

NOT HERE

I've always liked looking
at approaching storms, wanting
to see that line between fair
and foul, between the rain
and the sunny side of the street.

Hard as I've strained, I've failed,
failed to see just where one ends
off and the other begins. It's a line,
a thin line, an almost indiscernible
line, there but not there, here
but not here.

And now you are the one who is
not here, discernibly not here. You
were going, and now you are gone,
you were here but not here, but now
you are not here, decisively not
here, not here, not here, not here.

Time was, *I* was the one
separating. *I* was the one pulling
to your push. From the word go,
I was going. So why am I here,
and you are not? Where was
that line, that thin, almost
indiscernible line? How did
the storm move from one side
of the street to the other? How
did it all happen in front of my
eyes, but hidden?

And where is the sun?

—Rita Sherman