

Loretta Lukaczer

Late January, the Water Bearer

It's raining in Guyana as she writes me
but not like our rain. The storm could be
the same storm, a dull gray shawl lying
over the arms and shoulders of the hemisphere
but it has the good sense to differ in
particulars. Her storm knows a thousand roofs
of galvanized steel make good music when
the rain is extravagantly large, warm and driving.
She sleeps all night secure in the drumming and
dissolving of the world. My rain needs to trickle over

the edge of a blocked gutter pouring down on the
front steps, a trick bucket tipped, over the door
rude and dysfunctional, before I hear more than
the slow, uninhibited purring rising from the back yard.