

The Storm

I'd pay good money to watch a sky like this
perform its tricks: serrated scudding clouds,
blue-gray beneath blue, followed by
a solid sheer of rain which soon
will fall where I stand now. Lightning, channeling,
sparks repeatedly from thunderhead
to ground—as afternoon
turns 'round to face the evening
and our small corner of the world goes tunneling
headlong into the storm.

“I'd pay good money to watch a sky like this
perform its tricks.”

(Does it occur to you
that something is amiss
when I invoke commerciality
to help you comprehend this scene,
and you, in turn, know
just exactly what I mean?)

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April 2002