

# Rainer Maria, Rain Yr Hand

how important  
all ages shows have been  
to the identity formation for me.  
that night, you grasp and pull my wrist.  
you grasp my wrist and pull me past,  
imagining what we will do alone.  
that night, a tree had fallen across the highway,  
blocking our way home.  
wet with rain, your hand on mine.  
a breath of hesitation,  
your skin that night.  
you and i feel as if we  
can escape calamity.  
that night, you and i, seventeen,  
make out.