Thunder

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Searing flashes,
exploding thunderous claps
invade her magical, make-believe world.
Crying summons Daddy to her room.
Cradling her he whispers
the thunder will soon pass.

She barely peeks at him
until his warmth and strength
overwhelm her fears.
Daddy is strong and big and handsome
dressed in his uniform
with those shiny silver wings.

Six thousand miles away
a young boy cowers in the ruins
of a war ravaged house. He endures
another day of thunder
from screaming jets, hovering choppers,
precision bombs, laser guided missiles.

As Mother tries to ease his anguish
he erupts in sobbing prayer:
let Father return safely,
please make the thunder stop.

The violent storm quiets.
Daddy places the little girl in her bed.
She asks once more
why he must go to war.

She is asleep
when he whispers,
“To create the thunder.”