

## Not Here

Awake. All at once.  
Middle of the night.

Hot and humid. Quiet  
except for the mockingbird.

A hard on. Ignore it.  
It will go away.

Through the cloud cover  
light from half a moon.

And then the rain. Softly  
drumming on the roof.

June, It doesn't rain  
in June. Not here in this

desert. You don't leave.  
Innocent people aren't

locked up without hearing  
put in solitary

forever, interrogated  
by unconventional means

in the name of freedom.  
Elections don't get stolen.

People don't disappear  
or blow themselves up

or let themselves be led  
into atrocities

by petty dictators  
small minds and big oil.

Not here. And then the rain  
beating on the tin.