

Whirlwind

A whirlwind against the window pane.

Shivering and shaking, an unpleasant tingling sensation.

Isolating ice cracks under too much weight, putting down my tea as I enjoy the hot breeze. The wind through my hair feels like I'm drifting through the ice water, so hot it melts my heart. Listening close but standing firmly in my feet.

A light behind my eyes burning just right.

No need to force it, as it comes as easily as it will go. Choosing peace, love, trust, to see past illusion.