

## IN THE EYE

One year on Friday the thirteenth of August  
began my belief in superstitions  
as a hurricane ripped through  
our Florida property: a big oak tree  
crashed across our driveway  
locking us in from the outside world.  
Our yard's potted cypress trees flopped  
to the ground in a zillion pieces.

Only moments before I pushed a cart through  
the supermarket where people frantically  
jammed carts of supplies—water, batteries,  
peanut butter, tuna and powdered milk,  
dashing through the wet parking lot  
trying to beat the eye staring at us,  
and waiting to pierce our souls and ruin lives forever.

As I pulled into the garage lightning sparked  
and thunder bellowed. The sky emptied buckets at my feet.  
I plopped supplies onto the kitchen counter  
and tossed the collectibles from our hall closet—  
old dolls, photo albums, collapsible chairs,  
and boxes of first drafts,  
to hide in the only place without windows  
and where silence hovered all the way across the lake  
to the dark homes on the other side.

There was no sign of life anywhere  
until the next rush of nature's fury—  
the burst of thunder and another gush of rain  
and a bolt which could have killed us all,  
as we prayed our house would not cave  
to the railroad-sounding roar