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Ode to a Storm

Pilar Stewart

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ODE TO A STORM

PILAR STEWART



Sometimes the deepness of quiet
loses me.

I do not understand
when trees stop the rustle;
birds refuse the song;
my heart's beat is muffled.
I retreat from this silence,
hobble as if sick
and pray for the storm:
the split sky,
rent like a carnival:
bright lights,
spinning air,
joyous noise.

When I have prayed
and the storm does come,
I know that
I shout
and the sky will answer;

I stamp
and the ground trembles;
I jump,
the world is hopping in orbit.
No longer is space
a silence
widened into a pit
but a struck chord
I grip
and can find my way
following the sound.