

PORTRAIT OF A BULLY

Humble beginnings you had, in ocean waves,
Obscure, unassuming, hardly were you noticed.
Baby steps that you took brought you raves,
No one knew whither your family vanished.

Photos and parties you've never staged,
Gatherings that bring together folks and kin;
Sweet dishes, presents carefully packaged,
And hugs and kisses neither did you win.

Wandering without aim, skimming the surface,
No one saw greatness, purpose or gain.
Another wasted soul, sure to fail without trace,
Like school drop-outs and society's pain.

You defied the odds, you grew and grew,
Gathering strength, now you were noticed.
Folks from lands afar laid eyes on you;
Now envious, and then fear they experienced.

You would soon stretch from surface to sky,
Violent with winds and columns that churned.
You now can speed up the water's top and fly,
Fear you instilled in all whose paths you crossed.

Arrogance, contempt marked your demeanor,
Nations and borders you respect but scant;
Destruction and havoc your twin character seams,
Your will you imposed without care or restraint.

Havoc unleashed on boats and ships on sail,
And islands and lands that lay in your path,
With storms, winds and tornadoes in your quill,
You showed no compassion in your heart.

Like shadows, floods and diseases follow you,

And misery you cause on nature is loathsome.
Greatness lies in having power but not misuse,
And too, in spreading love and care wholesome.

Great things in nature have lasting impact,
Such is the legacy of thinkers, artists and poets.
Transience follows those who prefer vile acts,
History comes peppered with, in all lands and sects.

Your fury and destruction will soon abate,
When land you encounter ends your run.
Tornadoes and floods you unleash come late,
For nature's fury begins to wane soon.

When storms clear and your death you meet,
Will you find within your heart and your soul,
Any remorse; and forgiveness, do you seek?
Or to your grave, without guilt, you gladly crawl?

Or is there a purpose to your life, after all?
Were you nature's way to distill and carry
To distant lands water that's precious to all?
So, purposeful was even the bluster and fury?

How else would one bring such gifts far inland?
Thus, justified was the damage you caused.
The ultimate sacrifice you made was selfless, indeed;
And your legacy is one of worthwhile chaos.