

Fall 1975

Tornado Watch in the Berkshires

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TORNADO WATCH IN THE BERKSHIRES

I want to taste this storm or
feel the air clear.
I listen to the forecast, lick
my finger to test the wind.

You're out there somewhere
smack in the middle of it for a whole week.
And you're not alone, either,
in your cozy cabin.
You've taken no precautions:
her sandal still holds
the window open so;
this low pressure area has the two of you
tied together in a cold sweat, too busy
to send a postcard.

If the pressure plummets,
don't hope for the best—
come to the south-
west corner of your life.
You will come home
if this is to be home;
once the saltcellar is overturned
the wind dies down
& you can't look back.