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## Amen

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AMEN

The clothes of a scarecrow  
shake in a wind and are lifted.  
Dryer than sunset, scattered and lost in a field.  
Likewise, I'm shook up by the wind, and walk into it,  
street after street in this rain. Like a prayer,  
I follow someone I've never met, a few glances back.  
But I just spit in the street and keep walking,  
my raincoat stuck to my skin.  
And the blocks fall by me like flowers in a parade,  
and the windows fog up and the faces of old women vanish.  
Nothing but me, singing the saddest song I can think of.  
Amen to the wind and the cracked cup of my hands.  
Amen to the rooms and the rented women,  
amen also to the angels, fluffing their wings.