

ROBERT REHDER

*Free Fall*

Having learned nothing from experience,  
The snow keeps coming,

Trying to be everywhere at once  
And jumping to conclusions—

Rush hour,  
The traffic is backed up for miles.

A peace-keeping force occupies the capital  
And makes a house to house search.

We've lost our place in the book  
And cannot find it.

The snow has something to say  
About everything

And rushes into the present  
As if it were coming home.