



In response to Katie Yeager

Nature's Fury

Such passion the Earth displays when challenged, like an avenging deity.
She tears us up with winds, drowns us with water; buries us in mud and rock
or simply reduces us to hot ash. Or she can take the long slow revenge,
withdraw her life support and let us dry into chaff, easily scattered by her
indifferent winds.

Human arrogance, knocked off its destructive course, cannot hold its superior
position. We fear Nature's mad fury; more to be feared is her slow withdrawal.

But one way or another, when our lessons go unlearned, we disappear.
Then the enduring earth, its time frame unmeasured by our calendars,
laughs at us.

The flowers open their color-drenched arms and fill the air with perfume.
The land is painted in a frenzy of life instead of death. The Furies dance.
The earth is reborn.

Regina Ress
Roaming Writers



Katie Yeager, *Nature's Fury*,
encaustic, cold wax, pastel,
on cradled board, 10 x 10
inches