

a wildfire

serenity, tranquility

an oasis of life.

a dense forest,

ornamented in green,

and embellished with a quiet hum from

the birds, the bees, and the breeze.

blackening sky rolls in,

a strike of light ambushes a great maple,

and a spark begins to glow.

hot embers are carried from bush to bush,

tree to tree,

by the ever-present wind.

racing, trampling, charging

through the woods,

the fire, growing, engulfs everything.

ravenously searching,  
selfishly taking,  
it mercilessly leaves nothing behind.

a drop of rain,  
floats down from the sky,  
and moments later,  
the fire is blanketed in the downpour.

no longer is there:  
a gentle melody from the birds,  
a shy buzz from the bees,  
or a sincere whisper from the breeze.

nothing is green,  
nothing is full,  
nothing is alive.

but. slowly.  
life begins sprouting,  
and growing,  
and spreading.

more glorious,  
more vibrant,  
much more beautiful than ever before.

and so it is...  
serene and tranquil,  
an oasis of life.