

Today It Rains

by Sarah McKinstry-Brown

I chose coming away because here at least I feel good — and it makes me feel I am growing very tall and straight inside — and very still — Maybe you will not love me for it — but for me it seems to be the best thing I can do for you...

Today it rains — Georgia O'Keefe, letter to Alfred Stieglitz after two months in Taos, July 9, 1929

Tomorrow, when I pour the hot water
into the coffee press, I'll watch the black grounds

do their slow dance, mixing bitter heat
with the promise of something smooth.

I'll remember you; how you took out your camera
led me to your bed

and sat in the chair across the room,

your voice guiding my fingers, one
button, then another. The revelation

of skin: a white bird, a clean slate,
the air of a quick rain

at the end of a long summer.
With your lens

between us, we could both be
beautiful, could take each other in

the way my eyes do when I rise

Available online at [«http://fictionaut.com/stories/sarah-mckinstry-brown/today-it-rains»](http://fictionaut.com/stories/sarah-mckinstry-brown/today-it-rains)

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early to see sun climb over canyon.

Don't you understand? I had to leave
to find a way back

to the man in the chair, the woman
you photographed.

