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“Weather”

Always something to keep us up nights.
Credit card gets maxed, the Neptune Society
offers information, and the wife
still loves you even when
the TV flicks the mortgage
to your brain, to a drug
to a talking M and M, to a car
that wants sex. Something
Eisenhower didn't foresee,
Nor Roosevelt. Never mind this President
And you aren't an Idol, a famous whom
nor a free agent dribbling
down the main drag to Paradise.

Friend, it's right there between
the bombs and the sugar-coated dreams
Slipped nicely between the lawnmower
and a thumb out for Mount Zen
But how does one choose on a hot day?
or a cold snowy night when the sky
falls white to the distant hills
Where did it go, this song of ours?
Stand still. Wait a day, a week.
Let's give a try. Listen to the click
when your eyes open and close.
Surprised? The moon is coming up. .
Hold up your hands.