Anger is a Kingfisher

My Anger is a Kingfisher

Slowly waiting to swoop down

And break through the surface of joy

Making my insides burn

Like logs on a fire

Like a volcano in the ocean

Like an idea that you can’t quite touch.

It takes me and weaves me through my thoughts

It takes me to the ever beyond

It takes me through wars and fights

But I come back untouched.

As the sea billows and crashes against the rocks

And the sky grows dark and grey almost old

As the kingfisher comes up after catching his fish

I feel amazed at its pure fury.

Ayla