

A Poem

Rebecca Lee Horne

Careful winds push unthought clouds
To a rolling storm
Darkened greys take their places
In the comfortable curve above the earth
Falling lower, seeming sleepy—
Stretching their tendrils in low roars,
Emitting the sweet scent of water
That will surely bounce hard off
Of the dusty, dry dirt

Jagged light born among the darkness
Chastising the complacent
And accepting the earth
Though she burns with pain,
The lamb of land
Soothed by the covering,
Blanketing clouds, moving unaware,
Rolling away.