

## Samsara Counts

### Spring

Rain batters the skylights  
and a well-dressed weatherman  
warns of a superstorm.  
Nana turns the volume down  
and calls us to dinner:

pot pie made with peas and carrots  
from her garden, washed down  
with cheap cabernet in Christmas glasses.

The weatherman announces  
a tornado warning. I finish my wine  
and we crowd into the hall closet  
where I shred my napkin.  
Thirty minutes later, we emerge.

Outside: overturned plants, chairs,  
bent fan blades, wind chimes,  
and glass spheres broken on the stones.  
“Will there be a rainbow?” Nana wonders.  
Barefoot, I cross the garden to the dock,  
to find out.