



## Rain Walk

Chrysanthemums, the bouquets strong  
Hands bring dripping, each bead  
As saline clear on the skin  
I live in momentarily  
With eyes imagining the aerial-----  
Those streets, black blue ribbons,  
Film slick, you travel through,  
Collar furrowed, unfurled umbrella,  
In an oriental waltz of vendors,  
Push carts, stalls, awnings, all  
A drizzle, Renoir-lit by  
Smiles passing & eyes I hear  
The sighs of in the shell of  
Your coat bringing the flowers

Home.