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Rumblings

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Rumblings

by Michael Fraley

Rain like a thousand no's
Came down and made the ground
A liquid bed of sullen stares.

This was after the shaking
Had stopped, and all the buildings
Either settled into place
Or gave up standing and collapsed.

What could we do?
There was nothing to do
To prevent it from happening again.

Like the market chatter in Vesuvius
Just before the final moment,
Our talk was centered on the fear
That ran throughout the populace.