

Spring 2013

It Will Rain

Ally Harris

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Recommended Citation

Harris, Ally (2013) "It Will Rain," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 78 , Article 33.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss78/33>

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IT WILL RAIN

The cat biting my leg with my swings and bashes unlatches his fangs it's like how many uses for a wall anyway? But Blackie likes it, Blackie does. We clean out the cupboards they hate it being empty when filled's the only thing they ever knew. On the counter: pills and pills. Some are big fucking big and the label tells me everything possible is natural so glug it on down and get big too.

At dinner we sit at the table. At dinner the holes in my calf are burning. A breath begs out, I do not listen. I shut my eyes count backwards in silence, I think, for nothing. The faces at the table come off like putty and flop into the elders' drinks. A scowlish lisp of something ordered transmogrifies my Auntie's drink but do I still listen if her only ever ask was done in transformation?

Blackie chews the yardstuff as night comes dragging its legless slit across the parlor rug. All the shoes I've ever worn writhe in the yard where they were thrown. A funeral of mathematics stings the air. Their laces and eyelets and leather tongues coil and throb like earthworms in a cataracted puddle, paying no mind to the pretty piglet corkscrews busting from the white-flecked dirt.

But fuck the flowers. It's like Blackie doesn't feel a thing. Tomorrow the elders will wake and sprinkle the lawn with my stuff, the only three stuff I've got. It will rain. I need something like a synthesis, I say, to get smaller, tiny, so no one can think or expect anything of me. Look, says the cat with a look, what prosthetic mode? What turbulent bone would help? The candelabra quivers like nerves upon the tablecloth. The water waits like a spider, ready to drop on every head at once.