

# 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)