

Jay Hopley

GREEN SQUALL

Lightning—

Now there's a sexy machete: a pounce of sky electric—
electricity—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.