

METEOROLOGY FOR ROBINS

The meteorologists report that today is sunny
against vacant, contemplative, cerulean skies.

But we can both see that we are a city nested
within a smoky, dimensionless, singing cloud.

The sun illuminates from the outside,
as if through a delicate orb of papier-mâché.

Robins with red-orange bellies & brown-black backs
chase one another through the grass—

the meteorologists to them making no difference
whatsoever.