

Courtney Mandryk

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**[WHEN IT RAINS IT POURS]**

*When it rains it pours,*  
 the Morton salt girl says in careful  
 lower-case cursive. Salt showers

from a cylinder tucked under her arm.  
 Listen to this: her yellow shoes  
 do not muddy in the rain at all.

Bored, Jack drools in the sugar jar  
 and the sugar-spit congeals  
 into a hard and useless clump  
 and now we'll have to dump it.

He fills a cup with hot water  
 and totters to the back door, pouring  
 it on the yard—to *make it hotter out*,  
 he'll tell you—and mud on the rug.

We walk in a world made of mud  
 that paints Jack's shoes—but for the thorny  
 berry brush all naked lavender.

Tiny doves! No, one of the berry  
 branches has snagged my down coat.  
 Then muddy feathers, a hollow lining.

We do try to wash his shoes, holding him over  
 the rain pond and skimming his feet  
 across the top like two repentant birds.