

Why?, Speech Bubbles

Rain is millions of tiny
speech bubbles unused.
The collected breaths of mutes
and all our silent exhalations
where we should've put words,
or words we had no one to tell,
emptied from clouds
like cleaning horns' spit valves,
coming back to us now
to remind us what we meant to say
or that we meant to say something,
coming down and dying
in one giant quiet
on the streets and cars,
huzzled like jewels in girls' hair,
on the fake wool collar
of my bomber jacket
and on my glasses an feet.
Cut 'em deep and weep out loud
Just dust and just a hair in your mouth
You're drinking, think you're tonguing something to shout
But it's just dust and just a hair in your mouth.

And now these empty breathes reflect
The feedback of headlights,
push leaves and coffee cups
to lower altitudes and gutters.
Rain is confession weather
and we become booths of
prayer if we let us.