

## LOVE --- IS/NOT A SEASON ●

Timothy Dodd

The rains come thick  
as crocodile swamp, me  
crouched under a Pasay  
awning watching water  
swirl and gulley. Sliding  
out, the greatest scamper  
cockroaches: war-steady,  
lightning bolts on backs  
like umbrellas, air-poke.

Where is my street? Might  
it near? Am I of patience  
when she stalls me each  
time? Or is it foolishness,  
rain? Wait you, wait, me,  
shoe-fear, your downpour  
out, or dash off in traffic  
and rising streams? Lights  
and signs contradict and I

struggle despite asking  
her, you, rain, do I hold?  
Between actions and answer,  
yes, go, you say, then drench  
mercilessly. No, remain ---  
until ... something readies  
or drizzles, she, you say.  
This, as the water soaks:  
passport, sneakers, cash, bone,

too cleanses a wound, today's  
flash. You must believe fruit  
grows in season, before home  
reach. Drowned, but pure,  
a taste may come, a stranger  
may merge into your body ---  
that ghost learning not to think  
in return, reward. Fruit grows  
for them too. So offer. Hold.