

# Smog, Lazy Rain

It's snaining outside  
Or is it just lazy rain  
It's six AM and I'm walking home  
While the city twitches  
In a sleep of dog dreams

Me and a friend of mine  
We just cheated death  
Now I'm walking home  
For death's rain check

I open the door quietly  
So as not to wake  
The blue-eyed wedding cake  
But she's watching me with one eye  
The sleepy little spy

She helps me off with my shirt  
Because my arm was hurt  
In a recent fall  
I slide into the bed  
Then my leg I thread  
Between hers  
I put my good arm on her belly  
Her hips  
Her knees  
She is made of several babies

I keep my scratchy cast to myself  
As I feel our bodies melt  
Into two drops of lazy rain  
Snaking down the window pane

And when the two drops merge  
Then there is the surge  
Of one larger drop  
We move faster towards the sill