

On The Fourth of July It Rained

Mark Jackley

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Recommended Citation

Jackley, M. (). On The Fourth of July It Rained, *Mad River Review*, 2 (1).

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MARK JACKLEY

ON THE FOURTH OF JULY IT RAINED

which drove us from the fireworks to a bar where whiskey-lit
you told me of your landlord in the hills of Snickersville Turnpike
who dug a spacious pit twelve feet deep in the yard and not
to build a swimming pool but because he wanted to snorkel
and thinking about that later in the parking lot and thinking
of kissing you I closed my eyes and dove right in I think
it's crazy not to declare your independence from the dryness
of our days, remember when all of us were fish