



Sun Shower

in the afternoon, a lone gray
trouble-making cloud
mid-sky;
the streets swamped and
sidewalks slick and
glistening in the
sunshine--
I look for a rainbow
but none to be seen; look
for the pot of gold, but
the sun has spent it
on the day,
her fierce gold eye cast
over the simmering land
until
dusk
when she dropped, dreaming
into the soft arms of spruce trees
along the ridge line.



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