

A premonition of rain

The skies empty.

On these days our umbrellas talk
to each other in whispers.

They wait weeks for these days.

You can hear them.
You bend in to listen.

The sky is falling—
that is what they are saying.

But you look on the bright side,
take a sick day, watch movies, make popcorn.

Just outside the window; the world—
pine cones, pavement, cars.

The constant threat of sun.