

## "Not Even the Rain"

Could you accept that I would travel gladly beyond this experience? The depth of your exquisite eyes imparts a longing to gaze upon them. And in your most frail gesture are things which enclose me, yet I dare not serve that which is too new. Your slightest look easily will unclothe me, for I have held thy fingers in the warmth of my hand.

Would you open petal by petal like the first vernal blossom? Or if your wish be to close me, then my life will shut very beautifully, as when the heart of that flower imagines the snow carefully everywhere descending; nothing which we are to perceive in this world equals the power of such intense fragility: whose textures compel me with the colors of kingdoms, rendering demise and forever with each breathing.

(I do not know what it is about you that closes and opens; only something in me understands the voice of your eyes is more solemn than all others.)

No one has such delicate hands, not even the rain.