

Nor'easter

I close the shade umbrella
stack patio seat cushions alongside
incense candles
half-smoked joints

memories of our long hot summer
in the garden
watching nature's arc
creep slowly
like ants
carrying croissant
crumbs
under yellow lilies

worker bees drunk on fermented nectar
fall to the ground
as guard bees bite off their legs
a warning to the rest of the hive
in this short life
work is essential

In warm southern waters
another Nor'easter gains strength
violent winds bend tree trunks
unpruned branches
crash to the ground

the first raindrops splash on your skin

I sip my mint julep
bourbon and simple syrup
distort brain signals

drop my hand saw
and reach for you

- Paul Rabinowitz -