

Out of the Rain

The drops on the dry canvas
spring back into beads
before catching the seams down and pooling
near the bent steel pegs at each corner.
In half an hour the sound has lost its edge
though the rain is strong as ever;
the walls, too, have joined the muddied flow
and only bend the fall around them.
Inside, I am marooned against the flood,
aground and dry, with moorings still taut,
strung myself not an hour ago, maybe two.
The green-gray dawn will come in time,
bring out each khaki pore
so I can count them all if I choose,
waiting against the rain.

—C. Wade Bentley