

Rainy Days

Low hanging clouds lounge upon the mountains like Dionysian acolytes
dropping water carelessly about like spilt wine from chalices
folded back across the sky in subtle shading contrasts
the earl gray sheets of fickle gods frozen in the flicker of a torch
and the ghostly sun drifts through the sky
Apollo's pompous brilliance dulled by water vapor
flowers and trees stretch their thirsty stalks skyward
while elder's joints ache and throb
the sleepy dim settles on the minds of those caught in its damp embrace
what sense in urgency on such a day?