

Fall 1978

## Rain on the Face is a Bad Dream

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## **RAIN ON THE FACE IS A BAD DREAM**

### I

If rain, why not love?  
Why not a tree with wings,  
hands that journey farther than breath?

The child home from the hunt  
fire on the stove, deer hanging outside.  
Above the pines the eagle glides  
in quiet rain. There are  
cracks in the wall  
like intelligent hands.

Blood rushes gently under the skin,  
rain laps the shingles. The boy fears  
the tip of his penis, that his lungs might be  
wet leaves on the window  
gray clouds mounting overhead; he dreams  
a father in the backyard raking leaves,  
smoke rising from the rusty burnbarrel.

### II

On windy days walnuts blow  
to the ground, small dogs howl  
at nothing. Her breath slow, her fingers  
thin, she bends  
in any wind. Who needs a man needs death  
she would say. She listens  
to the dying cicada, the small breath  
of the rose, the blind soliloquy  
of sleep. Geese fly this river  
twice a year, sparrows fly alone. I'm fine  
she says, my life is good. She lies.  
Rain on the face is a bad dream.