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Tornado Watch in the Berkshires

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Ellen Watson

TORNA DO 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.