



# Outbuildings

During storms never worrying  
about the roofs blowing off because  
Gerald and everybody built them once  
and could another time

Sweeping the brooder room  
in the onesided glare  
of a worklight hung from a rafter

while night soaked the barn  
like a giant empty swimming pool  
and I was the only person in the entire world

Lying under the rafters  
high up  
on stacked hay, sunset  
Wind, god, wind

