

Dew Point

“Barometers, wind-gauges, cannot be used as engines.”
—Ezra Pound

A girl builds her meteorology patio-
side between rosemary sprouts. Small

winds turn shells west-northwest, lick
her wet underlip. She hums radio

static, nothing familiar, while notches
(barometrics, hygroscoics) skitter in rain.

Who left this girl—head wrapped in cirrus—
to sit, dangle legs through my railing?

Together, our voices: fall
streaks tinting six hours each night,

words that hiss, fade before hitting ground.
The world of dew is a world

made motor—toothed, geared. It’s the only
mystery we have left.