

Benign, black clay and sod belie her ancient heat,
While many miles below a devil's cauldron seethes and glows.
Unfinished faulty fissures and a gaping gulch compete
In stealthy silent movement of opposing rugged rows.

Until one day some distant unsuspecting street
Is swallowed writhing, spewing brick and glass and melting snows.
And next the sea is seized in Nature's fist to beat
The fallen shores and hopeless hearths, defenseless to her blows.

Don't trust the warming sunbeam she hangs out in retreat;
Why trust a wanton woman just because she changes clothes?
I've watched her fiery ensign burn the prairie wheat;
I've seen the crops I planted hosting hordes of worms and crows.

She saw my need for rain; she came to my defeat
With flood! The land and I cry out, but still the water grows.
Her slimy signature is the tragic trail's receipt
 and roads
For trees/and muddy shades of sorrow that she sows.

She makes a whirling hell when rival pressures meet
And funnel down for bridge and barn as though they were her foes.
Don't be misled by calmness and manners more discreet;
It's mere time-out while she revives each lethal trick she knows.

I've smelled her perfumed breath, and heard the birds repeat
The legends of her flowered fields, her famous fabled pose.
Oh yes, I've marveled at rebirth, her flaunted favorite feat,
And drunk her moon-mad magic made of myth and false agos.