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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.