

## STORM CLOUDS

By Stephanie Jackson

Storm clouds! "Seen one, seen 'em all," you might sneer, but how wrong you are. Step outside into the world beyond your shaded windows next time a subtle rumble hints that Thor is trudging through his heavenly kingdom wielding his hammer. Turn your eyes skywards to his vast domain, and be prepared to be amazed, for here you will see not merely storm clouds, but a swirling portrait of beauty as nature roars into action to unleash her life-giving miracles.

You might see the final glimmer of the sun's golden smile as waves of silver, grey, or black wash across its burning face. You might glimpse a high flying bird tossed by the wind's savage hand from the nothingness of one far horizon to the oblivion of another. And you might see a golden thread of lightning burst from the grip of the clouds to momentarily bind the sky to the earth.

And if you stare, with eyes agog and mind wide open, at the clouds themselves, at those vast tumbling masses of water vapour that appear like a twirling feast of candy floss, you might find that they conceal the characters of your dreams, of your nightmares, or of a raging imagination among their ripples and waves. A fading flower, Pegasus in flight, a fairy's fragile wing, or a lion with wind-blown mane may all be hidden there. Unless, of course, all you see are the same bland storm clouds you've seen before that do nothing more than bring a welcome drop of rain.

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