

Texan Thunderstorm

I moan of the subtle pain,
hidden under my spine
arched like an arrow
ready to fly
straight to the highway
with 70mph,

while thunders are shaking
our townhouse walls
a manifest,
of the wrath of Gods
cinematic and raw,

and then it rains steadily
dreams with friends,
HEB cola and cabinets
in disarray
(shame on me),

two bodies curled
in fetal position,

a metro train going
somewhere,

“I know she likes dahlias”
she says.

I grab my cell phone from the floor
and take a leap into
doomscrolling.