

## Summer Storm

Clouds begin to gather  
And Mother begins to tremble,  
Remnant of an ancient wound in Petrinja,  
When barns and homes and crops were shattered  
By a renegade storm in Balkan town.  
Each thunder roar and rumble down  
Brings shudder to her ancient frame,  
At eighty-five, too clear of mind  
To let this demon pass unnoticed.  
And once again our plans for evening gaiety  
Are adjusted to the needs of one  
Who helped us through  
To this our wonder-world.  
Who can resent these moments gained.  
When weather makes us take a break  
From rushing madly on,  
And renews our ties with those  
Whose needs were formed in distant time and shore,  
So far from present, yet the same?