

# THE ROOF NEEDS REPAIRED & ALL YOU CAN THINK OF IS RAIN, RAIN, RAIN

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you said you liked 'all you can eat' buffets. you'd tong star after  
onto your plate, then eat, lacking the universal fear of burn.  
*recognize qualities when you dissolve, you said.*  
*remember that.*

also you preferred the tart, easy-burst of ant to the soda it  
drowned in.  
*oh, i said.*  
*like i used to put my RC in the part of the fridge that froze what*  
*was below?*  
*no, you said.*  
*like how the moon strangles with the side we can't see.*

opening the mailbox with a tissue i wouldn't burn trying to see if  
anyone had anything besides  
*You have been prequalified to receive a trip to the garden of eden*  
*Please end abortion*  
*Help us*  
*Begin.*

when it came down i was.  
i was waiting out the rain so i could see  
was it true that the streets of the entire east side would flood?  
i would slide my yellow raft straight through and raise an  
emergency.

the blind's slats twisted shut but twinkling, carpet  
lit by a string  
navigational movie lights, one light on the tv  
reflecting my head.

it'd send my stomach if i didn't know any better.  
a cave and a helmet.  
or else i were dying  
there it was, kind of refreshing,

without any gloves not yet  
identified.

