

Kestrel

Gianmarc Manzione

Storms

I listen to the brief rain broom
the beach with its recriminations, the way
June showers drum their tin dooms

and go. The errors I'm made of sway
like trees some wind sweeps within me,
another storm that goes away,

then returns to trouble old scenes
with its problematic music.
The self waits out its secrecies

as a closet keeps a broomstick,
unbidden, patient. I feel this
bare-knuckled thunder try its trick

in my chest, and I reminisce—
the old man whose sick heart's a storm
inside me rests his alibis in darkness.

Chuckling gulls unfold their freeform
shadows. They appraise the heights
of their strandedness, warm

to whatever it brings. Blown clouds kite
a story of rain I remember—
the frying street beside that bone-white

house one summer in Brooklyn, where
a drizzle's knotted mists ascending
in musk-fragrant air capture

me at the window, a boy learning
how to lose myself among
those snaking vapors, tell the things

storms do from the booms a swung
belt makes when its buckle strikes a wall,
leave that angry house so young

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without going anywhere at all.
Now birds puncture a sun-pinked sky,
far-off thunderclouds growing tall.

