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Green Rain

Marilyn Bushman-Carlton

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Green Rain

I prefer things blurred,
borders soft,
God amplified by a cloak of clouds.

When she finally got contact lenses,
my sister was disappointed,
never having guessed
so many faces were blemished.

In March, it's first green, hum
at the tip of the twig,
parsley risen to the surface of the soup,
zest at summer's door.

Unlike yellow streaming through glass
flooding the flowered chair,
unlike rose and hyacinth
crowding out the winter browns,

I like what's barely there—
the quiet ones, lashes,
pianissimo,
a dance in stocking feet.

—Marilyn Bushman-Carlton