



Robert Rothman

Running in Rainstorms

You have to like the ping of drops striking neck and legs like buckshot, trail so pocked with puddles shoes and socks soon waterlogged, the swerving path you tread defeated by hidden cavities and earth that caves in with your weight. You have to like the splatter of mud that dots your legs and arms and face with brown measles, the wind that blows sideways blinding you, the stumbling, near falling. You have to like to be alone, no birds in howling wind, all deer, raccoons, and skunks found shelter, just the rain and you. You have to like to shout, to laugh out loud, to howl delight back to the day. You have to like being drenched as water finds its way from chest to gut, inside your pants, your face

so wet, the water flowing down your cheeks
you'd think you were weeping, not out running.

Robert Rothman's work has appeared in *Cold Mountain Review*, *Grey Sparrow*, *The Griffin*, *Pank Magazine*, *The Alembic*, and the *Meridian Anthology of Contemporary Poetry*. He lives in San Francisco.