

Night Thunder at the Cabin

Emma Lou Thayne

In thunder at 2 a.m.
I occupy all my lives
my loves hovering holding
rising with me to the wild night
real as photos I tacked in daylight
to the rough wood wall above the stairs
or secret in the wardrobe of my mind.

Electric, shuddering in wanting more,
the lightning out of sight,
in memory I make my own.

Effortless, taken dripping wet
I mount the sapling maples
where, still small, I, my three brothers
and six cousins fled
to fly in windy thunder storms,
my ringlets sloshed to curly curl,
my arms and legs wrapped around a slim trunk
like binding on a sprain
till ecstasy let one hand loose
to open to the raging sky
a cup of fingers
reaching for the rain.