The rain beats lovely rhythms against this house of many years, especially here, a semiarid climate, where rain drops are gathered for cash.

I come from a wet state rain all springs and autumns and I remember, though very young, my mother and I pretending that we were in a tent, every night that it rained, “hear the pattering on the canvas?” she’d ask in our shelter from the wet and darkness, we two had built but in dreams.

And the storms... that fourth of July I was caught in a glass treehouse, though it sounds insane and impossible, madness marks so much... Hail, pounding against the glass walls but did not break a pane, no, not even a crack, as I looked out over fields of strawberries and blackberries and ripening grapes—that field still in my veins.

Farther still: a storm over Lake Erie my brother and I fishing

he, paddling madly, wrestling the waves of the lake that like a cork hurled the dinghy about while I sat dumbly, for I didn’t understand the danger, and he didn’t know that the fish were dying.

The rain sounded differently then now a clock ticks away in the next room, marking each hour with bells on the leaves rain falls electric on the gutters it sounds tin heavy against the softer inner rhythms, my own heart beat slow and steady. How I would love to dance naked, wildly, in the rain, like when I was young, catching rain drops on my tongue, now I’m afraid the rain will burn my tongue away.

Moving, again, where to now? somehow, I know the rain will follow me if only in memories that block like glass walls.

But and this is all—where will those who come later move? and theirs? When the rains drip blood?

S. Janusz

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