



## *Roar*

The storm that howled all night has spun off east  
and the blown-down leaves, mounded deep, are drying—

so employees of the city are out cleaning up, with leaf-blowers,  
stirring up a roar so big, their earmuffs can't block it,  
only blend it—so the men hear the shouting of engine above engine

as a sound that's vague and far away, like the empty noise  
that children find in the cornet shells  
that sea snails form, and leave behind. The leaves, lifted high, fly  
to a canary-colored truck

that's retrofitted with a heavy hose.—A diesel elephant  
with a cocaine nose, drawing  
whatever comes near, sucking it in. Inside, the leaves

grind down to dust. But flying there, they're so  
delicate. Dragonflies, butterflies. They  
skitter across the air—