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Change

Anthony Petrosky

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Change · *Anthony Petrosky*

I love to sit here
looking out this big window
in this big house at the slow, steady rain.
If I could, I would be like the light
on days like this. I would be a slow iridescent glow
rising steadily against the rain. My friends
would emerge from their houses to check the weather.
They would look up and down the street like Mrs. Stapsky
who seems to be looking for her dead husband, Heime,
every morning, and then the rain would send them back
inside their warm houses to listen to music,
but they would hesitate and look up into the sky
at the bright disc behind the white clouds,
and I would tell them to go ahead and drink their coffee
and read the papers filled with stories of violence
because even though there will be no sun today,
it is still the same as yesterday or the day before
when they sat on their porches like tourists on cruise ships
drinking beer and dreaming of people in the past
because, like me, they change by intensification or diminish.