

Forecast

Outside the kitchen window
I watch as the storm rolls in
enveloping the sky that hangs
to snippets of daylight
like a bandage peeling
from a battered knee

I, too, find myself grasping
for something fleeting
when I turn to this room
of pushed-in chairs,
weeks of takeout food
left spoiled on the counter,
the missed appointment notices
fanned out like a dropped card deck
along the linoleum floor

all appearing like symptoms
that I'm not ready to acknowledge
as the rain begins to tap
against the glass behind me
like a friend's hand on my shoulder
making sure if I'm *alright*.