

# Tornado

*by* Damion Hamilton

Bullets and cars can kill in the city

The weather doesn't feel right

It was hot yesterday.

And has now gotten cooler

The wind blows heavy,

And it's raining

The sky has turned green

As people sit down to hear  
The news reports on the radio

The tornado might hit us,

Everyone seems to know this

I know it too

Today was just a typical day,

Like any other

Until the winds hit, and you hear

The sirens,

And people got FEAR in their eyes

As they check their cell phones.

Homes are damaged in a surrounding county

Less than a mile away

Tornado tore the roof off Lambert Airport,

Sounds like hearsay, until you see it

Might as well keep drinking at the bar

When you think that you could have lost

Everything

You look out the window, and cars are going

In strange directions on the streets in Friday night  
Traffic

Somebody says the major roads and two major

Interstates have been shut down

You think to yourself: did the job get hit?

Did the house get hit?  
You lost everything

You didn't know it was that many people

On the streets till the roads get shutdown,

And see the large trees and the wires laying on

The road.

The businesses along the main road have

No power, on a Friday night

The cops are out diverting traffic

No way you going home tonight.

You sit in in your car and try to go

To sleep

You wonder did the house or job get hit?

You can't sleep for long

You think about fear

And fear is right in front of you

Not something vague

You wake up

Then later into the night of the morning

You hope there are less cars on the road

U hope that they people have found someplace  
To go

The police have opened the main road

Interstate 70 has opened back up

It's dark

The only light comes from the cars from

Miles around

Trees and debris are laying off to the

Side of the highway or in the middle lane

The highway looks like something out

Of an horror of science fiction film

Things look bad: You lost everything

You wonder why you got on the interstate?

You want to turn back towards the main road

But you cant

You drive several miles down the highway

Things look better the farther you from the

Storm damage

You think it's strange how certain areas can

Get hit, while others don't receive any damage

You get off the highway towards your exit

And your home area has been hit

The street and traffic lights are out. The lights

From homes are out.

The only light comes from your vehicle,

And the occassional passing car.

Most people seem to be sitting in their house

In the dark

You keep driving until you find artificial lights  
From somewhere

All those lights you took for granted illuminating the  
The night

I think of a George Carlin bit, something about  
Civilization being destroyed completely without electricity

You think about all the comfortable cozy days of your life

Where you felt clean. Warm and without hunger.

You feel like those days will be gone forever.

No home. No lights. No food. No job. No money.

It's strange how things could change in less than a day

I drive towards the Express Scripts Headquarters, who have  
The only lights in the area, adjacent to the university

There's no train I can catch outta there, I'm stuck

I wonder how desperate, crazy and violent people will get  
Without the basic of necessities for a few days or maybe longer.

The mob is below me

I try to fall asleep in my car. Ever tried fall asleep in your vehicle?  
It's not comfortable if you want to. I toss around every five minutes.

I try to shut my brain up, and tell myself:

It was all bad dream.

But it's not,



Nature never is

