

## The Wind Brings Up the Rain

Heavy and in need of prodding  
On the heels of a nursery wind  
Come the clouds black as boulders  
Or knees that need a scrubbing.

Seeded with thoughts the nursery cannot  
Though they file in crocodiles  
Appreciate of matter dense and complex  
And names that sound like Arbuthnot.

And here they are marshalled at last.  
The sky makes a doorway, portent is  
A mood of skylscapes as of men.  
When they speak it will be fast.

And furious, as if all forms  
Poem, story, epic novel  
Fell from them like silver  
Over a myriad of little towns.

ELIZABETH SMITHER