

It rained all fall  
At least every time I visited  
you in Portland (Maine)  
Torrential downpours  
Not unlike the one tonight  
Except now it's March, not  
October.  
(The winter went so fast; it  
didn't exist!)

But unlike now, last fall  
The leaves were flapping  
wet, caking in piles  
Gutters flowing full of water  
and clogged sticks and  
leaves  
And I was running to get out  
of the rain  
I can see Deering Oaks Park  
and then your blue buildings  
I'm gonna end up going to  
the wrong one again – they  
all look the same  
But I know it's the middle  
one.

That warm rain  
Hard spiky pellets against  
my face as I run  
Rushing to get to your door  
Where warmth and  
wonderful things awaited  
Soothing and stoking a kettle  
of emotions  
In this hurricane rain  
Of the weather and of my  
heart and soul  
How I will always remember  
that rain.

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