



## Mother Nature

She manufactures winds, and conjures clouds,  
She swallows the glistening moon whole.  
Heavy winds scramble away from the blanket of black.  
The endless carpet of obsidian churns through the brutal winds.  
As lightning forks across the heavens.  
The inky sea winks at the blood orange moon,  
A glistening ruby, mysteriously illuminating the horizon.  
Rising upwards, almost showing kindness through the insidious night.

Deafening water launching deadly torrents below,  
Crumpled moon above.  
Long ships battle against the salty waves.  
Thundering fortress of water chilling Vikings to their bones,  
Slicing through the desolate sea,  
The cabin creaks and groans in pain.  
Concrete water breaking wooden bones,  
Torn by the winds, a stripy sail flails wearily.  
Petrified Vikings swept overboard as a waterfall washes over them,  
Snatching them towards the coastline.  
Sinking vessel in the eternal midnight.

Pure black sea tumbling over the horrid rocks.  
Titanic waves crashing against the mud-caked walls of stone,  
Scrubbing their filthy faces clean.  
Ghostly twilight sea covering the gigantic, ragged rocks,  
Whenever the violent wind blows,  
Snoring shadowy pillows choke the briny water.

**By 5P**