

Calm, Before the Storm

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The calm before the storm is a strange form of torment,
For in these dormant moments,
Where seconds move as minutes and minutes stand as towers
where one might sit and rest and see,

We're so free:

To infinitely analyze, to reframe, rearrange,
To paralyze, to prepare, or **leave**.

These moments in foment play us for fools,
for we descend as volunteers into the shadow of loud, crawling clouds,
when we should quietly savor the warm bath of that—

last,

sweet,

certain,

taste of sun.