

Poetry Workshop I

The Unknown Family **1st Draft**

The family could be anyone,
anyone's eyes and faces in their place.
The kids stand together: a brother,
a sister, and the little sibling on their shoulders.
The parents are seemingly absent as the
kids stand in water up to their waist.
The current gently tugs at their toes
as the sun streams down.
Trees splinter the landscape behind them,
stumps stick out of the water,
ragged on the fringes.
A storm had hit.
The ocean heaved.
Waves curled and smashed
upon the shore. Lightning
streaked across the sky
raining the Earth with
magnificent rolls of thunder.
Where lightning struck, fire was born.
Fire rose against the rain.
Winds felled trees, leaving nothing but stumps.
Hell on Earth had arrived.
But then it was over,
and the storm cleared.
In its path stood destruction
on all sides. Water flooded the plain,
as the family posed for their photo,
but their lives were changed,
and more importantly,
their home, with the storm,
was gone.