

*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

*Gianmarc Manzione*

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

