

## Watching Sandy on the Weather Channel, October 2012



The cowlick in my son's close-shorn scalp  
swirls like the storm  
I have watched for hours  
on the computer's small screen  
the low pressure center  
spreading its nebula arms  
at this moment across the map.  
Real people live in these places.  
Real water rises in dark cellars  
like a scream, while  
outside the shattered windows  
a grey sky congeals  
thick as liquid silver.  
The beautiful abides with the terrible.  
The buck, driven from drowned woods  
onto the beach, standing  
hock deep and still  
though sky and sand shift around him  
flees from a person  
who wants only to help him  
away from the waves' cold grasp.

