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Tornado

The air went green.
The house shook. A window buckled
and broke. Over the trees the funnel
staggered closer, then drew off
with its shower of glass. My father
has no way of knowing how we weathered it,
so he sets out, maddened
as I've only begun to understand.
Until now I couldn't see him better
than the darkness that absorbed us,
the sputtering candles that pleased us.
He feels his way through streets wholly changed.
One road becomes so churned up
he has to back down it, passing twice
the house with its rooms exposed,
a couple wading near the bed.
Then there is the heap of boards
a man pounds with his fists.
Finally the moon rides out of the clouds
and my mother's house stands
among all that has fallen. He'd been a thought
that came to us then passed, a bit of paper
snagged in the lawn then blown on down the street.
So I'm thinking now of his joyfulness
how nervously he leans inside the door,
saying, Come out
and look how clear the sky is.