

The Storm by Louise Kantro

First comes the sharp intake of breath
then a tilt of her head
precursor to the stinging one-liner
not always recognizable to those
around us as a verbal slug.

The moment passes.

Conversations shift.

My heartbeat thunders
one-two-three-four-five beats
each second signaling distance from
the streak of light
the volatile discharge.

Now gray becomes black,
the air still, until
the next neon show,
the next explosion.

Oh, for a gentle rain instead,
soft, cleansing, steady,
just enough to dampen,
just enough to heal.

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