

Texas Weather

by Gary Hardaway

It's all I've ever known
except for that year
in Springfield, Missouri,
second grade,
where snow was deeper
though no more frequent
and everything seemed green
even in July
without perpetual hiss
from sprinkler heads
and soaker hoses.

Texans like to think
our weather is changeable
and I suppose it is
though others claim the same
inconstancy
for Iowa and Illinois.
I know this: the sky is vast here

and the sun unforgiving
to any architecture not the best
and although some
may glory in the vastness of the sky
most of us try
not to give it much attention
lest it come for us
and crush us like June bugs
in a Walmart parking lot, Saturday night,
when everyone
runs out of beer at once.

