

Heavy Rain

When it rains so hard, it is only the weather remembering itself. Storms reminisce about other, older, storms. Rains fall within bygone rains. Gutters spout on a grandfather's rested sight. That leak in the scullery wall, it never got mended. When we remember so hard, standing by the sinking windows, it is only an unstoppable weather that moves through our heads. Prints in the flower-bed spill over with water, and recall one drizzling fox back into place, its nose whittled down to the fine point of rabbit. Overhead, dripping pines drift through each other in the mist, accumulating times and places, countries and third cousins' weddings, all as unavoidable as the smell of wet mushrooms. When we remember so hard, most of the rain that will fall has long ago fallen, soaked ground parched again, skies drained to a swamplish blue. Yet the remembered rain keeps on pouring, on parents who are suddenly younger than us, rain-coats glistening with surprise at their being wet and alive once more. Their mouths move in their faces like shining leaves, as they remind us repeatedly: we must none of us ever stop raining.

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