The Storm

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The water rose upon the shore
as the waves came rolling in.
The twisting winds and their fierce roar
had started coming in.

The clouds came in, the sky grew dark,
and the downpour had begun.
We knew this storm would make its mark.
Oh, when would this hell be done.

The tide was very swift and strong.
It tore apart the land.
It ripped apart and lasted long,
and took with it the sand.

The sands of time that we did know,
and know only so well.
Why, oh, why did they have to go,
and leave us hear to dwell.

--Hope E. Ryder