

The Virgin Islands Consortium

Poem | Hurricane Maria

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I wasn't there but I was filled with despair, St. Croix, the island I love was left in disrepair. On September 19th, 2017, Hurricane Maria unleashed a wrath some have never seen.

She moved in as a Category Five, many feared they wouldn't be left alive. Winds blowing, rain pounding, hearts racing, prayers resounding. From the east to the west, many sent out S.O.S.

From the north to the south, they were all helpless no doubt.

Roofs torn off, windows blown out, no electricity, total blackout. Cellphone signals lost, communication at a standstill, they can almost hear some whisper peace be still.

When it was all over and morning was clear, the destruction could be seen from far and near. Many had a story to tell, of how it was a night of pure hell.

Some say the wind was speaking, while others say they were up mopping. Hunker down was the last command, the governor then placed his people in god's hand.

Now it's time for them to move forward, brothers and sisters in one accord. We will rise, V.I. Strong, echoes as they go along, yes, they will rebuild one by one.

A resilient group of people, that's who the Crucians are. They can't let their ancestors down, they've come too far. Like Hurricane Hugo, Maria, many won't forget, they won't allow hurricanes to get the best of them yet.

Living complacent is not an option, now is the time for the citizens to take action. I know my people will rise up united and strong, and restore the beauty to our great island, while preparing for the torch to be passed on to future generations.

Submitted by: Cynthia Fenton on Friday, Oct. 31.

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