Mother’s Day 2017: The Mother Warns the Tornado



Today we bring you a fierce depiction of maternal love, written by poet Catherine Pierce PhD- who is Dr. Kardos’s sister-in-law.
We hope your Mother’s Day is full of flowers and free of tornados.
–Drs. Lai and Kardos

The Mother Warns the Tornado
I know I’ve had more than I deserve.
These lungs that rise and fall without effort,
the husband who sets free house lizards,

this red-doored ranch, my mother on the phone,
the fact that I can eat anything—gouda, popcorn,
massaman curry—without worry. Sometimes
I feel like I've been overlooked. Checks
and balances, and I wait for the tally to be evened.
But I am a greedy son of a bitch, and there
I know we are kin. Tornado, this is my child.
Tornado, I won't say I built him, but I am
his shelter. For months I buoyed him
in the ocean, on the highway; on crowded streets
I learned to walk with my elbows out.
And now he is here, and he is new, and he
is a small moon, an open face, a heart.
Tornado, I want more. Nothing is enough.
Nothing ever is. I will heed the warning
protocol, I will cover him with my body, I will
wait with mattress and flashlight,
but know this: If you come down here—
if you splinter your way through our pines,
if you suck the roof off this red-doored ranch,
if you reach out a smoky arm for my child—
I will turn hacksaw. I will turn grenade.
I will invent for you a throat and choke you.
I will find your stupid wicked whirling
head and cut it off. Do not test me.
If you come down here, I will teach you about
greed and hunger. I will slice you into palm-
sized gusts. Then I will feed you to yourself.

Catherine Pierce
From *The Tornado is the World* (Saturnalia Books, 2016)

An associate professor and co-director of the creative writing program at Mississippi State, Dr. Pierce has authored three books of poems and won the Mississippi Institute of Arts and Letters Poetry Prize. She is a mom of two young boys.