

**Tsunami -
A poem for Japan**
by David Milligan-Croft

The world cracked
And up you rose
From the Ring of Fire
On a day when the gods were too busy.

You rode ashore,
Like 40,000 apocalyptic horsemen,
Not pausing for houses, for cars,
For people, for breath.

Dragging their kicks and screams
Through concrete and timber and twisted steel,
Splintering bones
Like Cherry Blossom twigs.

Until they were silent.
And the world was silent.

Then you slithered away
On the belly of the night,
Lapping the shore while
Licking your greedy fingers.

And after you are satiated,
And we have un-buried our dead,
We will climb up out of the mud,
And the sun will rise again.