

At the Window

Sometime in the night the world got heavier. Atoms swelled
and everything weighed perceptibly more than before.
By dawn the sky had fallen—settled
like a sodden bandage
on the roof.

Now
rain
drops
all day long
slapping hard
the aspen's
leather hearts
fluttering
outside
the window
syncopated patter
grows
to thundering
applause
against the sill
drops
fracture
ricochet
off others
—
blossom
into a cloud.

Later, in the moist silence,
single drops already fallen fall again
from *the fringe of rain clinging to the eaves**
liquid missiles plash the grass below the window
piping birds jig at the bounty of just-flushed worms.

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*from: *Grey Sparrow Addresses the Mind's Ear*; O Taste and See by Denise Levertov