

Rain my Blue and Sun her Orange

She asks me what time it is, my watch says it's eight o'clock, a little after sunrise. Odd, she replies, while surveying the horizon from the top of her hill. She thought the sun had just set. But I'm quite sure it's five past eight, and the sun is in the east, certainly not in the west and I can feel its warmth. She says I must be right (I am the one with the watch), but it really does feel like sunset, doesn't it? And didn't the sun already rise? I can't disagree.

She asks me why I don't have an umbrella. Don't I know that it always rains once the sun sets? I reply that it isn't raining, so I don't think I need one. Oh but it is raining harder than ever before and it's pushing down on everything. Everything is wet, the grass is wet, the trees are wet, you are wet, even your watch is wet. I ask her whether there is a rainbow. Yes! Yes there is a beautiful rainbow. Even though the sun has set (I mention that but she says her umbrella is open) there is a beautiful rainbow. I can't see the rainbow. Of course you can't, you should have brought an umbrella. She's right, it does *feel* like it's raining, but it doesn't feel like I'm wet. Still, I should have brought an umbrella.

She asks me what my favourite colour is. Blue. Oh, I like orange, orange like the colour of the sky after sunset, like it is now. I look up at the sky, it's orange from the rising sun, and it's a nice colour. I look up at the sky, it's orange from the rising sun, and it's a nice colour.

It feels like a nice colour. But it's not her colour of the setting sun. Still, if I didn't like blue, I'd like orange. Yes, she says, you would, but you don't, so it doesn't matter.

She asks me what is at her feet. Weeds, I say. No, they are beautiful flowers.

She asks me what I think of this spring. This is fall though, just look at the colours. She so wishes it were spring, the colours are so much more alive. But in the fall the colours are old and finished and done, the painting is complete. She says I'm getting ahead of myself, that I stopped over the brush strokes, and the lines, and the creation, and that right now, right now it is spring.

She asks me if I believe in her. I say that yes, of course I do. You're lying, she says. You didn't even see the sunset, or feel the rain, or see my flowers. How can you believe in me if you are blind to this world? I tell her I saw a sunrise and I looked for her rainbow and I felt the warmth of the sun. That was the wrong sun, she says as she switches her umbrella to the hand far from me, and my misconceptions, and my lies, and my watch.

The day begins to end. It is five past eight now. And after the blue of the day we are bathed in her orange, from the setting sun. And it *feels* like it is raining harder.

She asks me if I love her. Yes, I do. Oh. And she pushes me off her hill, and I roll down through the weeds. She screams at her wrecked flowers. I scream at my wrecked watch. She turns away, umbrella protecting her. And I can do nothing but wait, wait in moments.

It's dark now. Goodnight love, I yell, and I tell her that the flowers are growing. Goodnight? She turns to me with a smile: but it's morning and the sky is my blue and I can see her flowers. And she runs down her hill to me, takes my hand, and it begins to rain.

But the rain doesn't touch us, under the orange umbrella.

