

Weather

The rain that plummets
to the roofs of houses,

the wind that pitches
like a heavy object
into trees,

the sleet that drops
the faces of the men
and women hurrying by—

the freefall of turbulence.

He looks through the window,
bends with the storm.

Reaching for her coat,
she says,

*It's not the weather,
it's the gravity—*

fastening her high collar,
her smile, against
the good weather.

Alan R. Wilson