

**First Place**  
**Perky Poets Society National Poetry Month Contest**

**The Coming**

Oh, the storm did grow near  
    like a thief to the cache,  
And its lightning was tied  
    on the sky like a sash.  
And the roar of the thunder  
    was that of a flood  
When the waters course through  
    nature's veins as though blood.

Like sheep on a hillside  
    when safe from all plight,  
The landscape at sunrise  
    was peaceful to sight.  
Like sheep on a hillside  
    when slain by a foe,  
The landscape at sunset  
    lay crushed by the blow.

For the fury of God  
    had delivered this force  
To teach all a lesson  
    which caused them remorse.  
His message was clear  
    and long must it stay:

“There will come from the Father  
    a judgment one day.”

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