

2023

## Thunder Music Crashing

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### Recommended Citation

Campbell, Grace (2023) "Thunder Music Crashing," *Calliope*: Vol. 35, Article 11.  
Available at: <https://researchrepository.wvu.edu/calliope/vol35/iss1/11>

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# Thunder Music Crashing

Grace Campbell

I stood near a creek in the old wood.  
A bird was chirping nearby, and I thought for a moment,  
“My, how lovely this spring morning has become.”  
Even after the sweet rain last night.  
Even after all the deep thunder.

The rain, with its gentle moving droplets,  
Sliding slowly down the grass blades, hardly moving  
Except for one lazy, large fall into the dirt.  
Darkening soil like chocolate-night  
Like ink blotches on green paper.

There is one flower standing alone in a field.  
She is soaked, droplets of rain cascading down her petals.  
Silently dancing, water moving her leisurely  
Side to gentle side.  
Thunder-music crashes.

The creek is trickling, and the old wood rots  
As I stand there, contemplating -  
whether to put my feet into the water  
Or walk back home through the briars.  
Place my shoes at the door.