



It rains on you

In an instant
a bit of afternoon
slipped shyly
inside the hole
of an anthill
as in a piggy bank
destined to save
memory and oblivion
of routinely things
dragged by winter rains

A guitar sound
scratches some clouds
condensed in old nostalgia
so that a half sad blues
rained on you today

It was when you showed up
through the window to feel
every drop that captivated
the beating of your heart
every hail that crackled
in the blink of your eyes
and again remind you
that if life offers you nothing
just try again

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