

Shai Hulud, Whether To Cry Or Destory

the salt from my eye burns
as does the acid of my tongue.

might a tempest relieve me of sound and sight.
might i unearth the hatchet
and put it to proper use

my hand is poised, and in fury.

only thunder gives me rest.

dare me to breathe
when i can't catch my breath.
sway my temper's balance.

only thunder gives me rest.