

Storm Light

Larissa Reid

The storm fades,
taking its hunchback to the edge of the sea.
The white cottage, draped in ivy and honeysuckle,
breathes in the hum of a generator.
The sun glimmers on the rim of the pond.
A twisted fence drenched in indigo and bumblebees
tapers to a dozen butterflies,
their colour borrowed from the meadow grasses.
There's a swirl of a snail under every step,
and the flicker and fetch of a fox on the hunt.