

STORM: a note of hope

Eric Hobson

Snow racing down hills
Turning, spinning, dancing
Over the landscape
Like some ghostly spirit

Born in the Pacific
When atmosphere starts
To spin counterclockwise
sucking up water as it goes

Bound for the coast
To refresh parched earth
Until it hits the Sierra
climbs higher and higher

Up and over dropping moisture
Rain or snow as it climbs
Piling snow to form natural reservoirs
Heading for the arid sands of Nevada

It's not by chance the
Towns and cities huddle against
The mountains or rivers they feed
Quenching the thirsty land and people

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