

MANUAL FOR WEATHER

All that is left of weather
is how it is written. A deepening as it builds
does not tension the calves; boulder winds

arrive without the warning of hook or bow
echo, without change to the anemometer.
What we know of wind shift and lapse rate

is hazarded. Among the civil twilight
of these caverns we wait out occluded fronts,
believe lake effect conditions and also warmer

prevailing. There is rain shadow and undercast
in every recess and no device for fathoming
tule fog or advection. Our advance signal

the small crafts which trial how fetch
strengthens plough wind into straight-line.
From shore we see them blown towards

us overtaken by storm and what it brings.
Our panic to shelter the thin herds, to gather
our frail homes before the backscatter.

It is said there are clouds where sight
does not reach—comma, anvil, torn—
between horizon and ceiling. Our technicians

take soundings, map our annual weather
patterns and hint to forecast; an earlier time
would have favored them for soothsayers.

Welcome, friend. Leave your instruments
at the entrance. We live between weather
and earthlight: there is no use for them

here, no music without weather. Pitch
nor oscillation, string nor wind nor voice.
Silence, and words folding into it, enough.