Advection Blues

By Michael Metivier

The mower alone
    saw from the median
    the cloud come over
    the mountain down to trawl
    the valley like a whale
    and the swifts like water
    passing through her white baleen.

The mower alone patrolling
    the haw with the hawks
    saw from the median
    the cloud come over
    the mountain to swallow
    where the sky had been
    and where the town had been
    pinned by steeples
    and hummed electric hubris.

For everyone else
    on either side of the narrow
    the cloud was only a minute
    of a single verse
    because the highway treats the blues
    as all the same as if Bentonia
    were Sunflower County
    but the land between the lanes
    even while under the blades
    sees the power in every cloud
    and hears each song spiral out
    of an old familiar tune just so
    to devour our hearts.

Source: Poetry (February 2015)