

TORNADO

by Jani Sherrard

The night's storm
was like a child.

Relentless.
Then still
as sleep.

It came suddenly
though we were warned.
After it was delivered

we lived
with it.

KANSAS: *FIRST IMPRESSIONS*

by Jani Sherrard

Wind licks my hair
Sun soaks into my spirit
quieted by the hills
that roll and roll and roll
from one to the other
like laughing children
The sky is big enough
for all my worlds
The rich earth
lays me down to sleep
in peace
Kansas does not shout
or whisper
She sings.
Though only to herself.

KANSAS: *THE WEATHER*

by Jani Sherrard

Wind winds round cicada hum,
brushing leaves against themselves.
They lisp.

Sun pierces clouds
and beats the earth
like an anvil.

Earth's aging skin
dries
and cracks.

Rain clamps to soil
easing the cracks
away.

Stillness slips over the land.
Sun, wind, and rain
rest deeply
in the dawn.