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## Raindrops in the Afternoon

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Raindrops in the Afternoon

they came that afternoon  
you remember which one  
when your mother wore that wide green sash  
the one she loved so with her pink party dress  
and her wide-brimmed straw hat that she wore  
when she trimmed the roses and thinned out the carrots  
thick and leaning in the warm earth of the garden.  
you were in the tree

the one your mother liked to keep  
to shade her guests from the heat  
of the afternoon sun  
as they talked of things  
that you were too little to understand  
or at least that's what mother told you  
shushing you into the house  
with her pale garden gloves.

the rain trickled in slowly that day  
you remember  
how it licked your face with its cool kisses  
leaving streaks

like tears  
on your own pale party dress.

And away went mother's guests  
who wore their own yellows and blues and greens  
and walked slowly to their automobiles  
hiding from the spattering of tears  
from the oppressive clouds that hung over  
the garden

and the tree's branches bent  
that day in the wind.  
and you watched the rain fall  
from your favorite spot by the kitchen window  
with your face pressed against the glass  
wetted by your own tears  
and the sky wet your sidewalk and your patio and  
your favorite tree—  
the one mother liked to keep  
to shade her guests from the heat—  
with its own tears.