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The Weather

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The Weather

1.

I scan the channels for signs—anything, wind speed, barometric pressure, warm fronts, anything left in the pantry . . .

Maybe the extremes are telling us something: about contact, about motion in a derelict cream-coloured kitchen late at night.

If you snap your fingers, spirits in the northern lights will still answer, cascades of whispers raining down on your upturned face, the night air crackling with colour.

One year, five months, fifteen days, four hours, thirty-three minutes and what in the act of waiting fails us? what, in such a state of stasis, transforms it into sorrow?

The hail punctured my raspberry plant leaves, wrecked the kale, and this constant weeping won't even stop when the wolves move by the house.

2.

It was partly cloudy, a mix of bulging cumulous and high textured cirrus; I think "cirrus" is just the right word too—it fits perfectly, it wants for nothing.

The cats are losing their hair. Clouds are red with forest fire smoke. The cilantro on the windowsill dried up. My chest is tight. A cat sits on me, staring, with meaning.

On the recording, the weatherwoman makes jokes about romantic sunsets red with smoke and giggles at the thought of how evacuees might make do.

Tears don't rain; they're all blubbery a drape over a bean-bag chair, drawing droopy letters in a drama queen script in wobbly lines with y's dripping farther yet.

3.

The weather channel used to have ads for party tents. Extreme weather alerts scrolled like stock market prices.

We argued once that the media representations of global warming were and weren't overwhelming people into inaction. High UV index that day. I remember.

In stories, it rains for months on end and the story is about how we find ways to float and survive all the water . . . except in desert stories.

Cold snaps pass, droughts end, pestilence subsides, wars tire themselves out, greed runs out of things to consume, the body accepts, receives grace.

4.

I look up at the night-sky lights with your eyes and know you would disagree with how I think you would interpret the green-purple script and call.

How bones are connected to moisture and air pressure. How flesh is connected to the electrical pulses of feeling. How the word "threshold" sounds.

The word "solitude" whispered from the borealis. Look—I don't want anything back. The weather is what we imagine it to mean. Caught a cold, in the rain.

Look up, take a picture; this is your mind spiralling into space and yes, I miss you, and tomorrow, the forecast is for more and more.

ROB BUDDÉ teaches creative writing at UNBC in Prince George. He has published eight books (poetry, novels, interviews, and short fiction)—most recently *declining america* and *Dreamland Theatre*. The manuscripts he is working on are *Testes* (poetry addressing masculinity) and *Panax* (a study of Devil's Club).