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| The Great Storm by Jo Shapcott  We rode it all night. We were not ourselves then.  Through the window everything was horizontal.  In cars and ships and woods, folk died.  Small trees scattered like matchsticks  and a whole shed flew by. The world roared.  A branch broke into the kitchen,  strewed twigs into the banging cupboard.  filled broken crocks with leaves. I heard  a tricycle roll up and down the attic as  the firmament streamed through the smashed tiles.  I loved you but I loved the wind more,  wanted to be as horizontal as the tree tops,  to cling to the planet by my last fingernail,  singing into the rush, into the dark.  I didn’t know then I would watch  my beloveds peel off the earth  each side of me, flying among tiles, bins,  caravans, car doors and chimney pots,  watch them turn themselves into flotsam  and disappear as wholly as the pier  the next morning, a Friday, mid-  October. Gone, split, vamoosed  like the fifteen million trees. | The Great Storm by Jo Shapcott  We rode it all night. We were not ourselves then.  Through the window everything was horizontal.  In cars and ships and woods, folk died.  Small trees scattered like matchsticks  and a whole shed flew by. The world roared.  A branch broke into the kitchen,  strewed twigs into the banging cupboard.  filled broken crocks with leaves. I heard  a tricycle roll up and down the attic as  the firmament streamed through the smashed tiles.  I loved you but I loved the wind more,  wanted to be as horizontal as the tree tops,  to cling to the planet by my last fingernail,  singing into the rush, into the dark.  I didn’t know then I would watch  my beloveds peel off the earth  each side of me, flying among tiles, bins,  caravans, car doors and chimney pots,  watch them turn themselves into flotsam  and disappear as wholly as the pier  the next morning, a Friday, mid-  October. Gone, split, vamoosed  like the fifteen million trees. |
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