

running
on the side of the road
past commercial property
past dense uptown housing
mouth wide open
she was trying to swallow the rain
a whirling summer dress spirit dancer without an apparent god.
no other people in any direction.

my first thoughts...

unseen voices.
substance abuse.
strange solicitation.
private performance.

my next thoughts...

i have been living in a world whose thoughts
do not live in the world of a young woman
surrendering to the happiness of a sudden sun shower.

my next thoughts.

wf.h.

2022