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Let it Drop Through

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Let it Drop Through

Let it drop through,
the rain through your voice,
as we sing to each other
outside on the grass
the water smacking between our skins
splashing like juice from a bitten orange
slice.

The storm has limpened the city, no cars
or even pigeons brave the rain
like we do in a park by the river
July afternoon in Downtown Columbus.

So let it drop through,
the rain through your voice,
the light through the sky
a bright white ink drips quickly down
a hate-me-gray slate with a shattering crack
that makes me think someone has broken the sun
with the tool people use to destroy lobster-claws.

But the raindrops fall through,
through the thunder and your voice,
through the lightning and our hair.
The rain drops, like my eyes,
to the curve of your wrist where it meets your hand
pushed too tightly into my hip and the ground,
so that the angle is fierce and alarming
and then I can hear the sun cracking again,
and your voice is like residue
dusting the air above my head
between the raindrops.

I spend that moment in Greek mythology,
wondering if I'll turn into a tree
like the one standing back up the hill thirty feet.
When I press the top of my head against
the ground and toss my throat into
the dark sky I can see
the branches of that tree
batting their crazy arms to drive away the rain.
But it drops through the spaces they leave or
crashes into the bark and bounces
into new drops that continue down.

You don't mean anything.
I mean your words
are nothing to the breaking of the sun.
Your eyes, even when open,
are nothing like the lightening in the sky
and the rain rolls off your body
like it was made of glass,
except,
except for the curve between your wrist
and your hand, where you have trapped
something wonderful
just like you've always wanted to.

The water there seems not to mind,
so keep it, but let the rest
drop through.
Let all the other things drop through.
The way the rain drops through your voice
let fall my body through your thoughts.

– Carey Christie '95