After the Rain

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1970/iss1/11
Now, I all
(Aye all)
But see
That mystic bloom
Enamoured me, and
Awake!

O futile fertility, my hour's spent
Or soon to be,
But fret I won't (for now I see).
Somewhere in darkness,
Somewhere I'll be
In silence deep
Patiently. (A rendezvous I'm sure to keep)
A woman is
Waiting.

I walk the storm-strewn streets.
Heels grind the walk with the sound
Of gritty rebound.

I see the hedges and grasses
With crystals of standing rain,
Waxed as if by the sweeping clouds,
Cleansed by nature's very machine
That passes over and we are untouched
By its wise hand.

Crisp air plays with my breath
While wind-blown maples sprinkle
My hair with their washed-away sins.

The elm bark, slick and chill to touch,
And cheerless white clover buds that
Freckle the lawn speak to me of the nothing
That I feel amidst their dying life.

Weathered rocks, all the more, stare
From their rutted hill, and elm pods
Lay pressed against the ground like the
Bruised grass trodden heedlessly under.

The wind turns, and a dead tree
Leans gangrously into the bleached, grey sky,
And my loneliness is complete.

John Icone