



The Rain Girl
Rose Mary Boehm

The Rain Girl

by Rose Mary Boehm

Praise for Rain Girl

The Rain Girl is a multi-faceted collection that takes the reader through time and space: from childhood to middle age, from Armenia to Bosnia, Ireland, India and Peru. Opening this book is like stepping into a painting, full of abstract emotion and imagination, which quickly expands into a more concrete volume that is part memoir, part personal and global mythology. Rose pulls no punches with her poetry, documenting loss and desire with unflinching confidence that keeps her true to her word: “I finally want to misbehave / by thinking out loud / for myself.”

—*Caitlin M.S. Buxbaum, author of ‘Interstitials’*

Diverse, imaginative and full of surprises. There is no question that Boehm’s mind works in mysterious ways and this book is destined to attract a readership as eclectic as the poetry she has crafted to perfection. ‘The Rain Girl’ strikes many respondent chords and deserves to be savoured like fine wine. A veritable tour de force to carry us through the gamut of unique exploration into the many facets of the human spirit.

—*Carolyn Gossage, author of ‘Greatcoats and Glamour Boots’, ‘Forgotten Graces’, ‘The Accidental Captives’ and more*

The Rain Girl

The Rain Girl by Rose Mary Boehm

First published in Ireland in 2020 by Chaffinch Press



Chaffinch Press

Copyright © Rose Mary Boehm 2020

The rights of Rose Mary Boehm to be identified
as the author of this work has been asserted by her in
accordance with
the Copyright, Design and Patents Act of 1988

All rights reserved

Cover Design by Chaffinch Press

ISBN : 978-1-8381041-0-8

To Demo, Effie, Blossom and Daphne with all my love

The Collector

A Marriage

The rain girl
lives in her dreams,
and in a house without a roof,
where mushrooms push
through the carpet,
and a beehive is forcing
its tumorous growth
through the piano strings.

As weightless as a new soul
she stares at him in distress.
And why would she remember
lightness now?

Bared

Wafts into the room.
Flows across the parquet.
Turquoise chiffon undulates.
Hair waterfalls

from her shoulders.
Blue fish glide
along her swell.

Her naked
shameless feet.

Held Captive

You look for purchase on
your prison walls when a first ray
touches the leaves of a plant
brave enough to flourish there.
You delight in the mercurial
dew drop bending a leaf with
its weight until it rolls off letting
that heart-shaped leaf snap back
and stretch upwards.

Amaranthine

On a large metal tin
from the famous Dutch
cacao people the picture
of a serving girl in white
holding a tray with a tin from
the picture of a serving girl in white
holding a tray...

I stand between two mirrors. In my hands
your picture. Substance is not what I squint
to see, but what is known.

The Collector

finds them in bars,
parks, buses, the underground
or coffee shops;

he frequents downtown
pole-dance joints, picks up
blondes, brunettes or curly blacks.

Long legs, ample behinds,
he's not choosy. All have one
thing in common: they talk.
Too much.

Somewhere in Soho they stagger
down those stairs
on dizzying heels,
click-clacking their way
into his basement. Call him
affectionately 'Nutter',

make themselves comfortable.
He smiles, puts his finger
to his lips and readies
the little machine. Pushes
the button and records
ten minutes of their silent breathing.