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A SCENE OF HORROR

by *Serena Kauk*

My son came in Sunday eve,
Said, "Mother, leave your book;
A cloud so queer is in the west;
Please come and take a look."

A scene of horror met my eyes—
A rolling, seething mass,
A cloud so black and terrible
Was rising in the west.

In all my years of life
I never saw the like.
We closed windows, barred the doors,
And knew it soon would strike.

A roaring, moaning kind of sound
And then a calm like death.
So still, so very still it seemed.
We scarce could get our breath.

Then came the storm with awful din,
And darkness filled the land
For dirt and dust were in the air
And stinging gusts of sand.

The house was filled; we could not see
Each other in the gloom
We sat and watched with bated breath;
It seemed the hour of doom.

Out in the road the cars were stalled;
They could not face the blast.
And people prayed who never had,
"Lord, let this horror pass."

Our eyes were blinded as we sat;
The trees bent down their heads—
The chickens flew up on the roosts;
All nature went to bed.

At last it passed as all things do.
The sun shone clear and hot.
But this day's storm of wind and dirt
Will never be forgot.□

SERENA KAUK, a resident of Leedey, is a SOSU junior and is majoring in Accounting and minoring in Computer Science. "A Scene of Horror" is her first published work.