



Whistling Whisper

Max Basurto, The Woodlands High School

The winds are lashing out today.

This wind always snatches all that is dear to me,

It appears these winds have brought something wicked.

I dislike the wind,

I will put a stop to this wind,

Someday...

certainly.

The wind is the one who

stole, robbed, snatched, took what I had,

however, this wind is softly weeping,

For it left before it had a chance to relish what's in front and meeting.