



Charles Argersinger

Notes

The Geography of Weather

Paul Morris

In dreams she never left the desert,
Its crazy boojum tree
Bending to an eccentric ellipse.
Tree that never burns in desert fires,
Green wood too heavy with water.

Stubborn as caliche, she left the desert
For Oregon where the years became sponges
Filling with the long rains.
As she falls asleep now, she still hears
The trees brush the night air,
Summer leaves and the slight rush,
Snow water in Tolman Creek.

She walked the summer hills with him
To the harsh blackberry mounds
That swallow the fields, berries
So common farmers burn them for weeds.
They pick only the ripest berries,
Tongues and lips stained
For the week ahead.

She dreams of a deep arroyo
Piping the Gambels Quail at dawn
Or how the wind pulls dust
From dry stream beds etched
By the sudden summer rains.
She hears only the loud
Pulse of the black cicadas.
August piles the monsoons
Across the valley's edge

And the sky beyond the storm darkens.
The hot wind shuffles
Her red hair as she watches.

She wakes alone having forgotten
The rain's tuneless patter and old smell.
She counts the lightning and thunder aloud,
Charting the center of the storm
Loping across the dark city,
Leaving her awake, hot and humid
As tomorrow's morning. Tonight
Rain makes all rooms the same.

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