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.