

March First Storm

Lioness roared in,
gale winds, slanting rain. Leaves
that had clung to the trees
through winter ice, thought
they would make it to spring—
succumbed to her force. Branches
snapped under the weight of her
power. Now free, bathed in newly formed
ponds along the roadways.

I drove the back country road,
hands firm on the wheel
praying no one blew across
faded yellow lines.

It was there I saw them,
dancing freely amid the rain
whirling in the wind.
They had heard the lioness's
call. Those souls who lingered—
lingered in the fragile bodies. Like
the baby crowning, waiting for one
last push to cross the threshold
free to breathe—to not breathe—

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