

# Mortal, Rainlight

Rainlight  
By which I write these words  
Rain  
And my heart leaps awkwardly  
At the sound of it  
At the thought of it  
At the approach of it  
Rain  
Smells of childhood  
And tastes of walking home  
And sounds of squeaky shoes  
Anyway  
Here's that photograph of us  
It's funny, but I see...  
Two old friends life will make of us someday  
How that stirs my heart absurdly  
As I write these words  
By rainlight