

Tornado Outside DisneyWorld

Go back to sleep,
it's only the wind,
I tell my daughter
that night in St. Cloud
while outside
the black vortex sweeps by
and in the morning we see orange trees ripped from the earth,
their surprised roots still shaking at the sky.
Sleepers have been sucked from mobile homes
and drawn up into the wind.
Some land on the hoods of cars
driving south on the Florida Turnpike.
A baby is found on a mattress in the arms of an oak tree --
alive, somehow immune to violent shifts of seas of air.

And how to explain to my own child
how wrong adults can be,
how little we really comprehend our world,
our great foolish faith in
logic and truth,
our complex mythology of
finding narrow paths
between chance and consequence.