

## Flowers

This is the weather I always imagined, though there are always details to change. Usually we want the sun sparkling off snow, or whatever flower catches the light and turns the colors to things we can never describe. The man I always wanted to be, for instance hauling the chainsaw he used to cut down the acres of maple and oak from which the lumber came that built the house he couldn't imagine. On the other hand, the house got sold and the land chewed up by all the people he hated. Still, I will never forget a swamp down the road and the geese flying over along with the tanagers and Oreos and the smell of first spring that I want to die in. Even now, I hear the honk of the geese going south to the country I never want to leave.

## Calling

This time there isn't any snow. The temperature is perfect, as usual, and the music is just as good. It's the band you always wanted to be part of. In fact, it's the band that you were in. The blues guitar is thick with the cry you can't stop hearing. It's calling the sun and the moon and all the clouds, clearing the space for the women you always wanted, as wild and adventurous as you thought you could be.

## Air

The real trouble begins when you actually get what you want. For some of us, it never happens and mostly, we learn to get on with the house we've been stuck in. But finally, we make our peace and hope the screens are tight. On a good day the light is enough; along with the occasional wisp of air.