

KANSAS THUNDERSTORM

Bars of lightning
Are soldered to the sky,
Illuminating the highway
Like a slick lizard's tongue,
Volatile and hungry.
We are exposed in this
Eery circus light,
Clouds coiled
In serpentine slyness,
Wild prairie grass twisting
In wanton pantomime,
The devil posing as a cow, cringing
As new aerial stripes
Threaten to divulge
Our sudden fear of mirrors,
Door handles, and country sideshow.

Jane Ellen Stock

THE RACE

for Jonathan

The greyhound breaks
And streaks across the Kansas sunset.
His course is charted
Only by the rabbit he pursues.
I watch your auburn hair
Glint gold and red
In the fading light.
Excitement rules your gaze,
As you realize that no fence
Marks the periphery
Of your training ground;
Yet, your rabbit is still in sight.
You tense, waiting to begin your run.

Jane Ellen Stock