

**it's raining. and, it's you, May.**

it's raining. and, it's you, May.  
not your younger sister.  
we wanted *her* usual temperament.

May, are you not a bully?  
and did last year's flowers forget to  
threaten: "you better cry, you pansy."

is it when your stems snaked towards  
light that you grew a heart,  
because it is you who is watering our weekends.

something mourning beyond  
soaked stoops or static-sounding  
streets. you, May,

huddled in puddles, whimper.  
your regret storming drains,  
and bruising flowers.

traffic a halloween blur, smirks of jack o' lanterns  
cascade south. happy feet abandon  
knocked door, reigning of tricks.

under flickering light, your older cousin's  
open-mouth exultations  
swallow mascara, his guffaws like thunder.

May, did you not see your younger sister  
behind the pole when the light flickered?  
her emotions running just the same,

but of redemption, not regret.  
maybe April is the cruelest month,  
because *you* are the fool.