

# *Weather Wins*

FRANCINE WITTE

It always does. Big blow  
from the latest tornado?  
That's just nature clearing  
its throat. And right now,  
somewhere a sappy sponge  
of a riverbank is letting go  
of its houses, sending them  
boat-like down the street.  
Elsewhere the weather  
is winning in quieter ways;  
the sun toasting its own  
tasty beach-morsels, girls  
in bikinis, salty surfer dudes.  
Forcing young lust to insure  
that the species goes on.

Okay, weather, we get it.  
You're bigger than we are,  
and it's really your world.  
And we can build all the  
windshelter, snowblower  
thingamajigs we want, and  
you're still going to blow us  
a hurricane, or as you like  
to put it, laugh.