

1990

## Storm Passing

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### Recommended Citation

Kell, Ben (1990) "Storm Passing," *Exile*: Vol. 36 : No. 1 , Article 18.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol36/iss1/18>

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Clouds as smooth and cool as marble  
pushed by impatient, mad winds

grind out the benign fire burning in the sun  
and drive my thoughts into darkness.  
Green, the desire of water, place and light  
turns brown in the cold, heavy darkness

and a cry for rain is answered  
with the pounding of thundering fists.

I half-dream of trampled and of trampling fields  
flattened under the weight and strength of stone,  
of the desire to live unfulfilled  
famished on a harvest of stone.

while malicious lightning burnt brown black  
while rivers overflowed with tears.

Silence clings to every sound  
while darkness fades to shadowed light  
life mends itself in the vacuum  
filling the stillness with dancing light

and I lie down in my exhaustion  
my mind as empty as the new blue sky.

*Ben Kell*