

Wilderness House Literary Review 5/4

Timothy Gager

The rain is like the Things You Couldn't Stop

It falls in the world
on the have
and haven't nots
falls, on everything
the cats and dogs
on the ground
didn't thud off
hoods of cars
or break through umbrellas.
A little rain
causes people to wait
in coffee shops watching
the beading windows cry
the same way time becomes
lost in bad relationships
measured painfully in seconds
the rain that will never stop
pelting the roofs of homes
where the lonely lay on their backs
wondering how sleep
forms the sand
in their eyes so minute
like puddles being filled
with perfect little circles
the rain, that hit a group
of streaked drenched tears
diluted for a funeral
where they buried
the hero who
shot himself point blank
in the face
with his own pistol
and we thought
of the rain that day, felt
there would never be sunshine again
breaking through the mist
you can't prevent
the drizzle building as
steam formed on a bathroom mirror
impossible to wipe away
the vision for a split second
of fog dancing in your eyes
like laughter
until the trails are gone
and we can't feel clean
or dry
again.