

Tornadoes

Listener

Ok. I feel like I've always had a tornado inside of me. You have it inside of you. Just sometimes it doesn't move. I sort of bloom late, but I know it's still there. It still twitches. I'm still flinching. I'm hiding in the basement. Trying to keep my head down. Trying not to get shocked. Trying to keep the windows boarded up. Trying to find the words that need a home too, and that home might be you. While that storm stays eating at the front door of my mind. Out here stranded between home and where I live. Waiting for the sun to peek in like a killer. Until I can know the coast is clearer. If it comes from the sky and it's bad: It must be God. It must be mad. Like it changed its mind. Said never mind. So I told myself that if I quit moving I died. So I started it spinning and spinning around.

But you were alive on that day in this town in this state, and you were younger and not as sure as you are now, but you were alive in every way. But we couldn't say that we'd ever find it again. So I put a mark on my heart for myself and all my friends. So we can find it again. Holding up your families. Holding up houses. Holding down jobs, and tears. I hope you never again have to use people and each other like washers (tightening the screws), but you were there for each other. Didn't leave. Didn't give up. And there's a kind of unfortunate peace you have that no one can take away. And the pictures prove that you used to live so take more. And even if you don't know what love is try and be all of it. And build an army, an army of peace. We are homeless in our houses. There are no guarantees. Even in our houses we are homeless. There are no guarantees.