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Poetry

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Nothing new falls on your hands
in the same way nothing old ever
surpasses beginnings. In stillness
this cold forces hands into pockets

never meant to house such warmth.
Your fingers dance on their own
in these hidden worlds, fishes dancing
to an internal rhythm. And when

what has helped you has helped enough
it leaves silently. Drop by drop this
world makes less of you, not violently
but with the gentleness of understanding

When you shake the waters off your
body, only then do you notice what
has been taken, and what will never be
returned. This pavement reflects traffic

lights into the black, and the skies are
indistinguishable from eye level. As if
the rain falls only for you, not in ritual
nor cleansing but out of sympathy,

for the pain you unintentionally carry,
and the memories you set onto comets
to be shipped into oblivion. A little rain
comes, here and there, never when you

ask for it, and never when you are lost,
but when it is simply time to let go.

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