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Moving

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MOVING

I wake in a strange room
in a strange city
delivering a funeral oration
or a lecture about rain.
All day the dream bobs
into view, sinks.

What combination of blown leaf
and jangled light starts
it talking?
If I could write down
its instructions,
I could fall in love,
find meaningful work.

Outside, rain drills its pointers
into the ground, informs
the roots. Dirt clings.
Rain streaks like stars
when a camera lens
remains open all night.

Why do I insist
on bronzing what vanishes?
To mimic rain's
invisible circumference,
change as it does
from silver points,

to damp tunnels,
to white ideographs
of roots, to blank leaves breathing
rain back into the sky.