

## Meteor Shower

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When it rains the rain people come out. Beautiful  
calliope, boats singing on the  
shore when it rains  
it pours, maelstrom on the sky a star  
comes crashing down.  
Then another and the stars keep  
raining down like a  
red meteor shower  
smashing this life  
losing my glow. Smashes  
this poem with  
nowhere to go.

When it rains we  
leave home, fire and deadly  
smoke of persecution on our heels  
months of old and  
fresh blood in our mouths  
salt builds like quicksand on our  
skin we wear the wind  
for warmth  
my mother's name worn out like Persian rugs from stepping  
over. Dank, noxious scent  
makes a new roof smell old and safe  
for a while, getting used to sleeping and eating in shoebox portions  
then dancing, singing in sixes. Learning  
to build myself up like earth  
bursting from the shadows  
and into orbit. Guy on corner  
peddling baubles of fruit I had never seen  
so bright, like stars. Pears  
turn to pyramids at home  
home long battled and sought.

At home I see rain  
sluice down ghostly terraces and waterfall over

this palm sized window over my bed. Next to me mum traces the golden moon with a careful finger, so as to not displace it.

I watch and the younger ones not yet asleep squirm over with half lids, keeping their elbows tucked in the tight room.

It smokes and quivers, lighting our faces with warm glow, gentle starlight, provides the quiet harmonics for slow eyes to slumber. Fruit glitters on the corner like jewels, and after months we have this beautiful new rug that flares under the bed like a kaleidoscope even in the dark.