

From An Earlier Rain

only one out this late. can hear the drip,
drip,
drip,

from an earlier rain

joined with a chorus of crickets.

Air smells mossy and alive,
reminiscent of a time when...

when...

When?

Drip.

Drip.

Against the blue, the eyes of

a million angels wink at me...

and reflect off the wet pavement.

Drip.

Drip.

Heaven must be a feeling like this...

like the breathless eternity waiting for the next

Drip.

A Dog's bark quiets the crickets

and shatters my solitude.

Drip.

I shrug and walk away.