

Weather

Out in the gusty night every hinged
thing works: the pool-gate clacks, the shed-door
swings back and forth. Broken shutters
fall halfway off their windowframes. The winds
pick up a disarray and scatter it again.
The weather comes at us through the dark, dragging
a storm like a busted toy. Unconcerned, cracking
everything it passes with its wheelless wagon,
the weather makes itself at home. But it's fine
with me. It bullies me inside and I forget
the repairs I'll have to make tomorrow—more urgent
is my daughter squeezing her hand into mine.
More pressing than the wild play outside
is this work, calming a child who would have cried.

LUKE HANKINS