

Power Lines

Winds had cut a swath—my flashlight on the bone-risk, ice-
gripped down the steps. I looked for damage in the steel-inflected
brick,
the window where a branch had tapped its beak, where wind had
tricked
the circumstance that might have left in smithereens the pressure-
treated deck.
The tree had barely missed. Barely cracked. Who's to say what
power
had a hand in it—the grid out for days, nights like nights in caves?
Power
as the ancients must have known it.

I put my mind between the vexed return to sleep and damage—
its potential, something dreadful. Inscrutable. The power sitting on
my chest.
A wind that downed the old man in his kitchen.