

Late Night Rain

Leaving work, I see palm tree debris
like road kill, I smell fires in the fine houses burning ambient light.

Two men seek shelter from the rain
sip coffee and smoke cigarettes outside 7-Eleven.
One is white and the other is black.
“No loitering,” the cop says to one and not the other.

In my neighborhood I see grime caked buildings bulging, Dogs
unleashed in the neighborhood have finally decided to go inside.

In the alley I see black rain,

puddles filled with dirt, masking trash that’s washed up and clung
to gutters of the wet ground. I see cans ransacked for recyclables, and no
parking.

There is a scheduled power outage in the middle of this storm.

Tomorrow I will see the sky, reflections, soaked grass,
and little dogs looking for somewhere to pee.