

Out of the wind



Candelin Wahl

the sway and drone of white pines
a steady howl

a missing dog curls in a tree hollow
nose tucked under matted tail

inside a brick house, solid as
the smart piggy's

the wind keeps its owner
alert at three a.m.

she can't find sleep
her mind on smelly socks

sweatpants his fleece blanket
laid out like prayer rugs

near the last known sighting
the edge of a fallow cornfield

anchored with stones
to foil the kick-up weather

snowstorm on the way