

The Swirling Winds

By Joshua Bauer

Once or twice a month
The wind begins to swirl
The creatures start to hide
And the leaves begin to curl

The summer sky grows dark
With an evening shade of grey
The temporary clouds
Kill the soothing light of day

The shores expand their range
As the tides begin to change
As the waves are raging on
Happens something rather strange

The swirling winds approach
Tearing branches from their trees
But underneath it all
Lies a cave that no one sees

The cave is very special
And its contents very rare
Up above there is no knowledge
Of what soon would happen there