Love Poem

Dan Gerbracht*
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Three days now the rain has come down
In drizzles and fits of deluge
From uncombed bangs in the yellow light
Where couples huddle under patchwork umbrellas like Siamese beetles.
It seems as if the Hebrew god can’t decide upon his promise
Like all things human
The way we dance between extremes
High/low mornings and evenings
Or stand frozen in the street.
Either way the rain and the gray
And the rhythm
Has lulled a feeling back into my heart
An involuntary organ
I can hold it only as long as one breath
Until it gasps and reaches for more
Taking in that lush night air of car exhaust and rotten leaves
And a familiar wet shampoo scent.
I would prefer the flood to come
While my ankles skip puddles in this crazy manic dance

Watching mist float through foggy streetlights.