“Twister Hits Houston”

by Sandra Cisneros

Papa was on the front porch.

Mama was in the kitchen.

Mama was trying

to screw a light bulb into a fixture.

Papa was watching the rain.

Mama, it’s a cyclone for sure,

he shouted to his wife in the kitchen.

Papa who was sitting on his front porch

when the storm hit

I said the twister ripped

the big black oak to splinter,

tossed a green sedan into his garden,

and banged the back door

like a mad cat wanting in.

Mama who was in the kitchen

said Papa saw everything,

the big oak ripped to kindling,

the green sedan land out back,

the back door slam and slam.

I missed it.

Mama was in the kitchen Papa explained.

Papa was sitting on the front porch.

The light bulb is still sitting

where I left it. Don’t matter now.

Got no electricity anyway.