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Sonnet: April

E. M. Florence
Greenwich, CT

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sonnet: April

It started raining last week.

It rained sideways and I drank whisky sodas at noon with my brother,
we chain smoked outside at four, I rearranged my apartment and put it
back again,

and still it rained.

I made meringue that fell and meringue that stayed stiff,
I made challah that dripped honey and eggwash like a yellowed prayer,
I made lattes and raised my broken voice louder than god knew what to do
with,

I dyed my hair pink and brown and blue and then back again,
I painted my walls and then painted them again, wrote love poems and
burned them

and still it rained.

Cherries fell from their perches in the wind, and in their places grew eager
leaves,
daffodils flowered and shriveled in the cold, wilting with every dawn.
The world lived and died between each strike of the clock,

In every breath I lived an entire life,

and still it rained.

E.M. Florence
Greenwich, CT