

ARE YOU THE STORM?

M.Rapp

I look into his eyes
The moon hangs
High above the mossy trees
The marsh howls
The night birds hum warning
Black bruise sky sickness stomach twisted

They are green, soft
His palms upwards, extended towards mine
The clouds, grey, charcoal, soft, breakable, churn
engulf
My fingers smudge the charcoal, the earth crumbles, the wind throws fistfuls of hair in my face
ghosts linger

Tornado swept ravage rip revenge
The golden wheat is stripped from the fields by the wind
Mud clump body, lagoon lungs
Earth worms wiggle, suspended between water and moon
Birds' nests splinter, speckled eggs crack open too soon
The swamp clasps its hands around my ankles

The mountain crackles, ancient, cold, dull, stone groans
The crickets scream, the trees try to speak but their wooden lips cannot move
So leaves break way from branches as they shake
Roots gasp, grasp for something to hold onto
Sound sinks into lake, water still, void, viscous mirror that
Swallows moon and reflection whole

My veins are split root searching
Fingertips frayed spidersilk
Knees scratched dirt
I find myself praying

I am afraid that I am only answering myself

Ears underwater flood bubble warp
Arms limp, frozen
I wiggle, suspended between water and moon

I long for the dry, powder, sunbaked soil
Wildflowers like thorny blankets
Clouds cushioned parasols
Rocks secluded tanning beds
The sun's palms reddening my cheeks with his touch

But I do not know where the storm ends
If,