

RAIN

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It rained for four weeks straight;
the backyard turned into a lake.

I couldn't get anything to dry:
spring wash of rugs and bedspreads,

varnish on the bathroom cabinets,
glaze on the fruit pies.

My hair stayed wet for days.

The deciduous forest out back
began sprouting rainforest fungi

big as heads of lettuce, bulbous
as a squamous cell carcinoma.

So much wetness we didn't know
what to do. We started letting

the faucets run while we brushed
our teeth or chopped tomatoes.

We sloshed through excessive
puddles, dumped the overflow

on drowning plants. We made love
in the bathtub, filling it so full

the water spilled over onto the tile.
You said I fruited like cookeina sulcipes.

You said mushrooms would make
biodiesel, cure cancer. We forgot

there were such things as deserts.
We forgot what it was to want more.