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Palinode

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PALINODE

It was time to come in from the wind or didn't you know below the darkwindowed houses whose knockers brought no one to the door as you listened to the swishing of leaves: maple, crabapple, oak deeprooted in earth with its texture of rotting nets. You wished it weren't true, but the swishing sounded like a palinode, the leaves ripping apart their promises of an hour before, warning you of more wind and darker storms roiling over farmlands. I see the portico where you stood seeking protection as though the self could escape its own bad weather. I remember the sound of your voice describing how much more there could be as trucks plowed north toward Marengo. as time clicked its teeth and scraped each minute like fingernails down your back.

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