

## Wild Weather

I sit in the bowl, a well-regarded Wedgewood;  
handle in my view; bone marrow on bone china.  
Contemplating life, the universe and when again  
Wolves might win another football match.

Without warning, whoosh! My resting place leaps  
into the air, then crashes back down, rattles continue  
until after a rumble, a blast of air rushes in, speeds around;  
reminder of the wall of death, popular at fairgrounds.

Slowly the atmosphere settles, my relief sigh echoes until  
a sack falls down, flattens me, pins me to the porcelain.  
As I struggle to emerge, a gush of liquid, no rain shower  
but a torrent suggesting a blockage has been released.

Monsoon against which I have no shelter swiftly follows,  
sparkling crystals invade my mouth, nose and eyes. No relief,  
when it stops, a silver paddle jars the base, swishes around,  
spins me in a clockwise direction, bouncing along the wall.

At last, quiet. I gather myself together, hear the ring of a bell,  
footsteps across wooden blocks. A door opens, *Welcome*;  
laughter, double the number of steps as the door closes.  
My heartbeat slows, trembling stops, pulse regains normality.

The next day it was on the News. What I had suffered  
was not a named storm nor a tornado. It was a TYPHOO.

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