Thundercloud

Riley Geritz

University of Richmond

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger

Recommended Citation

Geritz, Riley (2020) "Thundercloud," The Messenger: Vol. 2020 : Iss. 1 , Article 9.
Available at: https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger/vol2020/iss1/9

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the University Publications at UR Scholarship Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Messenger by an authorized editor of UR Scholarship Repository. For more information, please contact scholarshiprepository@richmond.edu.


Thundercloud  
Reilly Geritz

My brother’s eyes are nothing like the sun,  
but rather reflect its glaring blue expanse.

Like vacant summer days transfigured by looming black clouds in the west,  
as swiftly are his orbs obscured by the rage within his chest.

His dignity shattered in shards on the floor,  
his mother kneels among them with eyes that implore her boy to put down the gun  
listen to her when she repeats how his splintered heart wrenches hers--but  
today he isn’t stronger than his swirling fears, which goad his fists to punch the walls  
as thunder roars we stay indoors, for heaven forbid the neighbors saw the butter knife on the top shelf or his white palms against the window pane.

We’re whisked up through the chimney and off with the tornado,  
but the sunshine outside pays no mind to the hurricane’s eyes chained to a bed, to a wrist, to a future they can’t see for the torrent.

No, my brother’s eyes are nothing like the son my parents wanted.