

IN THE END THE SKY DOES BREAK | INTO RAIN

I wear my lake blue
flowers & new moon print sun-
dress step over the heat
carefully as if a body moving
could somehow cause a thunderstorm to happen
before they say it might

(as if weathermen are ever right).

July keeps the city trapped,
 waiting for something spectacularly hard to define—
 hangs around
the fire escapes & yellow café lights
stringing over Avenue A.

I want to say nothing
 ever dies. Pages of love
lifetimes long sprawled across a table.

The heart always
feels so humid in the eyes.

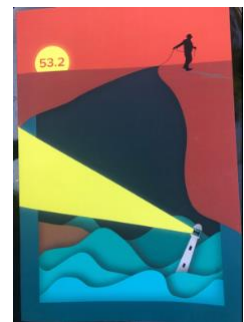
A patio bird taps on cement.

Someone laughs into a napkin.

When will it ever begin to rain?

 No one knows
 how wanting I am, truly
for all this—

I hold my face in my hands
& write a poem about a citronella
 flame snapping
around its brilliant blue stem.



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