



a lightning orchestra joins
the howl of the trees. in the swirl

of leaves & light, freedom's history
caught in its own storm. a storm

for who? a hyacinth petal lifts
her mouth, hoping to drink

the sun's light, her tender face
pummeled by fat drops

of rain. in the stillness between
thunder, in the stillness between

my exhale & my inhale, snow gathers
on the mountains. later, melting

into rivers, flowing down
rocky flesh, weeping. water,

for who? tears don't cost,
they're free. rain blesses,

yet curses. leaky roofs,
or no roof, only a thin tent

shivering alongside a chain-
link fence & an empty lot.

welts of rain on my dark
blue jeans, soaking my thighs

on the bus i ride to work.
freedom, for who?