

Some seasonal adjustments

It must be springtime
because the fumigator in his operatic mask
has returned to the ornamental lake.

He trails silver clouds
along the shoreline to kill the tiger mosquitos
which come back hungrier every year.

Out here, something happens in your blood.
You lose all sense of winter and gratitude
for the carnal smell of ditches.

From your slippery rock in the Atlantic
you go on about how Spring and Autumn
have all but washed away.

How the year is now divided
between Life and Death and that even a sip
of whisky tastes like a burial.

Downtown, they opened a '2 Seasons Hotel'
for families on a budget.
Is this where your missing weather lives?

Today, shimmering like spilled petrol,
a purple sunbird came so close
I could have plucked it from the oleander.

They claim a desert fox was spotted
in the outlet mall near the fragrance counter.
It may require a hunter.

Mimosa leaves drop but they never drift.
They are tidied away by werewolves
say kids who may never get to ball up snow.