

Barbara Pacheco

Pantoum

As she lies down on her bed
The rain falls on her window
The night is stormy
The moon is hiding

The rain falls on her window
As she reminisces
The moon is hiding
She tries to hold back her tears

As she reminisces
Her eyes start watering
She tries to hold back her tears
She turns the fan on high

Her eyes start watering
She tries not to blink
She turns the fan on high
Hoping the air will hold her tears back

She tries not to blink
It is impossible

Hoping the air will hold her tears back
She stands in front of it

It is impossible
As she blinks, the tears beginning to stream down her face
She stands in front of it
But the air can only dry her tears and blow her hair back