

In my head, there is a storm that brews.  
It crashes lightning to the ground and strikes  
down the peace I've worked so hard to build.  
It sets my flowers on fire, and disintegrates the signs  
I've created to show tranquility.

The little thoughts peek through curtains  
to observe the disorder, petrified of what may  
happen should they be struck.

The sun eventually fights back,  
trying to regain order and repose,  
until my mind is a mess.

My vulnerable thoughts scatter and  
panic amongst the chaos,  
attempting to find cover and be safe again.

And then, there is silence.

The sun beams down and my flowers regrow.

My thoughts calm, the little ones playing soccer  
in the street laughing as the big ones call them in for dinner.

My signs rebuilt and displayed among the tall walls

I've created to keep out the storm.

Eventually, the sky goes dark,  
and there is silence in the streets.

My thoughts eat together and share

what they are and what they do,

beds are undone to house them in a comforting silence.

There is a light trickle of words that I'm obtaining

by reading a book before bed, disguised as tranquil rain,

seeping into the pores that house my knowledge.

I am pure chaos,

but I am also harmonious, curious, and tired.

All together, this is what it's like to be me.