

## Hurricane Darwin

by Nishaun Smith

Once upon a time ago,  
was a man called Damian.  
Mr. Johnson was naive.  
He wanted a home for show.  
He called builders together.  
Carpenters came from afar.  
There was a rush to build quick.  
Coming was stormy weather.  
Its name, Hurricane Darwin.  
In time the blueprint was made.  
I have no idea how.  
Probably with a star's grin.  
For a wish upon was played.  
But now the time to construct.  
The home must create itself,  
the builders are the bricks laid!  
The storm is now upon them!  
Wind destroys the roof's construct.  
Rain, unopposed, thumbs its nose;  
at root, foundation and stem.  
Their home evolved from a rock.  
So, shall they not be then saved?  
Alas, they shall not be safe.  
Birds of Darwin or God's flock?

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