

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?

«[Previous Article](#) [Table of Contents](#) [Next Article](#)»

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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