

## CYCLONE

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Cyclonic February and Yasi shook my hand  
and the bones of the island in vexatious glee  
as she stripped the laughter from the trees  
and spat venom at a boiling sea,  
delivering a maelstrom in natural ecstasy,  
howling triumphantly at landfall  
and claiming victory in our despair  
whilst we battled our emotions  
to clean and claim back our land  
although this tormentor  
still echoes in our souls