

*The Coming Storm*

a storm is coming  
following me  
across the plains  
    and forested mountains  
    of Kentucky and West Virginia

she grows restless in the city,  
of the Texas sky hidden  
    behind hazy yellow light

    the rain comes on,  
        slowly at first  
    —then the wind  
        howls at full volume

    an ancient cry  
    from childhood sagas  
        (traumatic rupture)

Is it simply a vain wish  
that these tired limbs  
    should be torn apart  
by the gale of her  
    shouts and tears?

and if the lightning comes,  
    the thunder of her desire,

will this simple burrow  
    shield me from  
        the maelstrom?

or will I be  
    rent asunder?