

## Tormenta

**Azayla Sabin**

An earthy smell hangs densely  
In the air. Petrichor.  
I can predict the rain  
But not the storm.

I know you like I know the rain.  
Handling a stress that overwhelms,  
And loss after unexpected loss.  
It weighs you down  
Until it becomes too much.

A sprinkle can turn to a downpour,  
And I am stuck in the rain  
Waiting for the reprieve—  
A brief intermission.  
So I can pick up the fallen branches  
And call someone to fix the roof.  
I will give and give  
And grant you grace  
In hopes that the sun will  
Shine brighter after the rain.

**Azayla Sabin** is a senior at UND majoring in geology and English. In her spare time, she can be found reading a new book, crocheting, or writing in a coffee shop.