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Storm Watch from the Oregon Coast

I want to write about living on the edge.
But the wind blusters outside and the too-tall rose hedge

Slaps against the paint-peeled house. The sparrows are blown
Off their swinging ceramic feeder, flown

Not by their own direction but by rains
Which shoot down aslant and stain

The trunks of trees, soaked through to their north-faced moss.
Of course, I could write of loss,

The breaker-washed flotsam along the beach
And the refuse of jetsam flung from ships at sea,

But what use are remainders that remind us of
The sorrow of our fragility and our desperate need for love?

So here, a mile inland from the coast,
Storms strike against the headlands. A boast

Of power, omnipotence, and clout
While, hidden away, the rest of us wait the storms out.

A rose petal sticks against the pane, a bird tucks
Its bill under its wing, and I wonder: is it luck

That allows me to live so near the edge
Where my heart aches in joy for the very privilege

To know again and again with each wild, salty gust
I am not in charge nor do I ever want such lust.

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