

Truman Compote

by Bill Yarrow

When it rains, I can really think. Was that how it went? Well, maybe my memory's not watertight, but what is these days? My eyes widen at the coincidence of plashing verticals and the stolid columns of the world. I love that hopeless warfare. I always think of raindrops as the underdogs, the frail insurgents of heaven against the stumpy dictatorship of the material. But now the rivers are rising and the streets have bowed down to boats. The brick house can stand up to the Big Bad Wolf but not to the water cannons of the apocalypse. The rain is getting smarter. The storm clouds are overpopulating. The sky is scary. It's not your parents' revolution anymore.

