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## When the Tornado Came to My Town

Our station wagon visited the death site  
of R&D's automotive, following the wind.  
Mom talks of the clarity. It was a simple dusk.  
She says, "It was more, we knew, could feel it."

The first sign was a stoplight swaying, loose  
like the tops of trees. Then it stopped.  
We were still, caught in the still. Paris Ontario  
in photographic poise, was, at the time

almost breathing. It was more. Everything  
in the world swelling. We knew, we could  
feel it. It broke, an arrow-split tension. The tops  
of pine trees breaking off, the houses suffocating.

We watched, saw the window-pane bending in,  
under which Dad, minutes earlier, sat fixing the clock.  
In one blue moment, it could have melted in,  
it might have reached to just kiss his head.