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Twister

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Twister

Inside now, her face pixelated by the screen door, You can't have your cake and eat it too! she shouts, by way of explaining why I can't stand on the barn roof to videotape the twister and also survive it. From this vantage the distant funnel appears to dance along the top of the clothesline T, wiggling its hips but keeping toes together. Then a roar, just like they say, and the great dark wedge is fantastic. I look side to side for wonderconfirmers, but they are all hiding their heads in cold storage so I'll have to tell them later that wind has a look, looks like grey cotton candy, the shredded batting of old insulation. And my camera is yanked, is a smear over the road, and cake wiggling, door explaining, fantastic hips and pixelated cabbages, kings wiggling its rain-water, funnelling its wheelbarrow, dark chickens distant, shredded eat it, so much toes together, hips depends upon shredded candy, on shouted wonder, a wiggling confirmer. Looks heads wedge can't way she T hips barn barn barn stand white storage byway, glazed wiggling wonderbatting, vantage batting, T and cake.

Susan Holbrook