

Diane Cluck, God Made It Rain

god made it rain so i'd run to the bus stop
god knew otherwise i'd be late
i grab my umbrella torn from a pawn shop
drop all my keys down a grate but i have to let go and keep running
i choke on my cough drop
neighbor's dog's launching itself at the gate
barking tossing itself like a ship onto rocks
a creature that will not resign to its fate
i said give me five
to my neighbor
a lefty
he thought i meant money
and handed me some
i gave it back to my four-fingered lefty
he slaps me five
by adding the thumb from his right hand
he says diane
why don't you quit that job that you've got
if you always run late, you must hate it
you know, if i were a woman
i'd get me knocked up
so i could sit home and look out at the snow
we watched the rain make old snow into glass
snow into glass like the sun does to sand
he says do you want to
and i say i guess
he shivers under my five-fingered hand
my spent neighbor leaves his sleight-of-hand alley
and i am alone until something gets thrown at me
blood on my cheek
and the laughter of children
the sting of a snowball embedded with stone
i see neighborhood mothers wig out from their windows
watching their archangels arch in the snow
in sub-zero temperatures
rigid and rosey
kids stagger by with the frostbitten glow
god made it rain so i'd run to the bus stop
god knew otherwise i'd stay home
calling in sick is no final solution
hiding in bed and unplugging the phone
sometimes you must work
until you give out
sometimes you must work
until all work is done
look at the way the rain clears a path
for the sky to conceive an immaculate sun