Hurricanes

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Hurricanes

It was Henri Cole the poet
who uttered casually, as though they were nothing
much, the words “little hurricanes
of the heart”
during his talk on the sonnet,
its intricacies and near-infinite
adaptability to matters great
and small, particularly the above-
mentioned natural occurrences,
showing himself a generous soul
with images to spare, sprinkling
or rather sprinkling them among his hearers,
so that I can write a poem using,
if not examining,
his words, little hurricanes of the heart,
for love of the words themselves,
and hurricanes, and sonnets that describe,
record, embody, or illumine them.
On the instant I heard Henri’s phrase
in fact I felt a little liquid rush,
a small arterial tempest in the chest,
some happy coronary stir and squish
from dormancy, hardly a hurricane,
more like what they call a scattered shower.

As it happens I am writing this
during a rainfall, far from a hurricane,
just as this is far from a sonnet, merely
my merci
to Henri
for showering reviving
rain on dry hearts in dry spells.