

# Green Rain

I prefer things blurred,  
borders soft,  
God amplified by a cloak of clouds.

When she finally got contact lenses,  
my sister was disappointed,  
never having guessed  
so many faces were blemished.

In March, it's first green, hum  
at the tip of the twig,  
parsley risen to the surface of the soup,  
zest at summer's door.

Unlike yellow streaming through glass  
flooding the flowered chair,  
unlike rose and hyacinth  
crowding out the winter browns,

I like what's barely there—  
the quiet ones, lashes,  
pianissimo,  
a dance in stocking feet.

—Marilyn Bushman-Carlton