
VERNON FOWLKES, JR.

*Disbelief at a Radio
Weather Report*

I

Today there was a rain, violent
rain that spits at the eyes
and makes men blind.

Trees surrendered backbones of glass
and swept the ground like wings.
There was the odor of air, burning
like snakes at the altar.

There was a silence that followed,
thin as paper, cold with salt.
The afternoon swung in a sleep
like withered wind. The bishop's
solemn proclamations went unnoticed.
The silence gathered together,
rolling itself into large glass balls
the dripped of longing and honey and hay.
A horse ran wild in the muddy field
across the street. Distant
thunder spoke in tongues.

II

On the radio, a blond voice
speaks jargon I don't
understand. What he says is
there will be no more rain.
He hasn't seen the horse
grazing on my lawn, the bees
crawling on the wall.