

# 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.