

## HAMMOCK METEOROLOGY

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I predict this afternoon won't last forever.  
A glacier of roiling curd the width  
of the whole sky pours over the "Here-

be-monsters" brink of the eastern  
horizon—whipped peaks, canyons,  
and escarpments of silver and gray—

pretty much like life, the drab and glory  
folded into one another, with vanishing  
as its only point. Well—that, and keeping

on coming. A lulling dumb-show.  
Unless you're the weatherman, whose job  
it is to lie flat on his back and describe

what's self-evident overhead, as systems  
in the dogged atmosphere repetitiously  
make and unmake. Like love or oblivion-

flavored ice cream. Or like the vaguely  
sexual to-and-fro sway of the hammock,  
going nowhere, but well worth the trip.