

Change · *Anthony Petrosky*

I love to sit here  
looking out this big window  
in this big house at the slow, steady rain.  
If I could, I would be like the light  
on days like this. I would be a slow iridescent glow  
rising steadily against the rain. My friends  
would emerge from their houses to check the weather.  
They would look up and down the street like Mrs. Stapsky  
who seems to be looking for her dead husband, Heime,  
every morning, and then the rain would send them back  
inside their warm houses to listen to music,  
but they would hesitate and look up into the sky  
at the bright disc behind the white clouds,  
and I would tell them to go ahead and drink their coffee  
and read the papers filled with stories of violence  
because even though there will be no sun today,  
it is still the same as yesterday or the day before  
when they sat on their porches like tourists on cruise ships  
drinking beer and dreaming of people in the past  
because, like me, they change by intensification or diminish.