

THE STORM

The angry sky reached down
Sucked the sleeping mountains up
That they were no more.
Stiff necked city-tops with bordering sea
And all, rocked uneasy.
A storm is given birth, and
Mother heaven, not gracious in white array
Or inclined to friendly light,
gasped grey with fiendish yawn,
A thousand churned stomachs full
Vomit her purge.

Mortals gaped, wide-eyed blinking,
No friendly welcome is here;
No sipping of wine with lingering hand-shakes,
No smiles that blush with pride,
But, frowning faces waiting, and
Tight fists shaking, threatening: 'Go away,
You are not wanted here'

She swelled with inhaled hate,
And burst with screams that bit the day,
Raging, devouring,
Pumping chilly currents through warm veins,
Cutting men down, short,
Making steel-nerved, stone-hearted men shout
And haste to know a prayer,
With answer: 'Joy and life thereafter'.

Lovers make quick hungry pleas
And rape to rent the fever.
Babes, mother-armed, must bite, and
suck breasts or companion-cloth
To soothe the fright.

The richman's dreams are nightmared.
Hellish pangs of poverty groping at
Fat bellies.

Poorman with bent back in usual tussle,
Gives praise: 'here's equal!'
And dread the uneven sunny tomorrow.

LeRoy Clarke

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