

Blown In

Last night the wind
snapped its chain,
baying the forest
into exorbitant motion.

The woodpecker clings to suet;
a long chain
slinging in the gale.
She buries her bill in the fat.

My lip burns where I rubbed it,
forgetting to wash my hands
after placing the fiery block this morning.
Hot pepper suet to thwart gray raiders.

The squirrel arrests against the porch,
motionless, as storm
streams its fur into
ocean whitecaps.

At least I did not rub my eyes
before the world blew in,
the flicker flashing livid orange
as it darts back into the trees,

warning the squirrel
who hunches forth
with a tender mouth
in search of one sweet thing.