

Wilderness House Literary Review 3/4

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Letter

the rain would not stop for days the wind goes
on goes through my room and you are somewhere

distant smoothing this page that took the form
of a plane poised for flight where how to

begin again as summer ends with a blur
of rain far from your seasons a song

on the radio crackles with static can you
listen to the sound of water falling

from the sky burst open tell me how it feels
against your skin what it means to move

along to move away so soon trees shed
their leaves baring long branches a postcard

view from my rain- streaked window the hours fade
my finger traces your name your face on glass