

The Flood

Tracing the sheer, swirling flower pattern of the curtain
with your blunt, restless fingers
you stare out at the lawn beyond the rain streaked glass
and mention that you wish it would rain forever.

Across the room in my usual chair—
the green velvet one that you once tried to give away—
I watched you watching the rain and managed my face
wonderfully

Hiding the fact of my arms' need the desire
pulsing in my feet to cross the yard or so of carpet
to your dark shape against the window's gray luminescence.

"I want it to rain forever," you repeat,
your chin your voice raising slightly
challenging me to answer.

But I don't.

I am afraid
that it will.