

The New Storm

Katy Wood

It is a force of nature not fully understood.
It comes like a tornado
from clear skies and quiet moments.

But it does not tear apart houses or uproot trees,
instead it rips away my beloved.
Takes her to another place
where time and space have no meaning.

Like a storm, the force is terrifying to behold.
Craters form in the grass
as a giant sphere of swirling wind rages.
And in the center floats something small,
a glowing pink lotus.

It is a new force of nature that both tortures and enriches me.

When she appears it is like a dream.
Raging winds and violent deafness,
then suddenly she arrives and the air falls flat.
It is the glass lake after the hurricane,
the destruction after the earthquake.

Except in place of death and ruin
there is beauty and love
because we are together again.

And oh it is so sweet,
but I know it will not last long.

Our moments are golden but trimmed with tension.
Even now as I hold her and relish her embrace,
I know soon it will end.
Is that the wind I feel, the beginning of our terrible storm?

No, only a summer breeze
sweetly licking our skin and letting us know
we have a few more minutes together at least.
How I wish it could always be this peaceful moment,
this golden drop in a pool of so much grey.

Please, whoever holds us and maintains us together,
let us have 5 more minutes, no days. Wait, please, months.
What is it you require?

I feel the wind begin to stir and it strikes fear in my worn heart
because this feels like no summer breeze.
No, please not yet. Not again.



Symphony in Peril

Jesse O'Shea

I hold her tight against my chest.
My shirt is soaked with her sweet tears.
Fingers digging into forearms,
we hold onto this moment so tightly
but cannot stop it from being peeled away.
The golden future stolen drop by drop,
condemning me to grey,
to useless waiting and constant yearning.

Our muscles strain and we try to fight.
The flower illuminates violent light,
filling the crater, adding to the destruction.
I feel her body being ripped from mine.
Our muscles are fatigued.
Suddenly the storm surges.
She is ripped away and disappears before my eyes.

The air goes still.
My arms are extended, reaching out
into that precious space where she last was.
My fingers are cooling, her warmth leaving.
My chest is cold as her tears evaporate.
I let my hands fall to my side and they strike with a
resounding thud.

I collapse to my knees as all around
the long grass begins to resume its former shape
as the crater slowly disappears.
It brushes my ankles and tickles my side.

■ **Katy Wood** is a Tallahassee local and a current second year medical student. She majored in Spanish Literature at the University of South Florida before pursuing medicine at FSU.