

# Sunday City Rain Storm

*by Craig Parsons*

*Distributed Studies, Senior*

The Sunday Morning Chronicle of times  
In paper pages, unheeded through the day,  
Fell off to sleep with the resonant afternoon  
Houseflies and stale coffee.

My mind is dead:  
I cannot stop the airport beacon's flashing;  
Or interpret the sirened ambulance, pleading guilty.

I hear the spectral, yellow, window light  
Call softly to the shadows in the street  
And get no answer. I feel the raincloud mist  
And sense the murky redness of the sky—  
Absorb the blast furnace, the neon lights,  
And the clock tower on seventh avenue.

I wander down the empty street and watch  
As rain begins to fall on hot concrete.  
Slow, tempo slow, a syncopated rhythm.  
Rain splatters low in parking stalls and taps  
The window panes in pawn shop doorways.  
Closed.