

## **Tennessee in the Dark**

By Karan Martinat Witt

I waited till the last day to throw away the meat,  
down the twisted, altered mountain, where the gorge splayed in defeat.  
The bears had climbed up higher, to the caves a week ago.  
They had known the storm was coming to the river down below.  
And when the rain gorged river, fed with every mountain stream,  
became a raging torrent...trees snapped, stones screamed...Helene.  
I felt a pivot in the earth, a rumbling in the soil.  
The land beside me slid away, the hillside turned to roil.  
And in the week that followed...came a silence so serene  
so strange amidst the chaos, so odd amidst this scene.  
And in the middle of black nights, I gazed up to the sky.  
A blaze of brilliant galaxies had the colored lights on high.  
I read the plays of Tennessee by flashlight in the dark,  
and waited for the world to show and make some sort of mark.  
The turkey, fox, and bobcat to the mountain top had fled,  
a lone owl in a twisted tree wept "flowers for the dead."  
The day evacuation came, I threw away the meat  
from my lone deserted cabin...so the coyotes could eat.