Then the rain fell, as it does,
To demarcate the beginning of Act IV scene I,
Or to say that what you feel is like the rain,
A thousand numb nerves,
A body without sensation.
Rain strays into the marrow and bogs,
Into clay and brine, saps
The gaunt light friction rubs up.
As it does, unlatched,
The rain swings open
And the space between rain
Is neither constant nor chaotic,
And the little arithmetic
You bring to the problem
Cannot predict where to stand
Or even where you stand.
Eventually, rain-freighted,
As if by a thousand favors
You will never repay,
You become the rain’s interior,

A root at its threshold,
A cistern’s echo.