City Rain

Jean-Mark Sens
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.