



The Storm by Jodi Girouard

It poured, and I found an emptiness, shattered like the thunderclaps, and a brightness so sharp. I could see, I could even taste, the acrid smell after lightning struck. I ducked through the passing of time. To let go of the painful remnants, the dents, the bent out of shape hurts.

For I mattered beyond the bits of debris that sailed freely off down the ditch, hitching myself to the possibility of hope. And perhaps it was enough to just be through the rain, the pain, the endless hours of showers that beat down on the roof, proof that I still existed, in fact insisted for me to take note.

Then suddenly the sky opened up its eyes of blue wonderment, the clouded haze of the day arrested like the halting of the water slashing down. The town turned pretty in the yellow light, the sight of flowers shining, me dining on the beauty of a break in the gray storm, daughter of life despite the fight to breathe through a disease that never quite ceases.

There was a pause in the turmoil, the soil damp, the clamping of fists, the pissed off way the day shaped my mind's distortions, The contortions like twisted cornfields that yield no more after the storm settled, the nettled panic still wreaking havoc like the pelted down grass, The passing of a missed momentum.

Some thoughts of more in store Gathered into courage, ignoring the urge of curling up. Rather than playing at being dead I wrote of the yearning for a gentle sunset. Of the day's rays misting over me Not like the pounding storm I went through, but of a new hope that could keep my thoughts warm until it was truly time to sleep.