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#### SUDDEN TWIST

We saw his omens in the surly sky  
as Woden pounded kettledrums nonstop,  
belligerent vibrations aimed to skew  
begonia baskets lined up on our stoop.  
The dishes jittered, both dogs whined. "Looks like  
an air force coming to attack at noon.  
Black bombs of rain. I'm glad we fixed that leak."  
Formations peeled off, targets still unknown.

One cloud took shape like Italy. We watched  
the boot's long tongue flop down in nearby woods.  
"Lee, get beneath the basement stairs!" Bewitched,  
I heard my voice but could not move, saw wads  
of earth with trees, a truck, a silo flying.  
The roar wound me like rope as I was fleeing.

--Glenna Holloway