

Rain

She's been coming down
Running all of my colors together
Streaks of black lightening striking
Until I am just gray
No discernable me left
Or maybe that is me
The gray
The lifeless gray

A watercolor ruined
By a choice to stand here
Under her
Not a masterpiece before
Just a picture
But someone just the same
A person
Someone knowable
Now
All I am is wet
Soggy cardboard
Under me
A puddle of swirling colors
Reminders of
What may have been

When the sun comes
There will be no reminder
Not even the mottled puddle will remain

Now
Drowning
I am hers
Her abstract masterpiece
Fit for an epitaph
Here lies...
Here lies...
Whatever

G.L., 1/25/05