

Angel Tears Winter of 2009

By : Mistress of Word Play

In January of 2009 an ice storm hit Western Kentucky. This poem came as a result of that incident. I pray it never returns to this part of the world as long as I live. Susan



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It was the winter Angels cried cold bitter tears
and the trees not knowing caught them as they fell.
Too late, the emerald giants came to realize
and they were trapped in winter's deadly spell.

Throughout the night the frozen rain bombarded
and the helpless victims did shiver, crack, and groan.
All through that gruesome evening until the morning came
a sound arose outside my window, the sound of breaking bone.

No light to drive back the vicious darkness
no heat to shield protect or keep us warm.
Silent vigils kept through the unfolding nightmare
a prayer that we would survive the storm.

My heart it still remembers, it still cries
recalling all the broken remnants lying there.
Shattered branches, limbs, and trees
carnage scattered in winter's pristine air.

I will not soon forget those feelings
of desolation weighing heavy on my heart
nor will I regret my sigh of relief
as the cold cruel season did depart.

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