


2018

My Dad Appreciates a Steens Lightning Storm

Nicole Caldwell

Western Oregon University, ncaldwell15@mail.wou.edu

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.wou.edu/pure>

 Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Caldwell, Nicole (2018) "My Dad Appreciates a Steens Lightning Storm," *PURE Insights*: Vol. 7 , Article 2.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.wou.edu/pure/vol7/iss1/2>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the Student Scholarship at Digital Commons@WOU. It has been accepted for inclusion in PURE Insights by an authorized editor of Digital Commons@WOU. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@wou.edu, kundas@mail.wou.edu, bakersc@mail.wou.edu.

My Dad Appreciates a Steens Lightning Storm

Abstract

2018 3rd place runner up for Peter Sears Poetry Prize

Keywords

Peter Sears Poetry Prize, poetry

My Dad Appreciates a Steens Lightning Storm

Nicole Caldwell, Western Oregon University
Faculty Sponsor: **Dr. Henry Hughes**

2018 3rd place runner up for Peter Sears Poetry Prize

Keywords: Peter Sears Poetry Prize, poetry

I hear the crash before he does.
Leaping to the window,
flashing cracks in the night air,
backlighting drifting clouds
and bats stunned by their own visibility.

A mad rush to the dimly lit door,
chipping paint flies
into the onslaught of mosquitoes.
He turns down his hearing aid,
laughing.
The next fissure washes the valley
in swatches of twilight.

I stumble behind,
phone flashlight on gopher holes, briars and dry grass.
He leads surely, moon glare reflected in glasses,
eager for a light show to crack
the swampy air.

Rickety picnic table and crickets,
talking about my dad,
growing up in Lebanon with nothing
to do but get drunk
and jump off bridges.
We count the growing seconds
between flashes and crashes.

It's behind the mountains now.
No one else would be able to hear his disappointment.
He turns to me and ruffles my frizzy hair,
content as I have ever seen him.