

## *Jay Hopley*

### GREEN SQUALL

Lightning—

Now there's a sexy machete: a pounce of sky electric—  
*electricited*—inflamed.

*What's the sugar, Hurricane?*

The rain's all tinned romantic in the water pots.

The waterspouts are full-on  
Rashmahanic.

*What's the hurry, Sugarcane?*

A pounce of sky enlightninged,  
Edgy-sexed. . . .

This is the sugar.

This is the hurry.