Blaming the Heat

Nancy Takacs
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 twoards 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.