

## Sure

They open like umbrellas against hail  
Folding, gasping, hollowing  
Underneath such force  
That could break ivy from the limbs  
Could break it clean off shutters  
They pour each word  
In its casual phrase  
Watch it until it falls into the space  
Where words go  
When they are not  
Made use of  
Breaking spaces  
A proverbial show  
Stemming more and more  
With days unending  
While they open their mouths,  
Gaping wide like umbrellas  
And waiting for the hail.

—*Laura Daum*