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## A Fine Rain

Knute Skinner

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Knute Skinner  
A Fine Rain

“No, Freddy, it’s not what you think.”  
He turned away as he said these words  
and stood facing the door to the house.  
The defiant cast of his head  
reminded me of our father.

The figures were large and unevenly drawn,  
and the bright red was a contrast  
to the pale green of the plaster.  
His hands were smeared with the same red paint,  
and his shirt and his jeans were splotched.

“It’s not what you think,” he said again,  
but the fact is I didn’t  
know what to think.

We stood there a long minute,  
and I welcomed the fine rain on my face.  
Then he turned to me quickly,  
giving me no chance at all  
to avoid his embrace.  
“Do what you want,” he said.  
“It’s your door now.”