

# On A Carport in Bethlehem

*by* Michael Tusa

I am missing everything I've ever lost  
Still  
I can hear soft rain  
There is conversation but I don't listen to it  
I just watch the magnolia sway and the tall green grass cascading  
as the winds grace her blades like hair  
Lightning creaks open the blue horizon like torn wallpaper  
hiding fire in the sky  
The heat from the concrete cracked and bleeding  
mud begins to rise in steam  
A few white petals fall  
A few white petals fall

I can feel the wet whistle through the leaves  
The ringing of bells  
As church falls  
And our dangling chimes singing "Spectacular!"

Ash waltzes on the air and the smell of tobacco mingles with the  
rain.

There is conversation but I don't listen to it  
The night coos and we lay in the driveway  
And look up at the stars.  
I think about all the ones I counted that night  
Watching them watch me  
Us both seemingly fixed forever under The moon  
I can feel  
light rain kissing my cheeks

I can see  
White strikes of heavenly ribbon  
dancing in eternal splendor To the hooves of Golden thunder  
Our Great creation an ever revolving ensemble  
Brightly Brilliantly Turning in time

And you would tell me always it was just for us.  
You would tell me always it was just for us.  
And I can feel your love wash over me  
And it ran off with the rain into alleys and gutters and ditches and  
someday made its way to the ocean and met the tide.  
And a few days or months or moments or lifetimes later the sky  
opened and cried with your love  
just for us.

