

Where is All This Water Coming From?

Jay Hopley

Another dull, unrainy day.
 Not warm. Not cool. A little wind, then none.
 My mother's switched a light on
 And sat down on the sofa with a book.
 A blue jay lights for an instant
 On the back fence. Some clouds wisp by.
 Or is that smoke? Some smoke wisps by.
 Bright, though distant,
 The sound of gunfire. Or a car backfiring.
 On the air, the smell of wet wood burning.

 But that can't be—. All day
 The clouds have rolled their grim lead
 Westward and left us..., nothing.
 I wonder what it is she's reading.
 The Unabridged History
 Of Rainfall? No, it's Günter Eich.
 Botschaften des Regens. That one, when read
 By a widow, in her marriage house, aloud, and in the German,
 Makes a man want
 To turn his eyes sky-
 Ward and confide
 His despair to the migrating
 Birds. If only there were migrating
 Birds.