Pithy

The small dog barks several doors down,
Left alone on a weekday in August.
The post-storm morning overcast
And perhaps all of our hearts just
A little dreary. The pears have bruised
And the supermarket shelves emptied.
The short-circuited night forbids us to go
Outside, where waters rise and flood.
When the roads dry and we venture out
Again and the small dog barks repeatedly,
Sparking the atmosphere, a dull charge
In the day hovers over our first attempts
At normalcy, our short breaths like small
Gasps. I want to open the door to comfort,
But the yapping holds within it snap and bite.
The grey day a reminder of past fury and an
Uncertain climate, our own pithy attempts
At owning a temperamental nature.