

Return to Rain

"I stood there, immobile and mute. Other nights went by, and I remained immobile and mute. And only now, years later, I ask myself what that really was, what really happened there."

- From "I Remember Nightfall," #26, by Uruguayan Surrealist Marosa di Giorgio

1

Rain rain, rain rain, rain rain
rain rain, rain rain. rain rain,
rain rain, rain rain, rain rain,
rain rain, rain rain, rain rain.

And we're back. And we're back.	And we're back.
Back in the rain. Back in the rain.	Back in this gray rain--.
Back in the	rain.

Back in the rain!

A John Prine loon craze and we're back in the rain.

Spotify for days, keep things coming, and phased, back, back back back
in the rain.

in the rain.

Out with school, out with education, but now!

Schools open folks and we're back. We are back in this rain

And rain rain, markings on the paper,
rain rain, floodlights upon walkways,
rain rain, and those incessant security cameras,
rain rain! The beauty of the untold, coveted diversity dramas!

The clusters and the outbreaks--

Back in the fear, back in the flood of fear,
the rain of unknowing, and then the rain of knowing,
crossed wires and singing, as we walk from class
to class

doors opened, seasons changed, shut shut shut
leaves a-changing,

and uncertainty's an open smile,
drunk in time with Netflix auto replay for a while
clear, televised
pixels invisible
again, with the new purchase
again, it's an open smile

one large, wide door, how many dozens of inches
does it take
to rain
in the highest
definition

one flood, one craned neck,

one CBD gummy
to cure
the back

cranes, cranes, craned necks
AND COUCHES

rain, rain, rain rain!
FROWN AND DUST OFF THE JACKETS!
jump on in to that rain rain, rain rain

2

rain on the deck. rain in my hair.

coronavirus haircut, and there are unconscious visual referral programs
everywhere!

we're all shaggy in this rain

the less we see the more we humbly bow out

Closures within our listed, lisped systems. Schools open, then closed.

Flapping in the wind, we're open and closed. (and open again, and closed again)

Gothic flamingo doom scrolls. Alt right conundrums so clear.

Rain, rain, make it something to fear.

Rain, rain, make it something we hold dear.

rain

When had "it" closed?

rain

When had it opened?

Where am I here? Where am I there?

Where am I? Rain? Rain? Rain?

RAIN?

Brain fog foggy fog fog fog--

decision making grandiose in this rust bucket town, this rain, rain, rain--coming down
town town

dodging deluge and opening, opening, opening
cold and collected, confused

staring down the fine lines of ice and blood as the chill swings in
I am made of blood as the ice forgives

This wet serum, this neighborhood. This rainy rain, rainy mood

the flood, it is up and over

and here we are

crying sober?

or am I

in this fog

alive and flying through rain and slog....

3

Rain and majesty, rain and respect.

Rain and the righteousness, rain and the deft.

Not like the fires in California, good bye my Santa Barbara! RAIN! RAIN! RAIN!

Not like the aid to Afghanistan, hello again colonial pawns! RAIN! RAIN! RAIN!

Not like Texas, with your stance on abortion and proclivity for holocost denial! RAIN! RAIN!
RAIN!

Long time in our guts, long time and it's short and full and often wild! RAIN! RAIN! RAIN!

Heat at our backs the long days at our backs and we're back in the rain, again,

say it is, say it is so, back in the rain. In the, in the, in the rain. Slow motion time
and time again.

I see the students calmly staring up. Look and nod. Look and smile.

Say, hello. Say, this is real. This is here. No denial--

This is not the fog I knew all that while.

4

So... COVID like rain.

BBQ memories like rain.

Fallen trees in the Cascades that I step over every time like the rain.

I am alive like the rain.

I am toxic like the rain.

COVID recovery like the rain.

Masks on for forgiveness like the rain.

And here I am in my memories

like the rain

and the everything remains rigid while being dampened in this climactic climate shift--

rain-rain-rain--

Future streets and stress response. Rain, rain.

The gentle kind of wave from the neighbors: rain, rain.

Slick, wet, here, I've met, I am meeting. Rain, rain.

And there is little tension, little fervor. Rain, rain.

"Hello, this might be the last time I see you."

Rough diamonds... looking glass courtesy.

Blast, blast! Here, the rain!

Swathed in the baby light

New child growing, old and so kind,

this new innocence of--same, same,

rain, toxic, carried over, cross the ocean through the mountains,

here we are, the rain, the rain, the rain

here we were, the rain and the rain and the rain

and its brittle, biting, look.

Twist and turn like rats we're shook
across corners the mats have torn up again
and here we are, standing in this rain, that rain.

That blued and blackened rain, right here,
believe it, we're coming through it, right here!
This silver hued fantasy land of spread and sprout
and fungal plumes doing it and doing it loud

I am now as much as we
and we are as much as this rain ya see
the wet within our pores collides
into this dry space Kezira's tides

can't we hold down this angry land
as we come back through hand and hand
the soggy branches bushes too
they make this rainy truth come out as proof

rain rain, rain rain
rain rain, rain rain
rain rain, rain rain
rain rain, rain rain--

rain rain, rain rain,
rain rain, rain rain
rain rain, rain rain
rain rain, rain rain

rain rainnnnn