

Sway

Determined, forceful, sullen rain — it's almost
made up its mind to be snow. Slush
diving out of the sky: it wants to be seen.
To drive an argument
with the soggy earth. But water holds sway
for now, somersaulting
down the mountain in whorl, froth, and spit, curling back
below each rock like a qualification
or an afterthought.

Wind too
has its say: the white pines thrash
in a rave. We walked yesterday
under cumulus domes while lower down, white rags
tore through the air. We're ninety percent
water, cousin to rain, dreaming in crystals, but still

we breathe. The psalmist's whisper tickles our lungs. "Our life,"
wrote Ruskin, "being partly as the falling leaf,
and partly as flying vapor." Put on your boots,
your parka with its well-lined hood. Amphibious creatures,
we'll scud down the rushing road as sky
flings a mantle of freak white
over the half-thawed ground.