



Tempest, Isabel

Belinda Rafferty

Slowly whistling across the ocean blue,
At a snail's pace it seemed
Until Whoosh!
Fast and furious
Clean and mean
She shook us
From the very root
And carved our shores anew

Oaks of old
And pines that reached toward the heavens
Bowed down and worshipped her
Giving reverence
A silent tribute to Isabel's power.

Reminding mankind
That he is not in charge
No matter what he thinks
And that he must stand guard
Or perish
In her fury.

Isabel, you whisked us into the night
Quickened our heartbeats
Seduced us with candlelight
And then left us to clean up the mess.
Isabel,
All we can talk about is you.