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Impending; He Who Paints the Sky

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Impending; He Who Paints the Sky

Author Bio

Hallie Wilk is a senior at Gettysburg College, who is a Health Sciences major and creative writing minor. She is on the cheerleading team. She loves to read, write, and photograph in her free time and hopes to continue to do the same in her future as a Physician's Assistant.

Impending; He Who Paints the Sky

HALLIE S. WILK

In the sunlight, the storm is not intimidating,
Has shaken no houses,
Uprooted no trees,
Crashed no cars.

But the fate of its electricity runs through my veins.
I decide what will happen next.

Pressure builds in my hands.
It tightens my tendons,
And grows like a vine, from my knuckles
To the pads of my fingers;

So I release it on the sky, as the sunset develops from the swings of my
brush.

I blend out the stormy blue of the daylight into yellow ochre,
And crisscross in an amber shade,
Summoning gold to my canvas, a tribute to the sun falling asleep.
The calm colors spite the thunder that still shakes the ground,
And the lightning cutting the sky.

Every once in a while, I dip into the crimson shade on my palette,
And dance it across the sky, here and there,
Accenting the violet and navy tones highlighting the atmosphere.
But my sky is constantly shivering and shifting,
So, often, I interrupt the lazy blend of colors with the lightning's vivid
radiance.

Patiently, I allow the weight of the star
to tug the last of the brightness of the rain clouds away,
Into marigold and pink smears, encircled by gray,
Their edges dipped in lavender.

As I let the sun grow heavier and heavier on the canvas,
It finally sinks away from sight,
Under the coastlines, horizons, and valleys.

I permit the nighttime's arrival.

Lightning and thunder aren't nature's only attention seekers.
With the smallest indications of my brush, I adjust the wind's path,
Mending the earth to give it the authority to strengthen,
Manipulating the trees to bend to let it whistle past.

Every once in a while, the thunder punches
Through that hum and whoosh of leaves,
Like an irregular heartbeat,
Crackling with static, but indicative enough of life.

From creating rain, my brush is unclean.
And like watercolor, it allows the downpour to overpower,
Blending the dynamic hues of nature,
Once separate, into a brown sugar mud.
The grass melts with dirt into maple syrup,
And flower blades soak, their summertime brilliance dulled.

The electricity slowly begins to leave my hands.

My unwashed brush dampens the stars,
Veiled by murky night clouds.

I begin to lessen the storm's hold,
And revive the moon's glow,
Now casting it down on the soft tree bark,
And airbrushing its silver on the petals of dahlias.

Finally, the puppeteer, the painter, can rest.