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I Make All the Difference

A figment and an impetus, I am,
where I burgeon, queer to me.
A moment makes all the difference,
A movement indeed for many, in a
moment.
Marvels may emerge and vanish,
Long awaited at times and abrupt,
Sudden and unprecedented I am.
Span of cycle is my root.
Quandary is the state of mind of all.
But, It's cyclic, claims modern outlook.
The passersby flee from me I let,
But, filled with bliss their hearts are.
Beneath me lies blend of joy and sorrow.
All the difference unknown, unseen,
unheard, and indefatigable I make.
A volcanic wrath mounts me sometimes,
paving way to alert the homeless and evacuee.
And ramshackle and rickety are their hopes left.
Nature's fury it is, causing unforeseen catastrophe.
But blissful and blessed are unnumbered,
Showers of benediction oh! Almighty who makes
me a means.
To be your vehicle how proud I am!
Birds and beasts, the visible and the invisible,
the young and the old don a dress of smile,
and the whole nature a mirror of cheer.

All the difference in the world, indeed I make.
But obscure and shrouded by nonchalance I am!