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Knowing Upward

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Knowing Upward

Danielle La Rocco

It wasn't drizzling when you came to me. I didn't know what to do, not because you were an unwelcome task, no, but because I was unprepared. I didn't think I had done anything to warrant it, to deserve it, and so I collapsed into awkwardness, into building dewpoints by degrees, into manufactured weather. I looked over. You were just standing there, arms crossed, looking up at the sky, patiently waiting. Well, no, you weren't waiting; you weren't expecting anything from me. But somehow you knew. Maybe I can describe it this way: you stood there, patiently knowing upward, if that's possible. So I concentrated a little harder.

A resonant thundercloud boomed overhead. Lightning shattered the air. I saw a smile cross your face. You knew. I didn't, but somehow you did. I didn't think it was enough. Clouds conversed in their liquidy language, swirled around, rearranged, conglomerated, but still no rain. You laughed. I thought I held the weather's reins in my hands. And then I realized: that was the problem. And so I let go. The clouds, my clouds, tore themselves open, as if they had been waiting right along with you. First one drop. Then another, and another, and soon it was all rain, all water, all hurricane. I ran for shelter in fear of myself (I had lost control, it had been too much) and called out to you. But there you were, still looking up, arms outstretched, catching raindrops on your tongue. "I told you I meant it when I said I loved you," you said.