

1992

watercolours

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watercolours

A little boy stands in the fall rain
Packs wet leaves together
And tosses them at the clouds
Under a darkened sky

His mother watches the short raincoat dancing
From the other side of the window
She adjusts her reading glasses
Turns her head to the right and down
And dives back into her magazine

The next day rains too
But they're downtown shopping this time
In a high-rise department store
And he's hand in hand with her
Eyes wide and gleaming

Just outside the door
The dark gray sidewalk rolls
To the souls of other buildings
And in a small wet grass park
They eat hotdogs for lunch sitting on a bench

A light weight in her arms
The biggest treasure in her heart
Riding first class elevated
He's seeing what he can
Strange faces smiling at him

Classical music for the afternoon
He sleeps on her shoulder
In a dimly lit theatre
The waves in the music sail his dreams
From far away into colour

Back in the car by dark
The street lights are coming alive
Her favorite station tuned and humming
He's falling asleep head in her lap
While she's steering the wheel

She looks in the rearview mirror
And finds herself smiling
Then she rests a hand on his soft cheek
Pulls out into the left lane
And passes all the other traffic

by Andy Bikichky