

Julie Oliver

NO PLACE LIKE HOME

After the Massachusetts Tornado

June 1st 2011

Just like in the film, there is a sepia-toned sky
and a lion's roar wind, but this isn't Kansas.
I am no Dorothy. The early June clouds groan,
release a heavy rain stunned by its own sudden
authority, falling with such purpose, filling
the gutters he had intended to clean.

We aren't in any real danger, almost thirty
miles north of the tornado's path. His double
bed like the eye of a cyclone. He wraps himself
around me, encircles me, kisses my shoulders
with a frenzy. We can smell the sweet, damp
earth, freshly beaten and bruised by
unexpected hail. Sharp blue lightning
tears through clouds, the sky tumbles,
angry and dark at only 3 p.m.

We listen to the downpour.
I run my fingers through
his hair and he holds me
down on the bed.
We wait patiently
for Technicolor.
I would click
my heels if
I thought
it could
bring me
anywhere
but here.