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Tornado in the Pennsylvania Hills

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Tornado In The Pennsylvania Hills

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.