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

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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.