

Eons

The clock strikes
one in the morning
By way of a clap of thunder. I have
Never shared this place

Before.

I am pulled from our room as
We are pulled to the storm,
Bed-warm toes
sticky on wooden tile

Summer thunderstorm

Kisses the windows
Around the patio
The rain graces the house
My grandfather built

He must have used

Wood that he knew
Summer would love.

Because

The storm does not hit the house
But sits beside it

After watching

The pine trees beam at the
Dark clouds
That bring welcoming rain

After watching

The water dance across the surface
Of the lake
I become the water
and you become the storm.

Lying on the couch,

I watch the lightning reach the ceiling
And I watch you