

Poetry

WHEN THE RAINS CAME

When the rains came
The older couple sat holding hands
In the backseat of a military sedan; wipers
Clicked slowly through a surge
Of sudden water drumming on the roof like
Far-off artillery—

The volunteer driver with gentle voice
Parks in a blur of white markers
Disappearing in misted tendrils,
Turns, touches gloved hand with theirs,
“I know how you feel.” he says,
“My son rests here with yours.”

“I like the rain,” the mother says,
“Let’s stay here a while longer,
perhaps the rain will wash
all the wars away— “

More like this up to 32 lines, but not more than 1 page.