

Raincoat

Bibio

Watching the wind blowing rain on my window
Shining like eyes looking out onto the road
Light through the steam of my tea flickers like flames
I put on my raincoat and step into the day
Puddles on the pavements and streams in the gutters are washing
the blossom away
I smiled like I didn't know my telephone number and all of my t
houghts yesterday
Down in the churchyard: the yews hollowed and old, trees like u
mbrellas, their sound tickles my soul
Puddles by the gravestones are colouring the bluebells and wash
ing the dying away
They smiled like they never knew a telephone number and all of
my thoughts of today