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Please Don't Make Me an Elegy
By John A. Nieves

Tell the rain it has not stayed long
enough to teach us its posture, manners
or mood. I believe it meant us to hold,

but the ground is greedy and steals all
it can from the sky. O, please don't
be rain for me. Don't insinuate a shape

just to let it slide past into one I've known
as long as my tongue has known salt
or bitter or sweet. Don't touch quickly

and fade fast. Don't make this smoke
dissipating in the streetlight the only
evidence I have we ever drank each other's

breath, worked each other's words
into vibrating voice. Give me, please,
the hail stone whole, not cracked or melted

into what could not be told from dew.
Give me your soft shape long enough
to hold it, even if just once. Spoil me

with all of the you you know as you. Hold
me between your dream and your day,
between running toward and running

away. Hold me, please, before I ghost
into your sunrise horizon, before
I'm only my name.