

# july 23

by Glynnis Eldridge

I get that drunk feeling right before it starts to rain. The sky is dark and heavy and the clouds break open with a flash and suddenly there is water running down all of the windows like one million pairs of eyes crying hard. The street is suddenly flooded too. I picture it coming in under the door, eating the doormat first, then the table legs and those belonging to the chairs we sit on, then my own legs, and it leads me to thinking the only thing left will be mildew. This reminds me of things oscillating, like good and bad, I rise and fall with the tides.

I see your face everywhere, on heads of bodies that aren't yours, on bicycles, while riding in cars or walking in town, or from my chair in the living room, walking by my window.

Someone behind me says, "we go out drinking and I get naked."

I've been watching mouths moving and they look like nothing in crowds, all moving differently, chewing, still, talking, laughing, swallowing, still, nodding.

There's more lightening and everyone is running. We are all vulnerable to things that are brainless, that exist as themselves in science, as physics or maybe chemistry. The clouds can open up any time and reach down and electrocute that unlucky person who forgot their rubber soled shoes while carrying something electric, while being outside, while being on earth.

A woman scowls and shakes her head to dry off. Its still raining, she's still outside, still getting wet.

Sometimes I wish I could draw, make illustrations, spend my days with a warm lamp indoors, curled up at a writing table with a good notebook, pen and cat, listening to the hiss of a radiator and nothing else. What do I need to find this?

I offered to support you today, in financial ways, in the future. This scares me and is appealing. I cannot afford this but I want to. I am scared by things I dream of and I know will make me feel adult; my own apartment, a good job, cats or something else beside me,

purring, welcome home, now is the right time, the right place, to be, if nothing else. I am happy sipping something making me drunk, writing, doing what I dream of. I am happy in this moment, inside in the rain, safe inside myself, an (undeserved?) dessert coming my way.

