



From Christian Science Monitor

Simon Perchik

Her death was reported for hours
on the weather channel
though it's not raining and you walk
slowly past the forecaster
who can't see you off some coast
the way a kitten just born
knows how to bathe itself
already curled over a saucer
filled with its mother and fur

--over the screen another storm
is forming, the clouds
come to an end, worn out
falling into the set as bedrock
never sure power will be restored
begin again as water
that will not leave the sea --she died

while you were petting the waves

still on the glass canopy
warming it, walking in front
letting it wash over your lips
so nothing can be said
that is not rain --her death

was on a map where a face
should be though no one
except the darkness that always comes
asked or held her close.

Simon Perchik's work has appeared in many publications, including *The Nation*, *Partisan Review*, *Poetry*, and *The New Yorker*. His most recent book is *Almost Rain*.