

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.

