

RAIN

Steffen Horstmann

We listened to thunderheads quake with rain...
& it became braille read by a lake, the rain.

Those nights it stitched the air in our sleep—
Bodies entwined, mornings we'd wake to rain.

My hands long for all the textures of water,
As when transformed to dew or snowflake, the rain.

On a wet afternoon your last, soft kiss...
Its memory returns like an old ache in rain.

From a plane I see the desert's cracked floor—
& sapphire skies it will forsake, the rain.

Nights I am to be found wandering, aimless.
Or to myself reciting Blake, in rain.

I could not silence the static
In my mind, a sound I'd mistake for rain.

We watched it dancing in puddles.
You inferred it fell for my sake, the rain.

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