

The Storm
by Julie Vellacott

I thought it was birds dancing
On the house next door.
The rain arrives tentatively,
Skittering on the tin roof.

The tink tink turns to thrumming.
Branches bend and thrash,
Scratching a tune on the glass.
The windows clatter and shake.

The doors move, all aquiver.
Raindrops rattle the chimney.
I hear, look up, and listen
To the drumming of the rain.

Cars pass slowly, hesitate,
Move on with a hiss
Of rubber raising spray.
Gutters are running away.

Next door roof is louder now,
The streetlight shows ghostly streaks,
Warping the walls and fence
Of the house across the street.

The pounding, crashing, boom
Sends the dog trembling to hide.
We huddle together for heat.
The storms are on repeat.

Morning comes all blue and calm.
Dreamlike, a clear-washed day.
Scattered twigs and glistening grass
Tell of the turmoil lately passed.