

Storms Overhead – Angelina Russo

Dark skies. Light up ahead. They headed out in hopes of finding an adventure. Everything is different...different than what she's used to. The buses are cleaner, the people are nicer, the roads are smoother. As they arrive, she can't help but wonder where are all the people? This is not what she has expected. It's....empty...

Back at home, the city is crowded and in such a hurry. It is swarming with people trying to push past one another. No hellos, rarely a smile, hardly any conversation with strangers. But here? Here it is not the same.

Together they explore

Curious of something different

Laughing like they know what lies ahead...

Clouds start to form, and the rain begins to pour. As if the sky knows what lies underneath. Finally, the drought has come to a halt. Laughter fills the air as they begin to play like little girls from way back when. Jumping in puddles. Splashing water. Skipping along the sidewalk. Running up the steps of the Capitol. Dancing in rain. Everything has suddenly washed away. What a beautiful scene. Nothing matters but how big of a splash one can make.

Water flows

Girls are aglow

Trees dance in laughter

People stare as they dance in the rain. Some smile, remembering how fun it used to be. How it felt to live. Everything in hand – Nothing in mind. Flightless birds begin to soar. Taking all from what was never there and prospering. Squeaking shoes. Dripping clothing. Drenched hair. Ruined paper. Broken objects. The day has only just begun.

-INSPIRATION-

Turning left, then right. Going in circles. Traveling further than they should. Lost. Not one person seems to know where they have ended up. How to get where they began? The winds start to turn. Colder and colder. They begin to freeze. Shivering as they think – rest, warmth, dry clothes, blankets, bed...sleep. Home. Steps grow quicker. Conversations of many – compliments of all. Smiling like we were the highlight of his day.

He speaks of success

Skies clear

She dreams

Words flowing. Laughter. Commotion. She looks up. And there it is. It is confirmed – she has been looking but never really knew. Faith, Belief, Strength. It all comes to a stillness as it disappears. It ignites the fire inside. Trying to find their way, they're inspired by the writings on the walls. Each one lifting spirits. You are a part of something. Something bigger than you—

bigger than life. Level playing fields. All is possible. The past is the past. Nothing is better than here and now- than what lies ahead. So caught in the words of wisdom...running down the street, watching the bus as it passes by.

Days like this

Make worries go amidst

Take flight

Bumpy ride. Glaring eyes. Happy smiles. Familiar faces. All waiting to get off. It was fun while it lasted, but all days come to an end. And this one is definitely over. Cold, tired, and some – sick. Outside is gorgeous. Green, green grass. Blooming flowers. Healthy plants. This is one place that surely does not follow. Greedy hands take. The further you go, the duller it becomes. Grass begins to fade, flowers begin to shrivel, plants begin to die. Why must all suffer while watching you thrive? Who died and made you king? Surely you're not blind. But finally, here is home. The place they have longed for. Sluggishly climbing stairs, hurrying to get cozy. Climbing into the warmth. Now able to express their thoughts.

What a day

What a day

She cried by the bay