

# Words Were Raining Over Him

He said just let the words come  
and gestured with his arms

and for that moment I believed  
that in daylight words could come

falling down around me as they do  
at night in sleep. All I knew

was I wanted to be with him  
and didn't care where. And I couldn't

help how my body flew against his  
in the fast and winding drive

up the mountain. When we're awake,  
we brush against each other,

or hit hard and so the flesh  
has got to change. At night

when I can't help the words,  
I feel no guilt. I am among the souls

of the world and we're working things out.  
But awake I shrink my heart

and one by one, line by line,  
the words wave themselves out the door.

*Goodbye, they say, goodbye, goodbye.*

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