Rain on the Face is a Bad Dream

Don Schofield
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. They 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.