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And the Rain Fell

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And The Rain Fell

The butterfly lands on my chair
as I sit and watch the world, the sun
on my neck, water running around
my tires. I wonder where the others are,
but know they left years ago. Years ago.

We liked to come here and drink
illegally, brandishing beer like some
award for being young and reckless.
We had dreams of the Future, before
the Future was even thought of.

We hid here, on this sea. We liked
to party on this beach, away from
the streets and the signs, away from
mom and dad. They knew where we were,
but not what we were.

We were heathens, pagans
praising flesh and the spirit
of our primordial selves.
We fought society for society's sake,
we were the rulers of our souls.

We liked to think we were invincible,
the words used indicating superiority,
or at least the hope of strength. We'd bring
guitars and bongos and say that rain
could never stop our parade.

But the rain fell anyway.

Sometimes our fate was to last here,
on this beach, for days, for what seemed like
whole weeks drowning in pleasure.

The cars we drove were sent from dad,
not a day's work on our pampered palms.

The alcohol we bought with mom's cookie cash,
never returned, always forgotten.

They were not the one's left of center. We were

Then the headlights came The rain was splashing
through the broken windshield, the blood running
over the leather interior and out the moon-roof.

In my daze, I remember screams. The crash
broke my will.

Sometimes I cry. My friends are gone, left
to roam the spirit world. But here I am,
sitting in my chair. I blame God, Mom, Dad.
They should have known.
They should have punished.
But they didn't.

The butterfly goes to a flower, then feels
the wind and lights.

I envy.

- Jeremy Aufrance '95