

Poem from Weave & Wonder participant who  
evacuated the Fiber Arts Studio:

THE FLASH FLOOD

Long, beautiful threads—colors of the earth, the grass, the sky,  
Winding round and round,  
    over and over,  
        following the pegs,  
            creating the warp.

In love with the moment,  
    the calm of the winding,  
        caught in the present  
            creating the scarf.

Calm after the storm --  
    chaos on the road  
        as we shoved through the rain,  
            blown and buffeted,  
                thunder deafened,  
                    drenched to the bone.

Now winding and warping,  
    working unawares,  
        the storm forgotten,  
            all seeming well.

Then the warning, the words --  
    Evacuate!  
        Get Out!  
            Leave Now!

Race to the cars  
    raining no more  
        so why the rush?

We saw and heard  
    the trickle turned monster  
        raging and roiling  
            churning mud,  
                trees tossed like cudgels  
                    bearing down on the building —

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We fled --

a flight to higher ground.

Searching for children who  
sought as frantically for us.

All Safe! None Lost!

THANK GOD

A rainbow – no two --

Stretched high and perfect  
the color of the threads  
arched overhead.

Over the rushing and angry arroyos,  
over the buildings that had been:  
roofs on the ground,  
walls washed away  
a loom in a tree  
threads coated in mud.

God hasn't left us –

the rainbow a promise  
as told to Noah in that earlier flood.

Bright threads tossed high

warping the sky  
waiting for weft  
to weave into the future,  
new life from God  
to grow under our hands.

Yet tears remain

as yet unshed.

Dammed safely inside

rising higher and higher  
seeking a channel through  
which to release.

Will they run down the canyons,  
wrecking and ravaging –

The fear remains --

the flood ahead.

Please God,

Send Peace.