

The Tornado

The temptations
of clamoring,
shattering,
faltering
storms . . .

spiralling
or magical
— no matter now.

"And not too soon!" you screamed,
in my ear,
through piercing whistles.

Falling to the ground
I grasped
strands
of trodden grass and
specks
of hollow earth and
tumbled,
forever
in the wind.

Anne-Marie Perrotta