

RAIN

We found some truth in the wet wood
we gathered and burned,
in the smoke that followed us
into the drying fields;
our pieces of flame-bitten candle,
our few books thumbed
until we stopped reading forever.

Our words meant to build bridges
one evening gave way
in the ash of our root fire.

I stand with a cloud behind me,
a rolled umbrella in my hand.
You are gone into that grey
emptiness crowded eastward,
and our house is a raft of shingles
sunk under leaves and vines.