

Stallion

Stately and beautiful.

Tall, powerful, and muscular.

Aggressive, yet they can be tame.

Left on their own, they can be wild.

Lean, mean, racing machines.

In charge and strong.

Outgoing, yet territorial.

Not to be messed with.

WAYLON

The Majestic Sun

When the sun descends

Into its beauty sleep

Golden rays splash shades of colour

Across the glorious heavens.

Winding around the mountains, through the trees

And beyond the horizon,

Rainbow shadows enrobe the dusk.

The moon climbs higher and higher

Peeking out from behind the clouds.

God's vivid painting

Has fully brightened the night sky.
Above us, unfolds a blanket of stars.
A little sleep and some time to slumber
Before the sun once again awakens the world
In glamorous glow.

TANYA

Angered Flames
Flames crackle softly
And fire swiftly winds around comfortable logs
Gently kissing hickory bark
Tasting its seasoned rinds
Licking at its flesh
The blaze satisfies its hunger
By taking a bite here and there
Sparking, smoldering, flickering
Creating a vortex of heat
Belching arson, but its appetite is waning
Transforming weighty wood into soot
Chewing away until all that is left
Is a cold, grey skeleton, weak embers
Just a memory of warmth.

JANET

Wind

The biting October wind

Moans mournfully, howls hauntingly

Whines like a witch

In the cracks the doors

Around the seals of the windows

Sprinkling crisp leaves

Like a boy scattering his jacks

The frigid gusts raise the hair on my arms

Goosebumps making me long for warmth

Murmuring promises of cold weather

That is just around the corner.

CARLENE

Sandstorm

While exploring the Sahara desert

A violent sandstorm spins vigorously

Charging towards me like a rodeo-trained bronc

Aching to plow me over

Powerfully closing in

Swirling and whirling wildly
Slamming forcefully into me
Each individual grain of sand
Impaling my fragile cheeks
Like shards of broken glass
My exposed skin erupts in pain
Leaving me lying; beaten up in the sand.
Still silent, waiting for the next squall
... but it finally loses interest in blowing
Seeing as it has no one to chase after.

ANNIE

In Front of the Flames
Scarlet glowing flames
Crackling with gleaming sparks
Providing cozy warmth
Hugging like an invisible blanket.
Reddening tender cheeks
Warming hearts and toes
The silent popping and sizzling
A language only the fire understands
The red-hot glow warms the feet

And sends serenity sliding up my spine

Drawing me away from harm

Insulating me in a world of my own

In front of the fire I sit

While the snow trickles silently from the sky

DARREN