

*Eric Janken*

## **Recollections of an Elderly Radio Weatherman**

### I. Flood

Coffins rose on a lock of storm-froth,  
breaching cemetery turf.  
Recalcitrant rain bickered with the levees.  
Bent street signs jutted out near  
the unmoored barges scuttled atop  
angels glazed in motor oil.

### II. Blizzard

After it snapped forty degrees,  
ranch hands drove a forklift  
past the dung-specked slushed  
  
arroyo to exiled calves frozen  
in their crates, no longer  
trying to suck on a frozen nipple.  
Though blunted by gloves, one felt  
a heifer's ice-coarsened tongue,  
as they dragged thawing carcasses  
  
atop pallets, hurrying to stack every  
Hereford before sunlight knifed  
through and bellies began to swell.