

# CutBank

---

Volume 1  
Issue 51 *CutBank* 51

Article 18

---

Spring 1999

## City Rain

Jean-Mark Sens

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Let us know how access to this document benefits you.

---

### Recommended Citation

Sens, Jean-Mark (1999) "City Rain," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 51 , Article 18.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss51/18>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks at University of Montana. It has been accepted for inclusion in CutBank by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at University of Montana. For more information, please contact [scholarworks@mso.umt.edu](mailto:scholarworks@mso.umt.edu).

## CITY RAIN

Singe blue of the storm  
sparks a brief web  
between electric lines  
running fast copper gold  
like a thread pulled off a nylon stocking.  
I rushed to your apartment  
leaving my bicycle in the hallway  
my eyes bleary with rain water  
we sat in the living room  
low lit by the purple somber sky  
your arty garlanded iron tree of welded exhaust pipes  
we sat there hardly talking  
just seeping lean whiskey  
our ears filled up by the heavy splattering of the gutters  
and silver darting against the tin roof  
the mirroring terrace marbling adumbrations over our silent faces  
then suddenly it all stopped  
as if the sky had just drawn off  
back to summer bright 4 p.m.  
Out on the streets we ambled lake edges of sidewalks  
saw the last stranded cars like islets in mud stream  
and downtown flotsam running down blind alleys.  
We jumped across gullets banked with urban silts  
a big day wash scrubbing the roads basalt black  
spreading our uncanny shadows scrawny in oil rainbows  
the whole city shiny soaked to a mixed smell  
of tossed blooms and bloated rats.  
Sprite, we walked block after block  
as in the aftermath of a catastrophe  
we were the only survivors  
renaming everything in our silent eyes  
haggard, surprised to see turning shapes of after-storm prowlers  
wriggled away in the meandering haze coils of hot tarmac.