

PALINODE

It was time to come in from the wind
or didn't you know
below the darkwindowed houses
whose knockers brought
no one to the door as you listened
to the swishing of leaves:
maple, crabapple, oak
deeprooted in earth
with its texture of rotting nets.
You wished it weren't true,
but the swishing sounded
like a palinode, the leaves ripping
apart their promises
of an hour before, warning you
of more wind and darker
storms roiling over farmlands.
I see the portico where you stood
seeking protection
as though the self could escape
its own bad weather.
I remember the sound of your voice
describing how much more
there could be as trucks plowed
north toward Marengo,
as time clicked its teeth
and scraped each minute
like fingernails down your back.