

The Long Rain

It was a rain to drown all rains and the memory of rains.

It rained a solid glassy rain and it never stopped.

If only the rain wouldn't hit my head, just for a few minutes.

If I could only remember what it's like not to be bothered.

The sun hung high in the blue sky of the room, warm, hot, yellow, and very fine.

I walked forward, tearing off my clothes .