Microbursts

1.

The ravens fly low through the trees. I believe they want a little of my hair. Like X-wing fighters, they seem to be targeting my head. They must think that I am water or at least a source thereof, or perhaps I’m just in their way, drinking my mason jar full of ice. I leave the jar outside sometimes. Maybe they’ll take the bait.

2.

I shouldn’t yell I shouldn’t yell I shouldn’t yell but why in God’s name can’t you wear other shoes. No two-year-old should be so adamant about wearing flip-flops. I don’t mean to lift you up hard and put you down in your crib soft, but I didn’t even say no, I just suggested that possibly, you might want to wear other shoes to play soccer or baseball or run outside without getting sand and rocks stuck in your sandals. You sit down in the dirt, getting your pants as dirty as your soles and take off your flip-flops every sixteen seconds to wipe off the sand and the rocks and then you put the flip-flops back on and run and trip and cry and blame me for letting you wear those stupid shoes.

3.

I got caught out. My hair is stupid swiveled. My skirt, drenched. You think the clouds are just teasing you but they are as big of assholes
as I am. They wander by, you beg them for rain, they blow out of town without even letting loose one drop. And then the next thing you know, you and your computer and your book are outside. It looks pretty clear, except for that one cloud. You type a sentence, copy a passage, drink from your Mason jar. And then out of nowhere, you are swimming in your own stew, a combination of misplaced trust and self-deprecation. You would run from this downpour but you’ve been asking for it, you know. Plus, you too, who were insistent on dumb shoes, cannot run away from this storm wearing flip-flops, taking cover under ravens.