

Jeff Hardin

After a Storm

It could be bedlam,  
Armageddon during the night,  
but we sleep  
through anything.

It's the waking hours  
that leave us  
shell-shocked.

Cathedral spires  
groping skyward.

A trove of truisms  
one by one  
deselected.

The clamor of minefields  
in even the most patient  
conversations.

After a storm moves through,  
we wake to cool.

We shiver a little,  
drinking coffee on the porch,  
the outline of a moment  
beginning to take shape.