

## 4 AM Flood

No rain yet, but there is thunder  
    Zeus whipping his horses across the sky  
        --or maybe it is Hades himself, shy husband of  
        Persephone roaring up from hell with  
    her violent streaks of lightning  
each a promise  
    Soon the rain  
        the flowers & the sun

But this is not a springtime  
    tale, as middle age  
        passes & who among us  
will live well past 90, though  
    we fool ourselves

with renewal. The lightning  
    daylight & the silence— are you  
        my silence? Or the rain that begins

slow like a wave of Midwestern childhood  
    storms? Or the deafening  
downpour, the California skies opening?

I lied. It's not even four am yet. Who else  
    will witness this storm? And do I  
        even desire flowers or spring or love?

Rain and thunder growl-- the landslide  
    my broken hearts-- slides off the dirt  
        rivers of mud running to the ocean

And just like that, I realize I can still  
    smell the storm, take some small measure  
        of joy, maybe hope this deluge slows

Pray the hard packed dirt will soak in these tears

*the flood is not a choice but perhaps  
blossoming is not either*

And like that. Less than fifteen  
    minutes, and the rain only bounces  
        between the branches of the oak trees now.

And thunder marks the speed at which this storm passes.