

The Tornado's Fury

Adapted from a poem by Andrea L. Knight

Whirling and twirling,
The air's swirling 'round,
Gathering dusty debris
Up from the ground.

Spinning the twigs and
Hurling the stones,
As it travels along
It leaves nothing alone.

It sweeps the earth
With a whistling sound,
As the skies darken up
And the weather comes down.

As it dances on land
In a scurrying hurry,
Not much can escape
The tornado's fury.

