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Gossip

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GOSSIP

People open up like doors
onto the blowing prairie

with its gorse, its fever ticks,
and the tricks a twister plays:

setting a child in a buffalo wallow
and her crib in a willow upriver.

People open up and a whoosh
of their weather untethers

dark lilacs, a moon so full
it splits in two, a cold spell

that drives mice into the heart
of the hay. Maps map zip

on this frontier. The world
is aswirl in Wyle E. Coyote

fake roads. Sunflowers
spin like Ezekiel's wheels,

like doorknobs on portals
swinging to let in Lord

knows what: a dangerous
pollen count, airborne toads,

the sense of being stunned
and swept off your own land.