

Summer Rain

Dan Bull

Open your little door
Step out into the downpour
Listen to the sound your
Listen to the sound your soul makes
As if it's soulmates
With the ground
The rain falls down
The ground
The rain falls down
To the floor

The summer rain has come again
The pavement sizzles like drizzling lemonade
Oh, and the sunlight seems unlikely
To be on my cheeks for one fine evening

There's nobody else around
Absence has a powerful sound
Blades of grass are fine enough to make a scalpel proud
Alka-Seltzer sizzle drizzle pelts the ground
I can't help myself but shout aloud
To tell the crowd
That while they're out, I'm out of bounds
I could flee till my knees hurt
Feel the breeze in my t-shirt
But there's so many aesthetically pleasing things here to see first

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Flowers bob, nod and rattle
Under fat drops of rain big as apples
And the street steams like a kettle, singing
Each bead a little a nettle, stinging
My skin in a million different places
Precipitation amidst the vegetation
The British air is changing
And sitting under parked cars there are kitties waiting
Watching me pace by
I stop and then say hi

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Could never sing, but I sang though; Dionysus
Air rang with the tang of a mango; delicious
Living in a fictitious middle English mangrove, that's been kissed
With the liquid sunshine that some find in Orlando
I hang under the jungle canopy
Catching an undiluted glimpse of clarity
Refracting through the prism imprisoning my sanity
For all the laws we're living in anarchy
Causing wars, it's giving me anomy

The rows of windows are frames inside a strange gallery
Of apathy
Inhabitants happily having tea
Warm water colours reality
Washes away the banality

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My hair is getting wetter
The air is getting fresher
Before the storm I'm sure I could barely bear the pressure out
But it's getting better now
It was one of those horribly hot days
The barometer's ominous clock face
Was something Hieronymus Bosch paints
From Shropshire to Gloucester to Warwickshire
Forests of conifers congregate like choristers
And praise displays of flowers as a florist does
Knowledge buds and blooms in the soil
Olives crushed producing an oil
To lubricate the mind
Illuminate and shine
A human ray of light
Right through the rain tonight
It just might quite save a life

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