

## John Abbott

### The Forest When It Rains

In truth there is no forest  
In this town, only a patch  
Of maples and jack pine  
Where I come to clear my head  
When my habits annoy  
Even my own sensibilities  
I call it a forest  
Because I want to believe  
There is still a place  
Where I can get lost,  
A place where edges  
And boundaries fall  
Away

This seems to only  
Work during the jagged  
Ascent from winter  
Into spring  
The month when new growth  
Appears suddenly, the green  
Leaves still not bold enough  
To stand out from the  
Trees and branches  
And the rain makes  
Their presence even more  
Uncertain, so much so  
That I have to touch them  
The smooth surface a currency  
Between my fingers  
Proof that appearances mean  
Little and we are capable  
Of nearly any amount  
Of change.

But as the rain soaks  
Every part of me  
I'm struck by  
The sadness of how  
Long it'll take  
To feel

This way again.

**John Abbott** is a writer, musician, and English instructor who lives with his wife and daughter in Kalamazoo, Michigan. His work has appeared or is forthcoming in *The Potomac Review*, *Georgetown Review*, *Chiron Review*, *Arcadia*, *Underground Voices*, *Atticus Review*, *upstreet*, *Birmingham Arts Journal*, and many others. He recently completed his first book of poems. For more information about his writing, please visit [www.johnabbottauthor.com](http://www.johnabbottauthor.com)