Huddling in the Rain

Rick Dirks*

*Iowa State University

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HUDDLING IN THE RAIN

by

Rick Dirks

English Senior

A sugar maple shines wet pointed fingers in the rain.
Small cars with whining engines go by,
Their wipers quickly swishing away water from the windshield.
Birds are chirping
Blue jays screech exultantly
I huddle on a pillow on my porch
And my feet become dented from my rubber welcome mat.

I like the sound the rain makes:
Soft thumping on leaves
Quiet smacking on cement.

A little black boy named Jermaine plays with the puddles in
the gutter
A Vietnamese boy rides his bike with no hands
And catches drops with his open palms.
Jermaine’s sister slaps by in her sandals
With her black adolescent body.
She has long legs
And the rain makes her breasts point up.

The cedars in my front yard are dying.
All around me leaves jerk and twitch
From the shock of raindrops exploding on them.
The explosions are loud
And muffle the traffic noises of the busy street one block away.
Jermaine's sister startles me,
Asking for some sugar so she can make some tea.
I heap a generous amount in her glass.

Deciding to watch robins eat worms,
I move my pillow to my back porch.
My back yard is a jungle of bushes and trees and freshly cut grass.

The sky brightens for a moment.
The sky is not black, but a mild gray,
The kind of gray that rains all day.

A cardinal whistles like he's calling his dog from the top of a tree.
I hear him
And would like to come instead,
But a gnat diverts my attention
And I have to chase him away from my body.

A sudden wind sprays water on my bare legs.
I huddle closer to myself
And suck on my pen.

I wonder what my new roommate is doing.
The neighbors have clothes on the line getting wet.
A thin ribbon of water trickles from a rain trough;
Other ribbons beat holes in the soft earth next to my house.
The wind blows more water on my body.
I huddle closer to myself.

I huddle closer to myself in the rain
And wonder if I can become permanently lost
In the drops that splash from puddles
And in the tiny explosions the rain makes on flat green leaves.