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The Score Again

There is a poem about the rain that fell after he was shot by himself; it was very strange weather. Everyone said how strange—yes, yes—for years later, for many years later: it can be hard to predict the weather. In the poem, flowers bloom out of season because that is what they did; the phrase is *oversoon blooms*; they were also over soon. In one draft, the summer came *premature*. Premature came later. It is good to have a poem for an occasion. It is good to talk about the weather on which everyone

can agree, and did, it's hard

to predict the weather except, come to think of it, didn't it look like rain didn't it look like sun didn't it look like it would never never snow and then like it would snow yes, it looked that way right up until it snowed and snowed and snowed and the gun we knew it would melt real fast you can know and not know you couldn't have known when it got hot real fast and everything bloomed and bloomed and bloomed as if

we knew we knew we knew