

Yahweh at Mamre

by [Daniel James Sundahl](#) in the [May 28, 2014](#) issue

We take turns monitoring the storm's approach;
I've rolled the awnings, taken laundry from the lines.
Dull strips of cloud stretch from the west;
Wind-prodded, trees wake from an afternoon's listlessness.

My wife completes one last stitch from her sewing.
In the lull, I read from Genesis: Yahweh.
Fed and rested in the shade of a terebinth tree,
Walks toward Sodom and Gomorrah, cities of the plains.

Their contempt, we can be sure, is unforgiven.
We know by instinct not to meddle with such intimacy.
The tornado sirens sound; all over town, citizens
Descend to their basements. The temperature drops.

Wind and rain begin their agony; divine demonstrations.
My wife kisses me, covered with the cinders of Lot's hope.