

Poetry Porch: Poetry

We are warned

By Marge Piercy

Day sunny and cold, clear
as a crystal goblet. Trees
are still, bare boughs
unmoving as if made
of granite.

Who can guess that
a storm the size of Texas
is crawling up the coast
getting stronger as it
churns the ocean.

It carries on its hunched
back feet of snow.
It blows hard and long
power outages coming
downed trees

blocked roads. We wait
helpless as this force
in which we'll soon
huddle in trepidation
comes steadily north.