Storm Warnings by Adrienne Rich

The glass has been falling all the afternoon,   
And knowing better than the instrument   
What winds are walking overhead, what zone   
Of grey unrest is moving across the land,   
I leave the book upon a pillowed chair   
And walk from window to closed window, watching   
Boughs strain against the sky  
  
And think again, as often when the air   
Moves inward toward a silent core of waiting,   
How with a single purpose time has traveled   
By secret currents of the undiscerned   
Into this polar realm. Weather abroad   
And weather in the heart alike come on   
Regardless of prediction.  
  
Between foreseeing and averting change   
Lies all the mastery of elements   
Which clocks and weatherglasses cannot alter.   
Time in the hand is not control of time,   
Nor shattered fragments of an instrument   
A proof against the wind; the wind will rise,   
We can only close the shutters.  
  
I draw the curtains as the sky goes black   
And set a match to candles sheathed in glass   
Against the keyhole draught, the insistent whine   
Of weather through the unsealed aperture.   
This is our sole defense against the season;   
These are the things we have learned to do   
Who live in troubled regions.