

# A Plague of Seasons

*Cheryl Ervin Tennent*

It has been the same since time  
began, ice falling in parts  
of the year, melting in others.  
Continents come and go  
with seasonal variety; mapmakers  
will notice a piece of Africa  
missing and shake their heads,  
erase lines.

One day I will walk  
toward your house and find  
it suddenly on a different block,  
turn around to retrace my steps.  
When did this unlucky pattern  
of seasons begin?

Birds fly toward collision,  
avoid the nest, and small animals  
burrow into rolling earth.

Men and women are left to hurry  
into the shadow, searching  
for midday, for some landmark  
in their midst.