

Poetry Porch: Poetry

Weathervanes

By Michael Todd Steffen

The cock crows, stallion gallops, eagle flies
on weathervanes whose where-points whirl above
the steeple, barn, town hall, and gabled house.
Their needles—*S W N E*—indicate
the leanings of the day, like antennae,
but of a cricket, twirling on the roof.
How these static creatures shift and bluster,
animated by the summer air!

It's our habit to research everything,
our eyes focused downward into a screen,
yet these relics of our religion, Sense,
that are the envy of collectors since,
rely on our raised eyes to wonder, while
an app now points which way the wind is blowing.