

# in the light of the storm

GRIFFIN PLAAG

our ashes sleep freely in the dim green  
concrete walls & tempered windows clean  
in the light of the storm.

the mantic prisms in stormlight born  
alight the rivulets of sky (to warn  
or prophesy the

THUNDERous din of thronging feet) –  
mother called them giants on the ceiling and  
that scared you sometimes.

the water makes me think of lobstermen, rime  
and seafoam sheen, the sound of time  
in fractals, barometric

pressure rising, rising, sailors panic  
(the lobsters don't; they're contented  
with their natant cages,

glabrous shells excited), now cue the rages,  
queue the bends and contemplate a sage  
veteran, for strength,

think of pericles and see how that went  
(now)? now the time is spent  
and you will leave no eucharist,

no rites and no remembrances,  
swallowed by the storming watery cysts  
and neptune teal.

go kiss the sand; thou art sunken. kneel  
at the wrath of all the gods. steal  
one last glimpse;

mighty autumn has been felled; zeus limps  
into september and poseidon's triaged scepter slips  
past the security, like a

battery, like it needs a new one, like the formica  
counter where you cook has changed demetra  
so her leaves no longer change.

but still we taste the hurricane malaise;  
still once a season all of gloucester holds its gaze  
east, to the atlantic,

to the doppler of our passing persephonic  
and the *logos* of the fading epochs strong and meady tonic  
in the light of the storm.