

IT RAINED IN THE MIDDLE OF OCTOBER

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The rain drums on my heart.
I feel rhythms –
hear it drown,
sing, beat, sink...

Did it rain when I arrived
22 years ago?
Where was the rain
when my eyelids cracked?

I see gold in sun, stars
radiant under fluorescent tubes.
Too cold, too close to touch
the concrete.

I'll stay under dripping leaves
when the clouds burst
and glimmer on puddles --
Clean, clear, down...

Did I jump when cracks
dug underneath streets?
When did lakes
flood cul-de-sacs in October?

I took refuge
In a London coffee shop.
I watched restless people
trudge under the electric sky.

Zion, Heavens,
Wild Blue Yonder,
Whatever it's called,
I long to break it clean.

When lightning ruled
my restless nights,
I saw the closeness of trees,
like guardians outlined in fog.

Rain is the evergreen
to the Pacific skies.
It greets the Sound
like amorous odes.

The rain drums on my heart
in dripping rhythms.
I feel it leave rain
on my doorstep.

Once, I ate microwave food
while the mist outside
clung to the window
by the Colombia River.

October rolls in
with clouds drenching
the roads in glittering,
steaming oceans.

I used to believe
tears would turn into rain –
It floated into clouds
and became the colors at dawn.

Another deluge,
relentless and fair,
upon the crown of my head
like a blessing.

It rained in the middle of October
near my Birthday,
flooding my turbulent shore
with a baptism.