

2022

After, the rain

Terry L. Kennedy

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Recommended Citation

Kennedy, Terry L. (2022) "After, the rain," *Birmingham Poetry Review*: Vol. 49, Article 37.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.library.uab.edu/bpr/vol49/iss2022/37>

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After, the rain

Do not judge me if I expect
the world to weep when I, myself,
feel like weeping; if, feeling
the house too quiet—
 the silvery turn of the ceiling fan;
 the soft sway of the curtains—
I need to bury my face
in the bedroom pillows and scream aloud,
until, eventually, that thrum
in my head creates an opening;
creates a space for me to see, once again,
what, always, must happen: the slow separation
that, despite our instincts & preparation,
always appears uninvited. It's like
that time we were caught in a storm
down river: the day bright; the current
easy; far over the mountain, the dark
clouds, that, presumably, would never reach us—
at least not in the foreseeable future;
then thunder; then rain;
the two of us swimming, if not furiously,
at least steadily, against the current;
one of us tired and
slowly, almost imperceptibly,
falling behind.