ink in thirds

10th Anniversary

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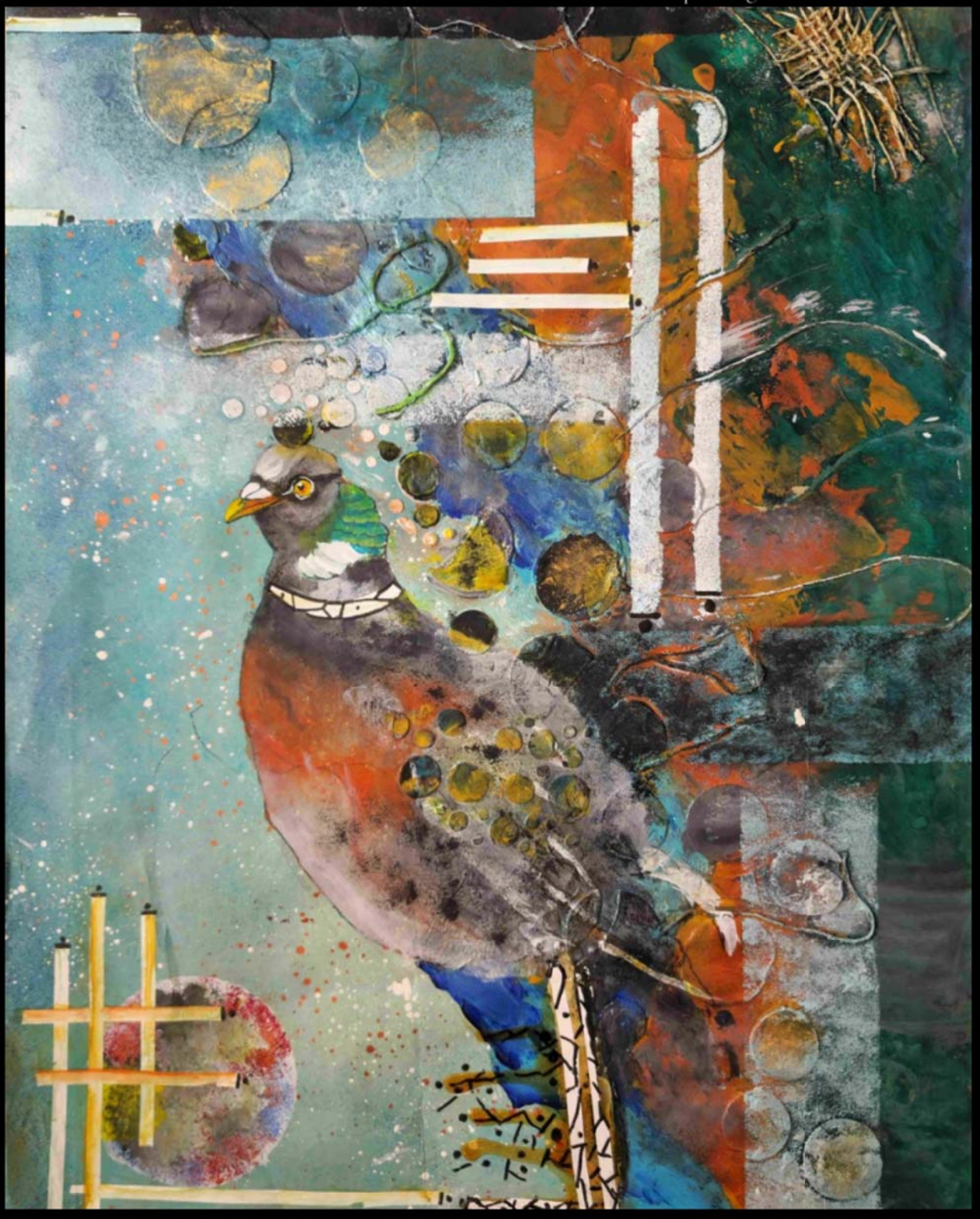

A Musing Irish Rain

On my first day back, the rain falls, steady and well-paced. I imagine the Irish saying to me, an American not quite with it, that the rain would not be trying too hard, as if it has a mind of its own. The locals, pretending not to notice, are out with umbrellas, wary to mind the buses since they could kick up a dreadful splash as they sped through the one puddle next to them. I see a school boy, eight or nine, looking at his feet with fascination as he stands in a puddle, the water seeping into his socks. His mother looks on, too patiently I might add, and says nothing. Now that everyone has central heating, the socks will dry in a day or two. Life has become permissive here, I say, and the others agree with me over brunch. Time for me to walk back as the rain chats away with no great purpose, but my feet are dry since my shoes are Irish weatherproof. No one makes eye contact, but everyone sees me as they walk around me or through me. In the rain, no one smiles or frowns, the soft Irish indifference to matters beyond their control, a bit like their politics, not that they would say that to me in so many words. It's just the Irish weather, you'll get used to it, eventually, they told me, years ago, and I am still waiting.

Marc Audet

Marc Audet lives near New Haven, Connecticut, where he is self-employed as a web application developer. He has traveled and lived in Canada, England, France, and Ireland. His short stories, creative nonfiction, and poetry have appeared in *Across the Margin, Flash Fiction Magazine, Uppagus, Rappahannock Review, The Prose Poem, The Gilded Weathervane*, and elsewhere.