

Weather and Her

A Collection of Prose Poems

Introduction: The following paragraphs have a unique chemistry. They result from the combination of a love affair and a desire to create with words. They are divorced from the ugly arena of politics, the pressures of money, the questions of what one is doing with one's life – in short, the worries and stresses that too often interfere with the pure enjoyment of a particular moment with a particular woman. Later, of course, the illusion that you exist in a world apart is shattered, but the sweetness of the illusion remains with the memories, and is worthy of being recorded free of everything, save the weather.

Soft Rains

When the rains were soft in the fall we would stay in bed, just looking at each other's eyes and listening to the sounds of the drops as they hit the roof and the collecting puddles. Then, there would be the battle of who could tickle the other person out of bed so that one of us would have to go and make the coffee and bring two cups back to bed where we would listen to the rain again.

March Snows

The snows came in March and it was unfair because that same morning there had been the smell of spring in the air. But during the night the snows came, and I awoke when I heard the wind. I got up and parted the curtains and looked out at the street lamp and saw the snow blowing as it collected in drifts around the trees and her car in the driveway. A happiness I did not understand

filled me when I looked down at the bed where she slept. I slid down under the covers again and she stirred, her lips slightly parted and her yellow hair everywhere. I pulled her close to me and slowly inhaled our warmth—man warm and woman warm together—as the wind continued to howl.

Tightly

During those nights, I would hold her as tightly as I could, my lips pressed into her arm as it tightened around my neck in the darkness. If there was anything else anywhere else, it was unnecessary to look for it. The smell of her hair and my nose against her throat and always through to more, always into never ending, stop at never ending and search for more and through and out and into never ending, stopped just before never ending, only close away from never ending, search again for never ending and quick-found oblivion stretching farther, reaching never ending. No thought. Only long and tight-filled ending.

Storm

Holding hands, we stood under the protection of the roof of the porch and watched the thunder and the lightning bring the night. It also brought the rains from the east. Enraged hard rains that whipped the ground like a savage madman, raging hell against the earth for being secure, not having to roam the restless skies like they, the rains. They beat and beat and pounded upon the ground, the ground that either soaked the rains or ran them off to the rivers; but the earth remained, infuriating the rain that screamed its hate with wind. A jealous shrieking wind that came down crushing into our faces as we braced against each other on the porch.

Wind

The wind blew all that day and it was impossible to be away from it because you could still feel it in your hair when you were inside. The only thing was to hope that it wouldn't last too long. But it stayed through the next two days bringing only heat and exasperation and a feeling of helplessness and it was impossible to concentrate on anything. Even the love-making took on an exasperated feeling, some helpless fight against the wind.

"Why does the wind bother you so?" she asked.

"It's constant sound and feel. It leaves me weak."

"Why weak?"

"I don't know. I'm sorry. Kiss me again and I'll ignore it."

I couldn't ignore it, but it helped to have her weight on top of me, pinning me, and I slept well that way, secure that the wind would not blow me away.

~ Randy Attwood

Randy Attwood calls himself an asylum brat, having grown up on the grounds of Larned State Hospital where his father worked as the dentist for that mental hospital. His fiction is a smorgasbord of genres that now include nine novels and two collections of shorter works. "These paragraphs were the only things I had to show the Southern writer Reynolds Price when he came to visit our creative writing class at KU in the late 1960s. He called them 'lovely.'"