

## Thunderstorms with a Chance of Sun

Why should I look up to you?  
To watch the heavy clouds kneel before  
The burning star?  
I would rather be struck by thunder than  
Be blinded by the sun.  
In the wind of day, I kneeled under the clouds  
And prayed for the great flood.

Where should I look for you?  
Behind the pews where I clasp  
Onto your name? I would  
Watch storms shaking the altar and robes  
Screaming the makeshift "Thou shalt not" out the door.  
To say the least, I l i s t e n e d . . .  
And held my voice from chanting the *Our Father*.

What do you see in me?  
A warm sun you would hold close on a winter night,  
Or a rattling storm you shut your windows to?  
I sat at your table and swallowed  
Your blood and body, but could not  
Keep the ashes from leaving my temple.  
They wished to drench with the sweat of a scapegoat.

Listen.

When I used to throw my curtains wide,  
I hoped to hear you say "Goodnight."  
I pressed the beads and called your name,  
But felt cold by your silence  
'Cause you never came.

Who I believe does not perceive HOW  
I act. It is not that I do not believe in you.  
Perhaps the autumn leaves that  
Fell for you wanted to fly  
And scrape their knees when they touch the sky.

But would you let them?

I wonder.

## **We Told Him, "All Is Well" and All IS Well.**

Five years ago  
You sit on your chair  
Never wanting to walk out of it.  
The promise of "I'll keep our family safe"  
Hangs heavily above your head  
As you stare at the storm above you.  
Why can't you see that there's light behind the clouds?  
All you do is count the white hairs under your black  
And let the Callender's cherry pie we laid on your desk  
Be feasted by ants.

Five years ago  
You lay on your bed  
Never wanting to crawl out of it.  
The words "I'm trying to do my best"  
Weighs down your throat  
As you bury yourself beneath the soil.  
Why can't you pull yourself out of the hole?  
All you do is smell gardenias  
And watch us pick out the weeds.

To this day, you sit on your chair,  
But you want to walk out of it.  
You let the hooks pull the edges of your heart  
As you watched your two kids grow  
Old enough to catch the boat.  
You told them, "Carry me with you till I fade,  
Like the sunset beyond the horizon."  
They hear your voice, but continued on.  
The boat will leave soon  
And they must go.

*We're going to be okay, Dad.*

And you will, too.

## **I Asked a Kid, "What the Hell is Bedtime?"**

I heard your mother called out your name, dear.  
She said, "Pick up your toys, it's getting late,"  
As she washed those dishes to the last plate.  
You said, "But I'm not sleepy." "No it's near  
Midnight, anak. Go to sleep." You obeyed,  
Grabbed your Barney by arm off Stella's floor,  
Wishing to play Megablocks a bit more,  
And glared at your welcoming bed, betrayed.

Now you scrub your own dishes, no more toys.  
You asked, "Why must I stay up so late?"  
As you watched the clock's long arms sprint faster than your feet.  
Your bed tempted you, "Come to me."  
"No, I need to keep working."  
Then, you stared at your bed like a wanderer in Death Valley,  
Wishing for an oasis under the excruciating heat,  
But longing for your sheets.

Maybe I can watch those shepherd's sheep bleat.

## **Come Home, Misty**

Did you see the sun climb over Mindy's garden walls this morning, my friend?  
It was behind your shoulders cooking scrambled eggs and turkey bacon, my friend.

You know, the banana bread my grandma taught me how to bake?  
I ate all of the rest of the three pieces before my brother did, my friend.

No fret little one; I saved you four chicken bones when you come back.  
I placed them in your favorite floral, white bowl, my friend.

Have you heard of the zombies whining from the thin, grey box I kept tapping?  
I sometimes wish you were the one biting at my window rather than behind my  
eyelids, my friend.

I hope you heard that ice cream truck sung "Does Your Chains Hang Low?"  
He was screaming at our neighbor's two eight year-old girls as he walked by, my friend.

It reminds me of this brunette-haired girl I know  
Who saw flies crawling out her face and cracked her bathroom mirror with her  
eyes, my friend.

The brunette-haired girl said she was not meant to be a hammer to break through iron,  
But you leaped out of the mound onto her lap and kissed her nose,

"You were meant to fix the holes of Mindy's garden walls, Aly, my friend."