

Bríd MacSweeney



The Cloud-burst Ceases

Listen. In the stillness tiny twitters
give way to loud bird cheers.
Puffed-ball blackbird bathes in puddle tub.
Thrashing her fanned tail.
In the calm after the storm.

The willow weeps upon the pond.
Its tears pygmy fish ripples
on her now smooth lustrous face.
Short shrill moorhen call.
In the calm after the storm.

Mallard drake and his mate waddle by
on four vivid orange webbed feet.
Grubbing in shallow pools at grasses' edge.
Satiated! They toddle home. Quacking contentedly.
In the calm after the storm.

A rambunctious three-year-old boy
Escapes. Plunges. Splashes gleefully
in miniature knee-high lake.
Drenched. Scolded. But well worth it!
In the calm after the storm.

Grey squirrels scurry in the muck.
Bushy-tailed rodents. Greedily gnawing fallen nuts.
Two chattering magpies war. The booty
body of a baby bird. Winner takes all!
In the calm after the storm.

In the calm after the storm.