

# IN THE END THE SKY DOES BREAK INTO RAIN

I slip into my blue glitter  
skirt & 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—

hazes on the fire escape  
& yellow café lights

stringing over Avenue A.  
I want to say nothing

ever dies, love  
summers long—

pages & pages on a concrete 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

*(poem continues to next page)*

how wanting I am, truly  
for all this—

I hold my face in my hands  
& write a poem

about a citronella  
flame daze

around a blue, blue  
stem.

Bonnie Jill Emanuel  
First version of this poem in *Laurel Review* 53.2, Summer 2021

