

Birthday Rain

**It Rained Again for My Birthday.
I Can't Remember When It Didn't Rain.**

**It Never Is Just a Drizzle.
It's Always the Kind of Rain That Pelts Everything
As If All Nature Needed Tenderizing.**

**The Broad Leaves Are Spanked and Learn to Droop,
The Badgered Petunias Sag and Are Splattered with Mud,
The Fox Squirrel in the Crotch of the Mulberry
Arches His Tail Over His Head
And Winces With Each Ice Blue Streak.**

**Only a Lone Mourning Dove Gripping a Gray Wire
Shakes Her Head, Roughs Her Wings
And Seems Undaunted by the Deluge.
Then, as if Irritated to Find His Blows Denied,
Thor Packs All of His Cynical Applause Into a Brake of Thunder
And Sends Even This Monument to Find a Thicket of Leaves.**

**I Watch from the Porch,
The Damp Haired Dog Peering Through the Screen.
The Puddles Over the Flagstones Pop,
The Brick Walk Smacks and Jumps.**

**There Is No Wind.
In the Gray Air Tiny Drops Drift Impatiently
As the Torrents Express Past.**

**Crashing Against the Slanted Slate
An Arch of White Spray Roams Over the Roof Edge,
Catches the First Elevator Drop and Plummets to the Ground.**

**The Day Never Really Gets Up After Such a Rain.
The Sky Lightens to Gray
But the Subdued Leaves Continue to Tear.**

**In the Afternoon a Light Breeze Wipes the Tears Dry
But the Eyes of Nature Remain Red.**

**Once Again,
Sun Shining Laughter Takes the Day Off for My Birthday.**