

The Man Steps into the Weightless Rain

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He's forgotten his umbrella. Droplets collect on his eyebrows and drip down the creases between them. He checks his watch. Couple of minutes past nine. A pigeon ruffles its feathers above. The man misses the snow. Standing still and looking up into it. Imagining himself at the center of a cascading galaxy. Ancient light tumbled down around him in a boundless circle. Or himself, flying upward through it toward a distant black hole. Toward infinite stillness. He wonders if light travels forever in space. Or does it shine outside of our timeline? He thinks about his past attempts at writing small moments into equine flight. Eyes closed, he sees a woman with curly black hair form from a pink and red blur. She's just caught one of her pumps on a crack in the sidewalk and the heel has broken. It is night. The crack is hidden like a trap. She's laughing with her friends, ankle buckling beneath her. Her eyes are green and joyful. She hovers outside the Movie Haus, not yet aware that she is falling. Not aware she's being watched. The man steps out of the stop and into the weightless rain. The sky is black, nearly moonless. The perfect backdrop for falling stars.