Storm clouds huddle overhead
Zigzag lightning flashes.
Thunder roars across the sky
With noisy, boomy crashes.
Trees are bending to the side
And whirlwinds swirl around.
Raindrops hurry from the clouds
To decorate the ground.
Hurry, hurry, run inside
And let the storm pass through
Then soon there'll be a rainbow
Reaching overhead for you.

By Carol Quinn
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