

# Atmospheric Pressure.

I am an unapologetic storm.

I am the lightning, the thunder, the rain, the hail, the wind, and the clouds.

I am the clouds, I bestow the sky with the audacious colour of grey. I will morph myself into the embodiments of those stretching, never ending, grey swirls. I will be impertinent, I will never apologise for the way I take up the sky.

I am the thunder, at the nights in which I fail to hold my composure I will collapse in on myself. I will roar as I cave in and then I will scream as I piece myself back together. I will be blatant and clamorous, I will save myself and will make as much noise as I will to do so.

I am the hail, I can be solid and sharp. I can be nasty and hit the edges of fragile tin roofs, I can be heavy enough to break glass. But for me to bring this I must have been frozen for a long time. And once I have hailed I will melt, and I will feed the ground with what good I have left.

I am the lightning, and I will crack across the sky. I will bring a flash of impending, blinding light; and then I will be gone. I can create havoc and bring twisted yellow and orange flames, but I can also make a spectacular light show.

I am the wind, for I will flow with the motion of life but will also fight against it. I will be a lovely breeze but I will also be what blows your hat off and carries it into the void. But this is what makes me strong, for it will only be the wind that will catch me if I fall.

I am a storm.

But that is what makes me human.

And I am unapologetic, for I am me.

By Charli Kay.

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