

David Filer

## Forecast

*After Thomas Hardy*

*Puget Island, Washington, December 2006*

I.

When winter storms blow, west southwest,

    Heavy with rain,

I hear my roof shingles flutter and rest,

    Like age's pain.

I find sleep hard. The wind's pitch rises and falls,

And rises higher—dry leaves on the west wall

From the maples across the street. Darkness all,

Darkness all, except for the wind's rising call,

    Heavy with rain.

II.

These winter storms blow year after year,

    And do not stop.

Roof shingles: I lose some here and there.

    They spin and drop.

I go out and watch them fly across the peak

And into the yard. I watch them, then try to sleep.

At least a little. Strange dreams? Dreams are a break

I'd prefer to the storms' increasing shriek

    That will not stop.