

Mother Nature by Susan K. Seidl-Michigan

3 days now
has been cleaning house
a rock and roll
as multifaceted
as she, no minuet.

Can you imagine
her March?
No masquerade.
Beginning early
with a fitful jitterbug swirl
of white pumice
evoking crisp leaf Charleston.
An entire winter
white grime, clogged,
lifted--
preceded and followed by
power wash
pelting rain
concentrated untapped fire hydrant.
Blizzard winds rise
in miles per hour, un-clocked,
yet to be captured.

No cakewalk
for her living creatures
that creep, crawl, pad, fly:
courageous insect clinging feat.

Knowing she has the control
bare branches snap
even amid nests firm
and fresh budding tests
perhaps in more of a jig
than its entire life.

Is she seeding Earth?

No mille-second eye of the tornado.
Anvil hammer death-rattle
whine, squeal, breathy throttle
circumvents
what she cannot square dance.
Perhaps it is
de-cluttering ballet
with karate kicks, left hooks:
a sailor's tacking nightmare.
Perhaps.

Nothing to prove
taking choreography seriously
she is Mother Nature
in full tap dance and
at its end--
Geisha girl.

We live in an environment challenging, and reflecting all. Often, we don't put words to the amazement which envelops. In pause, a dance comes with the breath of images. **Susan K. Seidl**