

JUNE ROCKEFELLER

Squall

I once watched a storm cross a pasture.
The horses fled, but I was stuck

dizzied by darkness, the potential
of water and open space.

I was unchanged by it. Meaning,
it taught me nothing.

But I still remember
just before it reached me,

outstretching my hand to feel rain,
my head still bone dry.

This isn't a metaphor to teach you about love.

It's a way to say goodbye.