

the men at the cafe could not help but see how hot she was
uncrossing her legs and standing up preparing to leave
now that the rain had stopped.

seven planets vaporized.
the eighth one that was farthest away was scorched.
a scalded iguana fell out of a tree in a dead thump on the patio
next to a tourist in the tropical apocalypse.

one of the old men loosening his unstarched collar
said nothing truly exciting
happens on a monsoon day
until the torrential deluge ends
and her radiating body transforms
the water into intense clouds of steam...

now that the rain had stopped.
wf.h.
2022