

soul rain

cars in a row
a right angle to
the busy street
a scape washed in rain,
a spigot-freed downpour
kicked into
a steady, king-sized drizzle
a grey line on the horizon
a bit above the roofs of red,
blue, white
and chock-a-block colored
house forms
that butt kick the intersection
now the rain has pooled in
red mud puddles on
a gravel parking lot red-tinged
ochre-based wet-scape of rain
at 5:30 in the afternoon

the puddles calm, the rain then
intermittent but the wind
whips the small, new planted trees
with furious thrashing energy
reflected, mirrored
in the calm gravel pebbled
ponds forming
on the parking lot surface

a red house
a red light
cars and trucks passing
at the edge of the maelstrom
oblivious to the secret beauty
laid out before me
in a movement of silent convergence
the rain of the moment
the dense over-clouded sky-puffs
wet asphalt, shaking, whipping
winds bending trees
offering me
a glimpse into
the soul of the universe

from the parking lot of flloyd's
bar and grille
somewhere east of minnetonka