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Epilogue to the Rain

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Epilogue to the Rain

Cover Page Footnote

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Epilogue to the Rain

I walk along in late September
Where now I rent the autumn
From the clouds who sold us summer

I watch them slowly pass
They in turn watching me
Filling the sky in formation
A pale audience of silent companions

The rain begins to weave its blanket
Dampening the path of my steps
Hurrying the couples to doorways
The women to their windows

I continue walking
Through the puddles like a child
Under the trees where my welcome is wet
Watching the ripples from each drop
Tracing circles in the water
Like my thoughts surrounding your memory

Soon it is over and the couples return
The women open their windows
To the breezes that chase the clouds
Carrying the sounds of a now busy city
Taking my mind to a time
When you'll take my hand and together
We'll listen to the whisperings of the trees

Dennis O'Brien

look at that forest of legs
surrounding me, each with its own
stainless-steel tip on top
or is it bottom.
what good are they that way,
staring open to a smoke-stained acoustical
ceiling.
people come and people go
but these good old legs remain.
unlike the legs of homo-sapiens,
these legs are all the same shape, size,
and texture, except for an occasional
nick, here and there
dug in by some ungrateful shoe.

Dan Hale

Opaque

The Circus is over, the sport done.
The arena is gray, stillness, dead.
Hushed-the artifacts of a forgotten drawn.
Which linked this void by a single thread,
To breath, beat, life, is here, yet gone:
Into the wall that must be there ahead
Of the murk of night, the gray oblivion.
For the circus is over, the sport done,
I wait alone.

Beyond the cold chill, lifeless walls,
The groan of a single diesel creature
Creeps mournfully to my being, and calls.
Yet a hollow sound cannot reassure,
But mock me in my void, this hell,
Isolated from the soul of this low drone
Which mourns me as a dead man's knell.
Blackness, the absence of a world,
one creature, alone.

The wind whispers on the slopes of
glazed, bricked, poured canyons of man.
Crisp, vibrant, free to race above!
Who gives me the life which forces death?
A voice echoes, somber is tone.
A voice which is left even by its breath.
Tomorrow they will come with the sun,
together, alone.

Bernard Ballou