

Thunder

The terrifying light begins to bend.
Rain drags its frozen belly earthward; gongs
Not yet upon our ears, break silently
Across the seas. Sand settles stilly, breathes.
Waveless, the water listens to the sky
In blind interpretation of its sound.

We watch as gods. A profound ignorance
Beguiles our sense; our leaden feet disturb
This ancient flesh, untroubled by the storm
That suddenly peals brightly through the black
Enchanted vortex of increasing night.

From *Pivot* n.54, Summer 2002