

Poetry Porch: Poetry

All day long I waited

By Hilary Sallick

for a feeling a change
a purpose
Then I took myself
into the rain
in my long green coat
with my rain-poncho over it
I wore the poncho when I
was twenty I can remember
feeling radiant
in its pink light one particular
afternoon
and today it was perfect still
I walked dry within it
fast over the sidewalks
unless I feared
slipping on some slope
and then I became
careful
It felt good to move to be
a body that moved
easily freely I stopped once
to watch a puddle
how some raindrops landing
became big bubbles
that floated two or
three at once
downstream

over the puddle before
breaking on an edge
of asphalt shore
and more kept coming
I was interested
in their pathways why and
how they came to be
those large clear individual
formations water and air
as one sailing
so I watched a long time