Panic in the Prairie (A tale of a Manitoba Twister)

By: Burt Jude Lancon

Unannounced

Unwelcome

You bolted in

like an accusing lover

Screaming

Shouting

Throwing your weight around

Your black magic erasing my mundane prairie eve

Hovering

Blanketing

An oppressive shroud of death

smothering me and the tree, I cling.

Burglar!

Thief!

Stealing the night of its being

The moon

The stars

sucked from the sky

Into me

Over me

Plowing everything out of your way

You turn and leave without notice

Go!

Begone!

Let loose your grip

You didn’t care in the first place.

Coward!

Manitoba Myth

No longer something about nothing

Your terror lingers inside me.

The stillness you leave

The silence, I breath

as I reach toward nihility

Tricking me into feeling as if I can touch time

Blackness

Vivid

Unimaginable void

It is sharp.

Blackguard fraud

Twister of fate

Telling me my eyes are open

The unreal reality

They are not

Retreat!

Move on!

Back away from the horizon

Replenish my emptiness with hope

Havoc

Mayhem

I don't believe

Forcing me to pray

I beg

I plead

Remove the nothingness of this night

Bestow dawn the freedom to shine

Allow a new day's light.

Time regaining purpose

Navy blue

Violent violet

Angry red

Boiling orange

Raging yellow

Ranting hues of emotions arriving

shedding light on uncontrollable desperation.

It is here

I am here

Golden rays explode up across the sky,

Handfuls of misery in its fingers pointing to stunned chaos below.

It is morning

or

is it time,

for mourning?