

Storm Chasing

John Elliott

Thunder's deep but dull.
Lightning can fracture the view from any window.
Lightning's whip cracks hard as the slip
of the strap of your dress falling to your hip.
The perfect storms they have them both.
Only simple things require oath –
that awful stigma that keeps me quiet.
Hunger pangs from your complicated diet.
I'm counting in short breath to your distance;
Mapping your smooth outline with persistence.
A well-made bed is deep.
Inherited wealth is cheap.
Lightning can fracture the view from any window.
Thunder's deep but dull.