

Watch Hill · *Jeffrey Greene*

It disturbs us
being told what to do
by the wind. It's not only

tying up our boats
that just yesterday, it seemed,
the wind pushed in the bay,

a steady ring,
but it's admitting
we are no longer included.

If only we wore
the right clothes.
If only we settled for less

like the dunes.
If only we had wings
we could veer across

the face of it,
the wind telling us
to go in

out of the cold.
There's the huge yellow
hotel of our times

and our reservations there
for the off-season.