

### Breaking the Back of Summer

When the lights go out  
I say enough, it has been  
alarming enough feeling the wind  
slamming its hard drops against the glass,  
the snap of lightning just outside  
with no time for breath  
before thunder, helping the librarians  
stretch plastic the color of bruises  
over shelves beneath the skylight.  
I've overstayed only for lack  
of an umbrella, can see it  
crouched helpfully, out of the wind  
in the dark on my hall table.  
Don't think I'll need sunglasses—  
though it is not so dark here, with the glow  
from tossing false night at tall windows  
where the masses of falling water  
driven across the street change shape  
and color, now white, now beaten away  
like leaves. And so still.  
So still, all the staff bunched behind the desk  
murmuring: there's someone in the elevator.