Wishing Chair, Poem

Why I became a drummer

Late spring   Still light
Sent to bed   School night
My parents in the kitchen
Screaming

Quilt tent   Flashlight
I read   They fight
Huckleberry Finn
I can still hear them

When rain and thunder and a banshee wind
Began a bone rattle attack on the roof tin
Going slow   then fast &
Til I surrender
Soaked through
And baptized in

Rhythm