



Spring Storm

Jim Wayne Miller

He comes gusting out of the house,
the screen door a thunderclap behind him.

He moves like a black cloud
over the lawn and---stops.

A hand in his mind grabs
a purple crayon of anger
and messes the clean sky.

He sits on the steps, his eye drawing
a mustache on the face in the tree.

As his weather clears,
his rage dripping away,

wisecracks and wonderment
spring up like dandelions.