

October Stasis

At last, bleached sky turns kindly:
For days, we bathe like convalescents, suspended—
hazy air, soft caressing light,
the bells of towering foxglove without
a tremble, the impatiens in swollen
mounds, quiescent.

Tonight, storms arrive—
though beneath the stillness, the genteel poise,
something has already begun to tilt:

In the dark, while we turn away from touch,
the first cold rain, the first cold wind, will snap
the spines of foxglove, stomp the grass—
tear the impatiens apart.

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