



The Storm (1916)

By Katherine Mansfield

I ran to the forest for shelter,
Breathless, half sobbing
I put my arms round a tree
Pillowed my head against the rough bark
Protect me, I said. I am a lost child.
But the tree showered silver drops on my face and hair.
A wind sprang up from the ends of the earth
It lashed the forest together
A huge green wave thundered and burst over my head.
I prayed, implored, "Please take care of me!"
But the wind pulled at my cloak and the rain beat upon me.
Little rivers tore up the ground and swamped the bushes.
A frenzy possessed the earth: I felt that the earth was drowning
In a bubbling cavern of space. I alone--
Smaller than the smallest fly--was alive and terrified.
Then for what reason I know not, I became triumphant.
Well kill me – I cried – and ran out into the open.
But the storm ceased: the sun spread his wings
And floated serene in the silver pool of the sky.
I put my hands over my face: I was blushing
And the trees swung together and delicately laughed.

