

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.