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## James Colliton

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## JAMES COLLITON

Ryan James Colliton

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Last night I fastened my  
Thoughts to the rain  
Like a well sewn button on a  
Fitted coat.

Sprung the screen door open  
To see nothing less  
Than the elliptical moon  
Stretched out across a  
King size bed of dark blankets,  
Cornflower blue.

Now, I'm down here on the steaming streets  
Ankle deep in passing sticks and crumbles of black top  
Dodging deep perforated pothole puddles,  
Letting the swell unfold itself into  
Backyards, bird fountains,  
And well-tilled gardens.

The drops pulse my red rubber coat,  
The plastic sound amplified  
In my hood and down my sleeves,  
Rotating my body around,  
Arms stiff against my sides,  
Fingers hidden in pockets of Kleenex.

The currents parallel every street.  
Debris in the left gutter streams,  
Parading my yellow rubber soles  
Lifting and descending in an aisle of  
Golden leaves and acorn beads,  
Until at the edge of concrete curbs we diverge,  
Falling through metal sewer grids  
Tunnel ways and waterfalls.  
I had my fun too, then.

I remember when I didn't care,  
When I went swimming