

Rainlight

Mortal

Rainlight
By which i write these words
Rain
And my heart leaps awkwardly
At the sound of it
At the thought of it
At the approach of it
Rain
Smells of childhood
And tastes of walking home
And sounds of squeaky shoes
Anyway
Here's that photograph of us
It's funny, but i see...
Two old friends life will make of us someday
How that stirs my heart absurdly
As i write these words
By rainlight