

SUMMER SIEGE

Late August came down wet and hard.
For ten days all we heard
was warring water, javelins of rain.
Soon subverted rivers overran
their trenches, attacking everything white,
sludging the valleys, sliming the wheat.
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 puddles, each structure marked by friction,
mud etching all that stays with what must leave.
And while we sort the salvage and live
with grit that chafes the wrinkled mind,
rebel clouds regroup. Now under new command.