

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)