Tornado in the Pennsylvania Hills

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On the morning afterwards, I could not find the driveway, and East was gone. I tried to reinvent direction. Where the north woods stood now there was sky, a blasted space our barn had entered.

Now out of hardship, we make board feet. The loggers call to bid on damage. Lithe trees stiffen, ooze sap through splinters. They'll go for suburban studs, veneer, chips, paper for the memoranda at the Bureau of Natural Disasters.

The twisters took my words for terror when it went back to sky. In place of them I give our friends bland facts: It sounded like a train. It was 6 miles wide and 12 miles long. We don't know how we're alive.

Now out of harm my wife and daughter make tunes. Their simplest songs help us trust the calm again. After tornado, the farm's afraid to make a noise. After tornado, our unassuming love seems loud.