What’s the weather today?

by Ankita Chopra

Before the day begins,
as the songbird softly sings,
a quiet thought drifts through my mind,
What weather today might I find?

Some days are summer,
and the heat of them fills every room,
plans before breakfast and trips at noon.
Great worlds imagined with them as king,
they cling to each moment,
the joy it might bring.

As an observer,
you might not understand,
how quickly the weather,
could slip through their hand.

Summer burns.
The heat grows strong,
in the worlds they created,
they no longer belong.
The kingdoms they built now fall as rain,
I feel each drop,
of their quiet pain.

So, in an attempt to control the weather,
they take what might help,
hold it together.
It calms the wind and slows the rain,
eases the storm,
inside their brain.
The thunder fades,
skies open wide,
While words remain,
unspoken inside.

And still each morning,
I think of a way,
a hope that I could help,
change the weather today.