

The Lightning

by Agnes Ezra Arabella

I

The squirrels danced in the trees.
They leapt from branch to limb
to the struck down tree trunk,
thick with bark.
The creek was overfilled.
Lightning had lasted for days.
"Just one more day,"
she told herself
"Just one more day,"
before the sun comes out again.
The lightning had cracked the tree.

II

The field was full of
Queen Anne's Lace and clover
daises and dandelions.
She slept in the cool grass,
under a willow tree.
An old drooping one
that dangled hot in the sun.
The fire ants were out.

III

"Timing is everything,"
her father had said.
she dreamed above the clouds
she dreamed she was flying
above buildings

hopping on one roof top
after another
soaring weightless
built like Tinker Bell
the headlights of cars and windows of
buildings
lit the sky in the middle of the
night
weightless
she remembered,
timing is everything.

IV

She woke up to the sound of a train
with a long drawn out horn
under the willow tree
she looked up through its branches
a map of veins
like a highway
the sun came through the branches
and made them twinkle
like flickering lights
a type of lightning bolt.

V

"Oh sweet Seroquel!"
She thought
"Oh sweet squirrel",
that nibbled on an acorn
next to her now.

VI

"It would be wonderful to be a bird!"
her mind was mindless
she thought of reincarnation
it would be perfect to
rise up anew
she wanted to be a humming bird
to take flight again
over and under
and over and under
she sunk her head
into the grass
deeper and deeper
rise, rise, rise
until the faint drum beat
of her mother's voice grew louder
through the screen door
calling her in for lemonade.

