

Tornado Season

Little Charlene tears through my life like a natural disaster
Leaving a swath of broken relationships.
I'm left dealing with the debris of destroyed dreams,
And the need to resuscitate my self-esteem.

She doesn't have an early warning system.
Appearing on my horizon, an F3 frown on her face,
The four-foot tornado rips through my landscape,
Scattering friends like leaves.
Sensing the havoc she's caused, she dips below the horizon, hiding in the dusk.

I become a storm chaser in an attempt to tame her.
Sighting her flying pigtailed, I race through the yard to embrace her torrent.
Her tiny fists pummel my face like hail, her fury lashes my hair like a whip,
Her shrieks nearly drown out my shout that she'll be okay,
That big Charlene has weathered the storm
And no longer destroys to protect her dignity,
That she's learned to deal with her problems, not hide from them.
Yet, when the "All Clear" sounds,
I'm sitting with my face in my hands,
And I'm the one who is sobbing.