Open Season

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OPEN SEASON

I get all my news from the weather report or
I get all my weather from my news feed or
windows refuse to tell me what I wanna know.
Beat cops & Freedom Tower & Mobil sign

& "Zero Viz," the song that gets the last
laugh. Ha, ho, oh, I’m gonna get curtains one
of these storms & I am going to get down
from here one of these days. The season

between Sandy & Nemo, three months of
sandbagged nesting & now we use hot breath
& the flats of our fists to make animal tracks.
We weren’t bombed out, we were bombed in.

Calling all groundhogs, calling all perennials,
all you strange herds & goodhearts, come on.