

Wet Hooky

"abraprus" – the sprinkling of the clouds, rain

Go ahead.
Come down
softly. Go
ahead. Change your mind.
I have no say
in the way the sky leaks.
Pummel me. Beat me. Send hail bullets.
I'll still let my
mouth break open.
I'll still let you
touch my tongue.
I'll still wait for you
to slide into me,
and when I say that,
I mean it like it sounds –
polluted.
Sometimes, even rain
feels nasty. I see
your wet work.
I see you
water this ground.
Some drops dance
for a penny-living.
Some rain
wears
tap
shoes –
sporadic, uncertain, pausing for breath,
gently pushing the roof
like damp, distant fingertips
pressing dirty keys down.
Some hammer it home,
turning skin
sexy and sweaty
outside,
when time means nothing,
when hours are all about the weather.
Go ahead.
Come
down
softly

or change your mind.
You are employed by the sky, I've found,
and up there
is where I'll be looking for you
in the full moment
when the clouds spread,
when the earth will suck you up.
Today or tomorrow, I'll stay thirsty
until after the soil drinks,
when you'll answer me, turning my throat
into a slick, smooth-coated slide.
I'll spit, then sip again.
You,
me.
We play hooky in the lightning.

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