

## Two poems: Hurricane Helene Romps in the Woods Around our House

GENE HYDE

### **Your Caller Tonight is Helene**

Poplar and pine, oak and ash  
writhing in a frenzied dance  
at the whim of caller Helene.  
Some leap from sodden soil,  
roots midair, crashing down,  
shaking the ground. Some sway  
and bend, twist and shimmy,  
snap and splinter and  
plummet earthward,  
or house-ward,  
or me-ward. After all,  
we are but oak and ash  
heeding the call, awaiting  
our own turn in the dance.

### **Prepositional Prayer**

A miracle, this tree on my house,  
caught on the corner of the roof,  
its clutch ripping the eave  
nearly off, the roof line now a  
jagged curve. So much comes  
down to prepositions, our fates  
measured by tiny words like  
*On and In*. Consider this: if  
recast as *In* my house this  
poem wouldn't be here.  
A tree snagged on a corner,  
ever so violently, is not  
a tree in my house.

I watched it. I saw the tree  
falling towards me  
as the sky shrieked around us,  
I saw one preposition about  
to happen, but the Vowel chose

*O* over *I* on impact just  
above my head. Prayer is not  
a practice I embrace  
but on that day, Helene  
raging, a preposition  
shifted as I prayed,  
the miracle tree is on my house,  
and this poem is alive  
in its own sweet way.