

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