

Fractured Skies

Blackness descends faster than a depressed market.

Howling winds move aging trees, lampposts waiver amid now horizontal H²O.
The distance gone, disorientation, lights out, a clock whirs without power.

Neon blue fractures the sky over and over again. Streets half full, yet half empty.

A 4 x 4 ploughs on relentlessly. A vertical fork of abundant energy strikes close and roars.

Rain, how it did rain here in Spain, when all the streets are without a drain.

It's quiet, save for the pitter-patter everywhere.

The BOOM, electric blue over you, all around you accompanied by an immediate percussion that only a noise detector could dream of. Clouds move away, the sunglow now a heavenly yellow hue.

It's out at sea, heading north it's legacy a deluge of flashes.

Wait! The air smells fresh, a rainbow beams from cheek to cheek, and BOOM, flash, it's still with us, playing, taunting, and teasing.

Winds fade, lights glow, and people emerge after the show.

Rumbling reminders provide a sense of urgency and uncertainty. The mist has moved, centred on the distant port. Lightning strikes gold like an Olympic sport.

Silhouettes of cranes and the dark sides of ships illuminate in the darkness, creating such a sight that you cannot move.

It's moving on, skies light up – they're fractured again.