

It Wasn't on the Forecast-

By: Charlie Glick

Charlie Glick is a writer and musician living in Port Townsend, WA. His poems and stories appear or are forthcoming in *Voicemail Poems*, *Thimble Lit Mag*, *SHARK REEF*, and elsewhere.

He spent his twenties touring North America with his band Sure Sure. Lately, he has been working on a farm and loves talking about the weather.

IT WASN'T IN THE FORECAST—

the rain last night.
I woke to its patter on the roof,
you were warm, still at my side,
I thought of the laundry
hanging on the line: kitchen towels.

All this will be forgotten.
What are words
but little tombs?
You were warm at my side.
The towels grew heavy in the dark.