

You Sit There

You sit there, like nothing much
is happening.
But I know, behind those dark eyes,
the honey runs.

The Open Porch

Through the blinds, not fully closed, a tree appears.
Substance and shadow, tossing
as it sleeps through another winter.
Its limbs are no longer capped in snow,
nor even the crisp leaves of a distant autumn.
All stripped away in this month of storms.

Seasons pass across the open porch.
Leaves collect in the corner by the rail,
snow drifts near the door,
wind and rain reach and soak and overflow the gutters.

Should I tweak the blinds another turn and give
the seasons back?

Hurricane

The thing about a hurricane, about a flood, the thing about the filth, the mountains of sodden possessions growing on sidewalks, in the streets –and it’s still raining! – is it tells us, dragging another heavy bag or end table from homes now more hovels – to let it go.

Don’t look back for a third bitter time. Don’t look too far ahead, and don’t look back, not right now. You don’t have to.

My boots are half-filled with water. I’m too busy to pull them off and empty them. What for? Wet is wet, they’ll just fill up again.

It’s greenish, this water, from the ocean and the river, from the street and below the street, from drowned cars and oil tanks. From all of us.

If there is a lesson, it’s in the socks. Mine are a terrible bother, clammy wet, slippery and falling down around submerged ankles. In all this, right now, I could do without those cold clammy rags embracing my feet.

Reaching for a box which disintegrates at the touch – all funky – and in the wetness, a picture, so tiny by comparison, of our child or of us as a child.

Damaged, smeared, but you know, peeling it away, it might dry out.