

Rolling with the Thunder

Why I was angry matters not,
but fury had blossomed in me,
and I *was* it--no turning away.

Fingers atremble,
voice ashake,
heart apump,
I challenged a present wrong
yielded up to me
from some chasm of an obscure past.
I stood resiliently firm,
arteries turgid with love and law.

It is over, and I did not lose.
No one lost--or won.
The conflict was as imperative
and brief
as a summer thunderstorm.

I sit now electric with leftover adrenaline,
images of the struggle
reverberating in my thoughts--
but already a silence in my blood begins
to bathe me with merciful forgetting.