

# A Case for the Rain

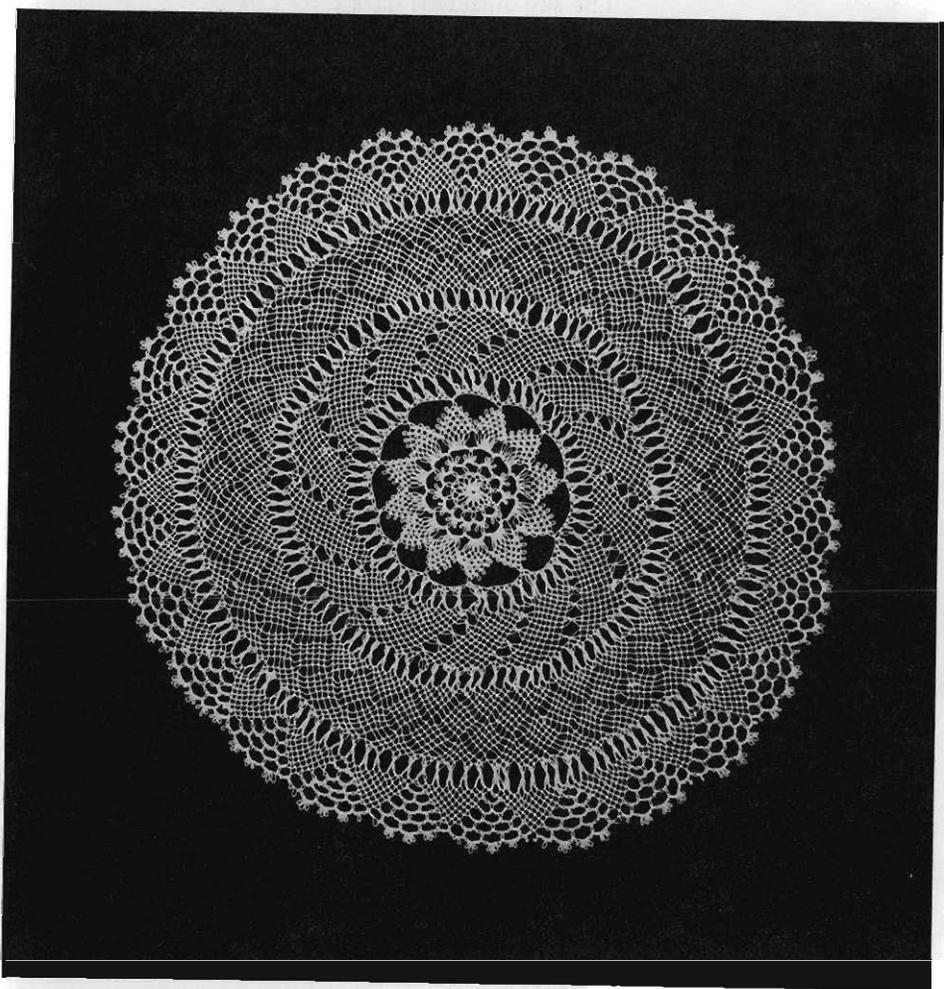
*Paris Anderson*

Rains came  
— ruined the day.  
We wanted to walk  
in the wood.  
We would have laughed  
in cool shadows,  
sat on dry pine needles  
and watched shoots of sun  
filter to the ground.  
But rains came,  
covered the sky  
and wet the ground.  
We stay in.  
She paints.  
One bulb burns  
above her head.  
“Don’t move,”  
she says.  
I don’t.  
But I know  
it still won’t look like me.  
I sit quiet,  
look out the window.  
I see two sparrows  
on a dry limb.  
— close together  
— fluffed up big.  
The road by their tree  
shines dark.  
Silver puddles  
where potholes were.  
She turns on her radio.  
It crackles.  
The song fades and builds.  
But, I suppose, something  
is better than nothing.  
She snaps it off.

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Nothing, I guess,  
is better than somethings.  
— red on her fingers  
— blue on her nose  
— she will have color —  
“Don’t move.”  
I don’t.  
The sky outside is dark.  
Slate clouds slowly roll.  
Winds whisper in the trees.  
I feel safe  
in the quiet cabin  
— as if in a heavy quilt  
on a cold night.  
We are safe.  
“Don’t move.”  
But I want a fire.  
I go for wood.  
The log stack is wet.  
I burrow for dry.  
I carry back and kneel.  
Soon gentle flames  
grace the wood.  
Then, flames build  
and snap in anger.  
“Don’t move,”  
she says.  
I don’t.  
I stare at the fire  
and wish I had a yellow dog  
— a retriever.  
I wish I had a dog  
to lie before the flames.  
“Don’t move.”  
I don’t.  
But I wish I had a dog  
to make the moment whole.



Needlelace doily, Rose Peterson (West Valley City, Utah), 9½" diameter, cotton thread, 1988; (Utah) State Art Collection.