Underneath a Blanket

Put the blanket above your head,

This blanket we put in the dryer

Without a sheet, and feel the static

Along the hairs of your arm and run

Your palms across the underside

Of the blanket, lying here in the dark,

Lying here in the dark of the room

With me, and watch the raging storm

Of blue white lightening conjured

By the great godly sweep of your hand,

Your mortal hand, your weak hand,

Your ashen hand so small next to

The more terrible storms that tear

Across the world outside this room

Where the air is moved by nothing more

Than a large fan stained with age;

But your hand has conjured the storm,

Before your eyes the storm is brought forth

And now it rages over a land that is dark

And desolate where you alone breathe out

The whirlwind --

Of course this is but one night underneath a blanket

In a little room swathed in summer heat on the outskirts

Of a city that once swelled and breathed.

My chest swells when it breathes too.