

Robert Lee

AS IT WERE EN ROUTE TO “UNKNOWABLE”

Rain, prophetic rain, bitch rain of the apocalypse, rain of goats
and of the tedious trout, rain polluted by my perilous odium—I know,
I should have slept in, so in that *in* is night, or at least the beak of night,
nudging its hook into the periphery like a pizzle, right at the edge there,
the wetness occurring before the guilty leap to thought, and isn't this,
friends, how we might love, all of us, suddenly, with a hushed alarm,
not simply wishing we were out in the red car or barn masturbating
to the latest beat, not somewhere eating berries of a blue renown,
not sitting here sketching the prettiest flowers, the small ones out there,
whatever they're called—those with the brown eyes and yellowy necks—
not thinking, hey, you know, those are eyes, right there on the flowers,
no, not thinking at all, but just standing here in the flagellate rain,
as mildly as possible, without any curse, not even calling it rain.