

April Night

Small sounds drowning in Spring rain
A single piano tune, soft as a child
Against the night.

Cold haloed in ringed light, a street lamp
Glares lividly
Through the shifting rain's bead curtain
Its stone stare showing forth
Soft drops dancing in puddles under branches
Shiny and lurid-black.

The rain and piano play, soft lines mingling
With cool breezes against the night. The moon
Over the sea, open as a voiceless prayer, like
Its reflection, its own face on the waters,
Coming and going, remaining the same.

I awake from countless nights remembered and the rain
Pours endlessly down, quenching the unreal present.
Outside, the street frozen in a moment, fixed
And sharpened in fractions of harsh light;
And the piano plays on, wrapped in darkness.