

# Before the Storm

Dustin Smith

Soon, we will go inside;  
song clouds practice on the horizon.  
Branches will dance, fall with cracks  
of laughter.  
Leaves will twist  
away with strangers,  
waking up in gravel beds.  
I will be  
beneath a blanket, dead  
until the next day.  
But you will play old country songs,  
long  
after the power has gone out.