

the Raindrop Symphony (after a few drinks)

it is raining

big, fat,
wet drops

I can tell
by the sound they make
on the pavement outside

the drops
are lapping
at my door
trying to get inside
and discolor
all the pages
of my books

make the
ink run

warp the bindings

but instead they just
drop
and smash
into the ground
with a *pop*

they never knew what was coming

some hit the rocks
and some hit the cement
some hit the metal grill
and some hit the
windowsill

(well, shit I'm a regular shel silverstein)

the noises
from the front of the house
are different

the raindrops
are hitting the canvas cover to the porch swing
and some are hitting the steel gate
and some are landing in the garden
meeting a dirty end with a
peet

what a rambunctious night it is!

(this poem is a testament to how
drinking will not improve your work)

soon I will lay in bed
and listen to the drops
hitting the roof tiles
like some grand Raindrop Symphony
and every so often
a puddle of accumulated raindrops
will drop with a *splat*

and...
(oh, how would shel end this poem?)

...that was that.