

# Poetry Porch: Poetry

---

## *Life in the dark*

By Marge Piercy

On an early Monday morning  
power went out in our house  
in the woods in deep winter  
the snow already a foot deep.

All night the wild winds struck  
us, loud bangs on the roof.  
Trees toppling. Branches  
landing, we clutched each other.

Cold creeps in—an hour or so.  
No water, the well pump out.  
We sat by the fireplace. Authorities  
want us to ditch gas stoves.

But we had hot food to keep  
us from freezing. When our  
cell phones went dead, we felt  
altogether cut off—from friends

from news, from help, from  
the outside world. Bored,  
scared, impatient, miserable.  
A lost week that left us stressed

to exhaustion, wreckage every  
where, road blocked by fallen  
trees. The utility won't put wire  
underground. Reduces profits.

We have felt the sharp teeth  
of wild winter tearing at us.  
We're shaken by vulnerability  
we ignored, no longer can.