

Tuesday Morning Sestina

The air is solid with unbirthed rain,
clouds hanging so low
to the ground, tree branches are
holding the sky in place.
Women, children, men;
even the dogs are listless.

Raindrops hang weightless,
having been denied full rein
to fall, while shirtless and sweaty, men
languish, heavy and sallow
on porches crooked and out of place.
Something has gone horribly wrong--all things are

disjointed, all things are
becoming less and less
solid. Molecules drifting out of place,
dissipating like rain
as they strain to break free, to flow
away from the limits of man

and the staid, solid confines of man's
world. The air solidifies as the tangible jars
itself intangible. Below
our feet the ground drifts apart, restless.
Above us, hardening and gaining mass, the rain
takes the place

of earth, earth takes the place
of air. Confused and displaced, men,
women, children taste rain
for the first time; new lungs are
adjusting to earth, less
sure of memories that drift just below

the surface of reality and dreams, below
the surface of consciousness: this place
has always been airless,
earth has never supported man.
In this reality, all storms are
devoid of rain.

All things are raised, are brought low.
This place echoes with the memory of raindrops,
laid to rest with the lessening fluidity of air--Amen.

-- Kate Wilhelmi