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## **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.