For its provocative scurrility;  
In such harsh, thunderous tones  
Grabbing trees by the hair  
Snatching them from their roots  
A world being torn asunder  
Earth snared in its own abandon  
Creating metaphors and similes:

The sea a scorned vixen  
Beaten by malicious, howling winds  
Stirred up and screaming  
Like the devil being dipped in holy water.

Its breathy voice crescendoed  
In the attic of an old house  
Ill-tempered and ready to fuss:  
Its worn joints cursed with anger.

The child sat deaf and alone  
Staring out the small window  
Listening to herself chide silence  
Wondering what the world was saying.

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George Arthers lives and writes in Southern California.



Top photo from Come and Listen

Bottom photo from La Coquille