# This Year

The wash of heat was late;

peach and sage and almond braced

like gundogs waiting for the breeze

to skitter round to South, to open up

its pizza-oven mouth. On Tuesday night,

the night you left, the storm-door slammed,

three dogs barked emptiness

and nothing came but rain.

The wind wheeled West, trees heaved up

their heads, skies poured, roots sucked, stems drank

and peach and sage and almond lowered their eyes.

Next morning, from the terrace,

the orchard struggled in the mud,

but from the foothills,

sunshine broke the mist,

touching the roof like a miracle.