

## Awaiting a Letter in Rain

The eighth day of rain is a silence  
that envelopes me  
as I walk from the porch  
to the mailbox at the end of the walk  
to look for a letter that never comes  
a letter I mailed a month ago  
before the rain began falling  
like cloth wrapping around my cheeks  
and eyes and arms  
preparing me for burial  
beside a house afloat on Main Street

I reach into the darkness  
slopping the air with my mummy hand  
grabbing nothing  
I turn back into the drops  
that wash away all other sounds  
wash over the hope in my mind  
that I will find my letter  
the only object standing  
in the flood in my head

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