

West Texas Winter Wind

Cold night breeze whispering
among dead garden leaves—
the new is now just thoughts
and hibernating impulses.
Nothing ruffles stillness but that wind—
seeming timeless—older than time—
West Texas's invisible bequest.
What rises now from dust is dust,
and to it nightly we return.
The ruler here is wanton wind
that crazes drivers, crumples trailer homes—
Nature's force *sans* reassuring reason.
There are no oysters here, just gnarled
elms, mesquite, some old-transplanted souls
who close one eye to grit and amble on.
Buddy Holly was rejected—not so UFOs;
the single season of our discontent
breeds thoughtlessness, extravagance;
“if it ain't broke” says more than meant.
The lake that feeds the water lines
rolled over in a cold snap—taps,
tubs, washers, clothes all smell of fish—
and not the sporting sort; belatedly
the city wakes—and dumps permanganate;
industry-hungry Chamber head
pontificates, “If you don't have something
good to say, don't say anything.”
Ah yes—we need new industry—and rain—
but first, communion with the main.

Brian Walker