

from Juked #6, Spring 2009

SARAH J. SLOAT

RAINMAKER

the sky holds distant lovers
— swimmers

we skin the fish, scales flicker
into the sink, evening sequins

Inge in her pewter pants asks why
don't I starve my unease

languid Inge, even fish keep track
my eggs aren't done unbuttoning

my baby's cough won't fit into my hand
it is a teacup tottering

I can't roll the saucer down the driveway
can I

I don't want another child
the baby weakens me, all my oil spent

skin sistered
to the drumming rain