




Adirondack Raindrop

by Clifford Green

Of course a baby was growing out of our love
 how could that raging inferno escape my mind
 that constant back burner bitch
 agent of death/swiping a sickle
 through every half-formed thought
 cotton snowflakes/ riding the air
 to suede sneakers on my feet
 why did the wind whip along the granite of academia
 Of course the cigarette was shaking in my hand



Of course the sun had painted the world in green leaves
 must she have sighed her love for me beneath the boughs
 her trust in sensual half moons
 fire and ice/waning into water
 and a baby!
 love of life/celebrating breath
 that painted lust on her ear
 how did my trembling tongue excite soft breasts
 Of course I wanted to arch her back with each thrust

Of course it was raining in the Adirondacks
 would Mt. Marcy divide a drop on its rocky point
 one sliding to the Hudson
 determined/climbing the ladder
 of Maslow's hierarchy
 the other/dreaming the Hudson
 from a stagnating green pond
 would it viciously recycle in a cloud
 Of course rain infinitely times infinitely

