

Dormant tune

by [Muriel Nelson](#) in the [July 17, 2019](#) issue

You can see through black limbs
across the street
upstairs in a spare bedroom window

the sun trying to get up.

It has only one beam
straight as an oboe
to tune the unleafed

and aim at some fool or sharp-needed spruce
in the wind, both yelling *aaaa*
surrounded by fog.

To the east a mountain
bathing in cumulus
bubbles up in the pink

cumulus
cumulus
cumulus

You! Hoist your heap.
And feather those oars.
Footloose, you'll wing it till you roost.