

After the storm

by [Bonnie Thurston](#) in the [September 26, 2018](#) issue

A morning of golden light
after two days' stormy darkness
illuminates the bleak twistedness
of trees now dressed, not in leaves,
but centuries growth of lichens
and green, glowing mosses
that drape and devour their hosts.
After the orgy of wild wind dancing
the limbs are quiet, as if awaiting
the giver of gale and gentleness.
They are like all the baptized
who arise from troubled waters
washed clean of all ugliness,
with one side still in darkness.