

After the storm

by [Bonnie Thurston](#) in the [September 26, 2018](#) issue

A morning of golden light  
after two days' stormy darkness  
illuminates the bleak twistedness  
of trees now dressed, not in leaves,  
but centuries growth of lichens  
and green, glowing mosses  
that drape and devour their hosts.  
After the orgy of wild wind dancing  
the limbs are quiet, as if awaiting  
the giver of gale and gentleness.  
They are like all the baptized  
who arise from troubled waters  
washed clean of all ugliness,  
with one side still in darkness.