

# The Forecast

By Wendy Xu

Distrust this season breeds  
in me whole  
blue worlds, am second  
to leafy nouns,  
pinned back darkening lip  
of the night,  
untrustworthy sidewalk glazed  
and sleeping there,  
peachy trees, a line drawn from one  
brow of a star down  
and planted, each pillow  
little shimmer, little wilt startled  
from out the arranging field  
moonlit pale behind  
no foxes, in me finding the fragrant  
new crisis, not dead still  
where I love you in feast  
and pledge, worlds rolling first  
on crookedly  
and on.

Source: *Poetry* (December 2014)