

## A Sudden Shower

A restorative walk in the garden, a rock in the shoe,  
cantankerous clouds, a splitsecond view of a bluebird  
lighting in the peartree and swallowing itself up  
among plump new leaves—all this was for you  
and the incorruptible memory of your love.  
None of this is true, not one least part of it.  
I had come awake from nightsweats and murderous dreams.  
I held my head. I asked the cat to die.  
I contemplated the smashed fly on the window pane  
over the sink. I got my coffee going. I said my prayers  
to the small gods of plumbing, wiring, domestic architecture.  
The cat would not die. She took to her duchy of dung  
to build more cottages among its brooding hills.  
She made the rain remind her townspeople  
of the merciless amenities. I could not wish her dead  
any more than I did. I had walked back in  
from the garden without a clue  
to the heartrending bluebird's whereabouts. As for you,  
I surrendered your memory to the goodwives of Kittythorpe,  
hugging their elbows at picket gates  
by banks of bloodwort, henbane, dogtooth, wormwood.  
They turned indoors with scraps of you twisting into the rain.