

Perdendosi: Gradually Decreasing Tone and Rhythm

Rosemary Dunn Moeller

Clashing columns of air and
furious flashes of angry lights,
pounding rains bouncing into rooms
through windows on both east and south.
I wake to wet maple wood floors,
watery cool breezes, and the smell of mud.
Only for me is this cacophony a lullaby.
I wanted to sleep through it dreaming
of water worlds, canvases, and winds.

But the mourning doves start in, cooing
after louder rains, swallows collect mosquitoes
while winging by, blackbirds brag about
their bugs on electrical high lines, calling
with their mouths full. These are softer
sounds, more variety than dawn's thunderclaps.

Today's mud already tracked in, swishing mopped up,
mail truck comes with sound of tires
scrunching on our gravel driveway, then slowly backing
and turning out onto the pavement, spitting gravel
and dirt for pheasants and grouse to pick at.
I go out barefoot taking cool wet steps to the mailbox.

Some clocks still tick, the dryer still hums and beeps
for attention, and the broom shushes so quietly on
wood floors I barely know I'm sweeping.
The empty coffeepot starts to catch drips dark.
Earthy lovely smell to fill my mug. Toast pops up. Ready.