

A poem about storm.

Hear him roar.

The thunder comes out.

The lightning strikes

without a doubt

You know it is him,

here comes the storm.

He will strike

when he shouts.

Trine is his home,

you better watch out.

Do not mess with storm.

He protects his land.

We on campus,

look up to him.

White and stout,

hear him again.

This is storm

and this is his land.