

Kristjana Gunnars

FORK IN THE ROAD

It was raining hard the day I left you.

Rain doesn't fall

here as much any more, not the way it used to, pouring,
drenching-
now it just drizzles in between fierce strokes of sun.

I left you and walked the city streets, umbrella
opened, hearing the pounding over my head,
skyscrapers looming
with a thousand windows to the fields

and the grey sky hanging like a thick fog,
the black buildings and cars raging past in anger
and the wind peeling at corners of things, fighting

for my umbrella, my coat.

I listened to your clear, deep
voice in the inundated afternoon, your stories

at the four-way intersection and the traffic lights
and pelting drops and cold wind:

I was not

prepared for this, I was taken by surprise again, I was

counting the street numbers as they went up, crossing
at crosswalks, unprepared for the wild wind
raging through Holland Park, flapping the street

signs, crashing the doors to the electrical room,
making me small again in a vast city map that spreads
like a cobweb in all directions,

a web glinting with drops

and the humming, roaring of a weekday afternoon-

when I left you seated there in your chair, still,

your direct,

blazing gaze following me silently the way a spider

would in its narrative, woven overnight, all night long.