

APRIL LINDNER

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*Hurricane*

In a season of wild forecasts, a real hurricane  
at last lumbers in, all horizontal rain,  
and mixmaster wind. The town has fled inland

as you did after years of false alarms.  
I hardly miss you anymore except  
when blown salt seals the windows,

the roof groans and the lights  
blink off. When megaphone voices  
cackle warnings from the boardwalk,

when waves vault the seawall and a few  
bold souls in wetsuits bob like gulls,  
braving the heady swells for pleasure.

At high tide the ocean musters strength,  
shoulders across the road to consider  
our welcome mat and clapboards,

and relents. I hardly miss you.  
Our son is tall enough  
to take my hand and venture into wind,

to pick along the corrugated pipes  
unearthed by storm and scattered  
like the felled pillars of Rome.

He runs to gather every stone  
the sea washed in, to cast it back,  
to tease the surge, then dart

just past its reach, to perch  
at the continent's edge and,  
faced with so much ocean, laugh.