

## rain

the sun is up . . . blazing . . . the heat building . . . the air expanding . . .  
it's as if there are a dozen suns . . . wherever you look it's there . . .  
burning breath . . . burning the images from your eyes . . .  
scrawling verdigris traces of light in your head . . .  
day after day . . . the heat starting earlier . . . rising higher . . .  
like working too close to a furnace . . . the heat scorching your skin . . .  
we get to scanning horizons for a cloud

we think of English rain . . . the smell of wet earth . . .  
vapourous mist adrift on air . . . damp fog . . . thick as pea soup . . .  
visibility ending at the outstretched hand . . .  
falling rain . . . warm and soft on the skin . . .  
getting soaked and it doesn't matter . . . sky solid as lead . . .  
pushing rain down hard . . . downpour bouncing off the ground . . .  
gutters and downpipes full . . . drains bursting . . .  
water over the welts of shoes . . . cold winter rain stinging the face . . .  
hardening into sleet and snow . . . ice cool . . . frozen solid . . . hard as iron . . .  
sucking icicles . . . moisture in all its states

one day somebody sees a cloud . . . miniature in the distance . . .  
it loses its identity . . . disappears as we watch . . . turns into sky . . .  
a cloud survives . . . another . . . forming a veil across the sun . . .  
the sky congeals . . . solidifies . . . grows dark . . . rumbles . . .