

## **The Tempest Dance**

*Dena Jones*

WE, finding ourselves tossed by  
violent winds of  
our hidden rage.

YOU, sitting there like a silent mountain,  
drenched in your contempt,  
hiding behind the clouds of your deception.

I, dancing around your calm trickery,  
following your eyes as they  
expose the truth behind your twisted tales.

THUNDER in my chest POUNDS  
as words reluctantly leak from your tight lips,  
spilling out your veiled treachery.

SPINNING away with fury in my breath,  
in one thunderous twirl  
MY tempest winds destroy YOUR calm.