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