

Philip Booth

Fall

August loaded with anvil clouds
piled up over Aroostook. Supper,
plump thunder. Over shortcake,
lightning opens the valley
the storm falls down. The barn roof
snares the sleet for a moment,
then rain starts in. The boy
in bed, whose mother closed
his window, uses his thumbnail
to chisel the wallpaper flowers.
The river behind the house keeps
swelling; the boy holds on to
himself, until after. By morning
it looks like October. Looking out
under his shade, the boy can feel
the new weather: his older brother
is already up, outside alone,
playing with his official football.