

A M Y N A W R O C K I

Broken Treaties

I wake to thunder, knowing that it is
in fact, thunder, not the grim catalog
of firebombs cruising through some other sky.
Turning over to face the clock-radio,
switching on routine weather updates—
the rain should continue into the day—
somewhere else the landscape breaks
with silver knives and august rumbles.

In the kitchen the lone shoot of a hyacinth
stands tall in a vase. I sprinkle
a dash of cinnamon into the coffee grinds
and read poetry in the nook
of the dining room; the clock
continues to push forward into
the open hours of our day, the storm
simmers and the rain wanes. I avoid
the news channel, don't enter the dimension
of those outside the white petals
of suburban bliss. I close my ears
to thunder, tune the dial to lowest end,

bury my head as the deejay sends me
further away from the weather of the world.
As the globe burns and shakes,
I plan for an afternoon nap.

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