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*Beauty in chaos*

### **When the storm hits**

I love it when the storm is raging. The swift and relentless lashes of the storm against the tree tops of our northern hermitic paradise, they comfort me endlessly. Swiftly they shatter my walls of comfort, solitude and pathetic trite that I've subconsciously and semi-willingly built for myself. Thunderous roars roll through the forest. Nothing is left but a pile of rubble to play in. And I play. I can already hear them, even before the storm has come to pass, the construction workers of unintelligible mental processes, the wall will slowly rebuild. But I try to remember, remember the storm.

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