

Spring 1978

## Blaming the Heat

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## **BLAMING THE HEAT**

Already tired of the irises,  
reading late, leaves, night no longer  
brings anything but the dog walking  
through the rooms. You always  
think it is something out there  
like the heat so bad this April so  
you blame it on no spring, imagine  
your pine has never scratched the window,  
pavement always dry, and then there is  
always: it is night that you think this way.  
At 3:37 you remember those numbers  
mean something, but morning's such  
a long way off you cannot  
fully remember, because you only imagine  
the birds, people next door who went  
to sleep early and who still sleep.  
Their dreams include rain in the night.  
Now you blame it on fear. And that's why  
when it rains towards morning you remember  
you expected it for April, still awake,  
wishing you could blame something else,  
even yourself for trying to go back  
into a dream. But you haven't.