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The skies grew dark, the winds arose,
A tempest brewing, chaos it shows.
The world unravels, untamed, unkind,
A storm of life, in heart and mind.

Clouds of doubt, they cast their shade,
Dreams once bright begin to fade.
The rain, it falls, unyielding, cold,
Washing away the plans we hold.

Lightning strikes, sharp and fierce,
Through the calm, the storm does pierce.
Whispers of fear in the thunder's call,
Reminding us how frail we are all.

But amidst the chaos, a lesson glows,
In the storm's embrace, gratitude grows.
For every tear, a strength is sown,
Through every trial, we have grown.

The winds may howl, the waves may crash,
Yet hope remains in the aftermath.
For when the storm subsides, we see,
The beauty born from adversity.

Life is a storm, unpredictable, vast,
Yet every gust and gale shall pass,
Teaching us to cherish, to endure,
To find in turmoil, a heart made pure.

So let the storm rage, wild and free,
For it shapes the soul, its destiny.
And when the calm returns, we'll find,
Grateful hearts and peaceful minds.

By: Wan Noorli Razali

The Unpredictable Storm

