

Hurricane

By Molly Hegman

Quivering with fear and anticipation
I stepped into a stormy black and white seascape.
My feet clung to the undulating sand.
My body was assaulted by the whirling and howling wind.
My nose tingled and my face reddened from the needling spray.
My ears throbbed as the thundering surf smashed onto the wet sand.
I tasted the salty air on my lips.
My shivering hands sought the warmth of soft pockets.
I threw back my hunched shoulders, flinging off my fear, raised my triumphant eyes to the stormy skies and screamed into the wind.
I felt good!