

LYNNE SHARON SCHWARTZ

*Hurricanes*

It was Henri Cole the poet  
who uttered casually, as though they were nothing  
much, the words “little hurricanes  
of the heart”  
during his talk on the sonnet,  
its intricacies and near-infinite  
adaptability to matters great  
and small, particularly the above-  
mentioned natural occurrences,  
showing himself a generous soul  
with images to spare, scattering  
or rather sprinkling them among his hearers,  
so that I can write a poem using,  
if not examining,  
his words, little hurricanes of the heart,  
for love of the words themselves,  
and hurricanes, and sonnets that describe,  
record, embody, or illumine them.  
On the instant I heard Henri’s phrase  
in fact I felt a little liquid rush,  
a small arterial tempest in the chest,  
some happy coronary stir and squish  
from dormancy, hardly a hurricane,  
more like what they call a scattered shower.

As it happens I am writing this  
during a rainfall, far from a hurricane,  
just as this is far from a sonnet, merely  
my merci  
to Henri  
for showering reviving  
rain on dry hearts in dry spells.