

## Spring Storm

He comes gusting out of the house,  
the screen door a thunderclap behind him.

He moves like a black cloud  
over the lawn and---stops.

A hand in his mind grabs  
a purple crayon of anger  
and messes the clean sky.

He sits on the steps, his eye drawing  
a mustache on the face in the tree.

As his weather clears,  
his rage dripping away,

wisecracks and wonderment  
spring up like dandelions.

by Jim Wayne Miller