

# Mist

*By Jessica Lee*

People talk like thunder,  
after lightning strikes,  
booming across the sky in wonder,  
nothing to sacrifice.

How do I stay in control,  
when cold vibrations of timbre,  
Relentless against your soul,  
seep into my heart and linger?

Dancing in the rain,  
Children hidden in the mist.  
Innocence is pain,  
When heaven doesn't exist.

A cloudy mirror,  
Fog blurring the image.  
Watch it come clearer  
And I'll show you your true visage.