Helen Daly
Her Storm

And she laughed at the wind as it tore through her hair;
She stood defiantly tall with the storm, still there.
As if just any destruction could do her some harm,
She had seen stronger and harder storms come forth, then disarm.
The winds would be rough and the water she knew-
Would beat down from the skies where gray covered blue.
As pieces of her life flew by incomplete;
She reached out and caught what was important to keep.
Her family, her friends, and some Irish rosary beads;
They came from her mother, so those she would need.
As if any weather could weaken her pace;
She'd been through the worst and calm she'd embrace.
And though it took time for her pieces to mend,
The storm did move past her, and come to an end.
She'd never forget the force of the gale;
As it tore down her home, her dreams, curtailed.
But she knew just as sure as the gray sky turned to blue;
That there would be time left to dream new dreams, too.
But that would take time and new bridges built from her heart,
And that my dear friends, is a great place to start.