

# The Storm Is Not the Strategy

**Do not let anger name the only right, / Or make one wound the compass of the heart.**

When grief speaks inward, none but self is known,  
And every shared horizon drains to sea;  
The heart, though fierce, may build its walls of stone,  
While loss insists, "You took the whole from me."  
Yet storms draw near, and waves rise hard at night;  
The past still crowds the room, though hearts grow far apart;  
Do not let anger name the only right,  
Or make one wound the compass of the heart.  
No guide foretold what changing years would say;  
Wait, read between the lines beneath the high;  
Then find, through reasons, one less ruinous way,  
And let the next uncertain day pass by.  
You cannot make the vanished season shine,  
Yet may make wiser choices, given time.