

# The Brainstorm

by [Graham Cunningham](#) (July 2020)



*Sheep at the Dike*, Jan Wiegers

Will the storm ever pass  
and will this one be the last?  
Will my becalmed and tethered mind  
remember the debris flying past?  
I wished that I was of the earth

compatible with green growth  
not expelling water and air  
I wished that I was not a fire.  
That I could be earthly bound,  
my words be made of clay  
and falling rain would sooth their sound.  
Who am I talking to anyway?  
I dreamed I was a fertile thing  
in some glad primaeval dawn.  
A rolling field primed to bring  
forth gently waving ears of corn.  
Not this gale of words; too loud  
to catch the flow of what they say.  
Who are they talking to anyway?

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**Graham Cunningham** is a retired British architect. He is also a writer of occasional essays—and even more occasional poems—on aspects of political correctness and mass media group think. His work has been published in a number of online journals in Britain and the USA.

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