

The Nuisance of Weather

You have to live with weather.
Let it lick your face,
elbow your plans,
tumble you into the jet stream.
You change and rearrange
the coat the shoes the attitude.
Sunshine when you need shade,
Rainfall to muddy every note,
Cartons of slush in the mailbox.
Long, dim days that track
the floor with uncaring -
Tell them to wipe their feet.

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From the collaborative OPP micro-chapbook,
As Fall Sets In

