

A War in the Sky

by Tahnee Trenberth

A fierce rumbling begins in the distance; it feels as though the entire universe can hear it. Massive cumulonimbus clouds suddenly begin to swallow up the baby-blue summer sky, casting an eerie shadow of gloom over every bit of land that it engulfs. Howling winds begin to swirl: breezily at first, but growing more blustery as the storm approaches.

The trees, once such prominent, seemingly immovable towers, now bow down and wither in the wrath of Mother Nature. Their sturdy boughs surrender to the intensity of the incoming beast. Their leaves, weightless and powerless against these gusts, are sent dancing across the ground. An unearthly, electric aura takes over the surrounding atmosphere, sending tingles through every fiber in my body; it is as if the air could give me a static shock at any moment.

Next, as if on cue, drops of rain plunk down from the increasingly blackening clouds. The thirsting land greedily drinks in this gift from above. Plunking turns into pouring, as these water-warriors unite to attack the earth's surface, showing no mercy. The soothing tapping transforms to a noise as deafening as bullets. My senses become overwhelmingly overloaded, attempting to absorb the plethora of feelings infiltrating my body.

It is in the same moment that I see the vein-like lightening cut through the now doom-black sky, temporarily blinding me with their white fury. Within five seconds, the tumultuous, atomic bomb-like thunder has made its grand arrival. A heart stopping vibration surges through every being in its war-path; it is so stunning that it sends a chill through every bone. In perfect rhythm, the opera is finally complete. The clamor seems inescapable, banging uproariously—it refuses to be ignored.

A thunderstorm is such a remarkable phenomenon; one cannot help but to marvel at the power of the event, which is far beyond human control. The vicious tempest seems to be stretched out over far more than just a mere couple of miles;

it seems to blanket eternity. The elements work together chanting their battle cries and dancing with one another, just as they have since the beginning of time.

Like clockwork, the pattern continues with the two-headed beast. The electric bolts, heating the air thousands of degrees in thousandths of a second, and contracting and cooling immediately following. These events act like a trigger on a gun, the waves in the air sending the mighty explosion of thunder.

Zeus and Thor seem to be using their powers in unison, pummeling our world with their energy. Petrified creatures hide away, seeking security and shelter whilst waiting for the passing of the violent storm.

After its tears and screams are shed, the roars return to rumbles. The churning clouds begin to break apart, letting slivers of sunrays peek through them. The dark blanket slowly unravels to show proof of an open sky. The white flashes have ceased, and the sheets of rain are now nothing but a memory; the damp earth being the only reminder that it had just been quenched. The wounded trees are recovering from their bullying, bruised and beaten in the aftermath.

Somehow, through the disturbing intensity and ferocity of such an occurrence, I find an indescribable beauty. The air is no longer electric; instead, it is perfumed with the fresh scent of petrichor and plant oils. A comforting coolness wraps me up as I inhale the purified air deeply into my lungs. It feels as though the earth had been thoroughly cleansed of all impurities. It seemed to be breathing... alive.

Animals and humans alike begin to come out of their safeguard to enjoy the newly nourished planet bestowed upon us. These brilliant downpours replenish us with the most critical substance sustaining our existence. Thunderstorms are a blessing in disguise; their true beauty hidden beneath a nightmarish exterior.

I close my eyes, relishing this moment of pure euphoria.

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