

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