

ELEMENTALS



**MARGO
ROBY**

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Origami Book and Poetry

**ELEMENTALS
MARGO ROBY © 2011**

WILDFIRE

Through streets, flames race
the night shadows, spin
up the building's walls
leaping gulping devouring
concrete and steel until
shadow and building are the
flame,
a scarlet pillar in the darkness
a funeral pyre of plaster walls
cracking blasting bursting
fragments shrapneling the sky
as girders melt.
At dawn, only a forest
of blackened metal
twisted and warped
into abstract sculptures.

TORNADO

you mow down poplars and pines
scattering branches and trunks
across mountainsides. You
leave behind jagged
stumps like broken teeth
along the ridge lines.
Soft gobbles fill the air,
wild turkeys looking
for woods to step from
at twilight, no people
left to hear their rising calls.

TSUNAMI: AFTERMATH

An elderly woman shuffles through
the debris, using the broken shaft
of a golf club as a makeshift cane.
A few people wander the mud-
flats picking over the rubble--
the wave has swallowed roads,
gulped buildings, devoured lives,
leaving behind an unfamiliar
landscape made up of a strange
new fabric: morues, evacuation
centers, a vast expanse of mud--
and everywhere, a silence
uncomfortable, as if waiting.

STORM

The first thunder mutters
far out at the edges
of the sky

grows into the rumble
of a train crossing
the landscape

before it cracks
like a rifle shot breaking
the blackness apart.

TSUNAMI, JAPAN

Flocks of gulls fly, calling,
before the onslaught of water--
harbingers.
The wave shears the houses
at their baselines, gathering
them up and shredding them.
Flames burst out sporadically,
small bonfires floating
amongst splintered timbers.
In a sea of mud, the only
spot of colour, a photograph
— a father and son in blue water.

EARTHQUAKE

The Earth shifts
plates jostling
spine stretching
shoulders grinding
fissures gaping
quakes tearing
open wounds

in people's lives --

Christchurch's spire lies
in the streets
toppled.