

Hurricane

by Brooke Elliott

I am a hurricane.

I live with the force and vigor of the storm--

Well, the outer edges of the storm

At least.

You know.

The ones with the grains of glass

And battered buildings

And broken water mains?

That kind of storm.

I may be strong,

Fast,

And glorious in the wind of my ascent,

But I have left ruin in my wake

I am banned from Chuck-E-Cheese.

Which one?

Every Chuck-E-Cheese.

The details of the encounter

Do not matter

Nor does the resulting bill

For property damage, because

I am a hurricane.

I take what I desire and pull

Until it is untethered.

Even if what I desire

Is Chuck-E's prime pinball machine

Shining and beautiful

Forbidden as Eden's

Fruit.

I am a hurricane.

A hurricane not permitted to enter

Any Chuck E. Cheese.