# The Path of a Tornado

By Sophie Lewis

*The path of a tornado can't be predicted,*
the meteorologist in the Stetson says,
*until it's happening, we don't know*
*the direction it will move in.*

They show what used to be houses, shops -
flattened like straw, strewn across the brown-grey landscape.
Rubbish left behind by some giant, angry animal,
unleashed and swirling at two hundred miles an hour.

I remember being stuck at Chicago Airport in the snow,
a thousand years ago, seeing a sign for 'Tornado Shelter'.
I took a picture. Had a coffee, maybe.
Walked the long, nothing-coloured corridors.

We're all just guessing. It's 3.54am.
There are thirteen days until Christmas.
The kids are asleep.
Small things I can be sure of.