

# A COED'S BIRTHDAY

## *marked by her college clock tower*

*Susan Comminos*

Nothing happened. But the rain  
jerked from the sky, then jaywalked  
toward earth, while dim light  
stroked the eyelids of excited  
clouds, clamped with an ardor  
against the day. Even now, a stomach  
draws a knot—recalls the daft  
butterflies, the dense wind  
that blew a backdrop  
of gravitas for girly  
wings (for frappés beat  
by crazed foundlings: the moths  
in the updraft). It's serious  
foul weather when the dew lifts  
its anvil upwards to strike  
whatever's walking. Upright  
dongs a bell whose deaf tones  
ruin the chorus of rain. Rip back  
a corner on this failed sheet  
which, note by note, wants  
to mate with the trees, the damned  
grass, the shiftless roofs. Nothing  
sweet starts like this—lover  
of branches, by posting  
amorous intentions  
on the short-waved air—  
but moss, and the mud. You'll die  
in the hooves and hair  
of animals that move slow  
and eat up the expanse  
of the soiled ground. But, for you, wet  
friend, nothing happened.