

## Storm

Cattle egrets in the dry grass waded  
like white clerics at the hooves  
of brood cows, heifers, and new calves.

Forked lightning. Calm.  
The darkness in the cattle tank welled up  
and flooded the reflection of the trees.

Turkey vultures wheeled, and wheeled away.  
No swifts, no swallows, children gone indoors.  
Rain seethed into the willowtops,  
sky flashing, while the black bull  
under the water locust glowed  
with an inward surge of darkness.

—Brooks Haxton

Excerpt from Brooks Haxton's *They Lift  
Their Wings to Cry*, published by Knopf