

How do you, the child, process rain?
You, with the memory of water in the womb
so close to the surface of skin.

Wrinkles are the result of water
evaporating from my skin
like the rapture of dots.

Old age is the sound of a thousand men
simultaneously opening black umbrellas.

You, knowing the belly both clothed and naked;
was it less like tears and more like a sprinkling?

Lovers and enemies are rooted in the stomach
like a knee that aches just before the storm.

Can you picture the hand of a man of the cloth
cupping your bald head above the fount?
Now you, the child being carried outside, look up.

Of all the prayers said for me,
did any of them take?
I wish I could believe in you.
I wish I could forgive me.

Someday the one who carries you
will become the one you carry.

Dark clouds splatter in your face.
Don't try to figure it out.
It's not a puzzle or a thing you can chew on;
it's just one more world you're living in.

Turning corners in a stroller,
you lose the sound of your own heartbeat
to the *click, click, click*
of your mother's high heels.

I close the book on another story
that I read to you because it's time for bed.
I talk to myself like I'd talk to a child
and become the father I never had.

Rainstorm Daniel McGinn

