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The Night I Was Conceived

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The Night I Was Conceived

Sheets of cool Carolina rain fall
into the red clay which gets pulled
inside and tossed across the patchwork
carpet, sewn together, laid in place like
pieces of a puzzle; the day closes, strewn
with flat tires, stalled engines,
chicken casseroles burned black and sinks
full of unclean dishes, and tall pines bow, holding down
carefully the night coming in: like the rain it might
fall, breaking across the floor and, too dark,
be lost in the red earth; and he holds
her as they dance, listening to the rain call;

he kisses her, for the first time, again
warm and smooth and silent,

and follows the rhythm of the storm;
while in his arms, she touches his neck, new,
tiny spurs of hair growing like shadows
cast from the moon of his eyes
which shine like fire against the rain descending
measure by measure in aquiline arpeggios;
and through frail evergreens the wind blows
as, in her arms, he smells the clean
of her hair, falling as if through rain, light
like dusk upon her shoulders,
it covers his hands and holds him, too,
in the light of the moon as night lowers calm.

– Anonymous

