

## THE STORM

In the aftermath of the storm

All she owned

All she knew

Was strewn, like straw, across the scarred soil of her once beautiful soul.

Here a lost love.

There a cloth doll ... button eyes, embroidered nose.

The wind had raged

For hours,

For days,

Her entire life.

Tore at the fabric of her heart,

Bleached the color out of her soul

Leaving a pale

Hollow

gauzy ghost

With sunken cheeks

Sallow skin

Sighing breasts

Til her breath, itself, was no more.

In the aftermath of the storm,

She became a shadow,

A shade,

Not a vision,

Merely a scent of fading incense

On the now gently blowing breeze.