

FALLING WEATHER

The last of autumn came down wet and hard.
For nearly two weeks all we heard
was warring water, javelins of rain.
Then subverted river overran
its trench, joined forces with its kin
to sludge the valley, slime the cane.
For miles the occupation gray-washed
homes with camouflage, patterned as wind wished,
making all our captive eyes reflect
our impotence. And now we watch foam-flocked
retreat: Faint sun grovels in refraction
of trickles, withdrawal etched by friction
between what stays and what must leave.
And while we sort the salvage, lave
the conscious grit and clear the rubble mind,
rebel clouds regroup under new command.