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| The Great Storm by Jo ShapcottWe 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 matchsticksand 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 hearda 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 watchmy beloveds peel off the eartheach side of me, flying among tiles, bins,caravans, car doors and chimney pots,watch them turn themselves into flotsamand disappear as wholly as the pierthe next morning, a Friday, mid-October. Gone, split, vamoosed like the fifteen million trees. | The Great Storm by Jo ShapcottWe 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 matchsticksand 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 hearda 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 watchmy beloveds peel off the eartheach side of me, flying among tiles, bins,caravans, car doors and chimney pots,watch them turn themselves into flotsamand disappear as wholly as the pierthe next morning, a Friday, mid-October. Gone, split, vamoosed like the fifteen million trees. |
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